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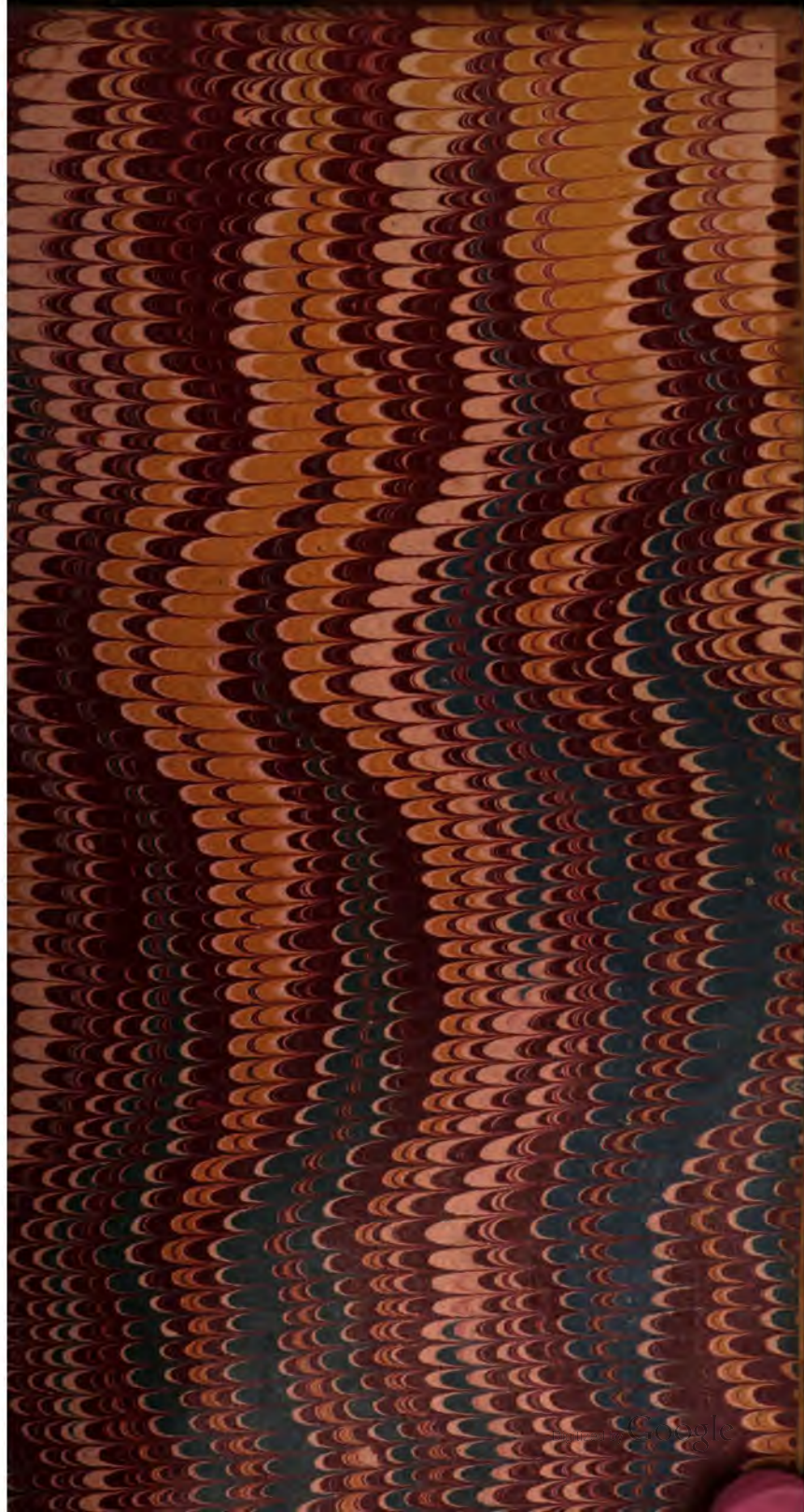
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2 vols in one

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*Harlyn*  
THE one of the  
Contributors  
*Sept. 8/1894*

NORTH DEVON

# M A G A Z I N E;

CONTAINING

*The Cape and Lundy Review.*

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VOL. I.

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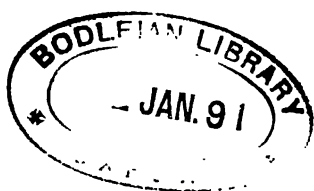
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1894.





# VALEDICTORY EPISTLE

FROM

DRY-DEN BEAUCLERC,

(LATE EDITOR OF THE CAVE)

*The Rev. Mr. Beauclerc*  
TO  
*of Broughton*

THE READERS OF THAT OLD-ESTABLISHED PERIODICAL,

AND

INTRODUCTORY

TO

*The Public in General.*

VERY DEAR AND CONSTANT READERS,

THE rapidly increasing demand for that popular Periodical \*, which I had, of late, the honor of conducting, unavoidably compels me to resign the task of any longer superintending its publication. It is impossible for my manuscript exertions to do justice to the increasing flow of contribution. I find it impracticable any further to fulfil the wishes of the proprietors, contributors, or subscribers, and into the hands of the former of these parties I beg leave to resign the amusing, but laborious office to which they so kindly preferred me.

It is customary with official characters, whether in a civil or military line, to tender something of an Epilogue upon the resignation of their appointments; and there can, I imagine, be no impropriety in a Literary Official's attempting to make as elegant a bow—to take as affectionate a leave. It is, moreover, usual, on such occasions, for the before-mentioned characters, to take a slight or general review, of the career of glory, dignity, or utility they may respectively have run; to resign themselves gracefully to the future, with a sidelong compliment to the past. An opportunity is thus afforded to the *Retired*, and his admiring friends, of blending a little of

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\* THE CAVE. Pencil, Peadragon and Co., Saunton.

the pink pathetic in that rainbow of glory, which, he may flatter himself, will conspicuously over-arch the scene of his honorable retreat.

"Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!"

Now, my very dear, intelligent, and, of late, my very constant readers, consider the difficulties that occur to me in a somewhat similar situation, or I should rather say predicament. It cannot be advanced, for instance, that there was either glory or dignity to be won by editing *The Cave*; for the glory accrued, as a matter of course, to the very learned and ingenious contributors; and the dignity of the work, was, as you all know, a robe of office which could not ostensibly be worn by the Editor, and was accordingly resigned, with all its furry honors, to the mould and the moth.

It is astonishing how ignorant the world is of the mechanism of a periodical. People imagine, that some critical compounder of sentences, of a severe physiognomy, and a sad-colored coat, who has nothing else to do, *pour se desennuyer*, as we say at Dunkirk, sits down two or three days a month, with the public in his eye, and a

*Pocumum, si quid videri sub umbra,  
Lurimus tecum quod et hunc in annum,  
Vivat.*—

That he (the said Editor) puts what end his good-nature or malice may suggest, to the *Criminosus Iambis*, the bad verse or prose of anonymous correspondents, *sive flamma, sive mari Adriase*; as, of late, in my own case, either in Saumton Limekiln, or the Severn Sea. People fancy there must be much amusement to be derived from setting up, in one person, for literary judge, jury, and executioner; and that this pleasure is doubled by an incognito state of existence—a sort of nobody class of being; and, in fact, an obscure author of some Scotch novels, is a prominent example of the imaginary grandeur, and secret satisfaction, which may possibly arise from living in a literary Land of Mist.

But if the public could see behind the curtain, be initiated in the mysteries, and share in the secrets of the prison-house, it would appear that the Editorship of a Periodical is no sinecure.—So laborious, indeed, has it been found in some instances, that regular committees have been committed for conducting this branch of literature alone. A solemn and sagacious band is assembled, sworn to inviolable secrecy, and



hung round a board of green cloth, to deliberate upon the merit, and decide upon the admission or rejection of Ephemeral Prose, Fugitive Poetry, and Contributive Acrostic and Enigma. It follows from this, that where the proprietors cannot afford to provide so large an establishment of censors, they must, as in my own case, rely upon one sole depository of literary decision; and endow their forlorn unity with singular properties of plurality: thus the unpresuming Editor is lost in the arrogance of a 'WE.'

And in that most awful of all characters, what have not We (Dryden Beaucherc), undergone? up early and in bed late; ever on the alert for the honor and integrity of *The Cave*. How truly may our late Editorial existence be compared to that of the soldier, passed, as it undoubtedly was, amid

"Days of danger, nights of waking."

How often have we labored at the almost undecipherable MSS of some prose-poetical contributor, and, when at last it became perusable, puzzled ourselves to decide in which department of our Periodical it should appear: and then, at length, on referring to our proprietors for instructions, beheld the object of our hebdomadal study unceremoniously consigned, *ludibria ventis*, that is, to the mermaids of the Bristol Channel, to discover whether it were fish or flesh.

Then, again, how often have we been distressfully balanced, like the coffin of Mahomet, between counteracting attractions; between the obligations due to contributors, and the profit due to proprietors; obtaining little credit from either; scorned by the one for rejecting, and abused by the other for admitting articles, in their opinion, alike injurious to the honor and success of our Periodical.

Witness for me, *thou rejected bale of Epigrams!* how difficult it was to draw the line, where wit was compromised in personality, or personality qualified by wit. How suddenly, anon, was I subject to freezing fits of discretion, which only allowed me to look into the *LANCASTER SOUND* of our *Contribution Box*; and, perhaps, as rashly to conclude, that the further inspection of *particular articles*, would be but a task of unprofitable endeavor.

But, without further enumerating the many difficulties which beset me in my late Official capacity, I shall, at least, carry with me into my retirement, a proud consciousness of having met them with the spirit they required; and that my Editorial decisions have been governed by a due regard to the

amusement of the readers, the fame of the contributors, and the profit of the proprietors of *The Cave*.

Nevertheless, I shall derive the principal part of my consolations in retirement, from a knowledge, that *the Work* in which I so materially assisted, (*quorum pars magna fui*) will not be discontinued with my removal.

Whether, for the future, it be ordained to flourish or to fade, the Proprietors have determined on affording it a *typographical* existence.

And, to confess the truth, our late MSS publication could, from its very nature, become but a fleeting and perishable record of ability for the contributory aspirants of the neighbourhood. The fanciful inditer of *the Braunton Melodies*, will now have a wider field open to his ambition, and his muse, perhaps, extend her flight far beyond the boundary of those *local beauties* he has epitomised in the 4th Number of his *Lyrical Effusions*—

Haunt of St. Branoc! by green hill and vale,  
 So bright in thy beauty, so rich in thy dower;  
 Where the sun-beams lie warm, and the fountains ne'er fail,  
 And blossom and leaf linger long in the bower!  
 Where abundance, the wreath of her corn-land is blending,  
 With orchard o'er-laden, and ever-green lea;  
 Far away round the fane of thy Founder extending,  
 Thy bank to the river, thy beach to the sea!  
 Thou hast beauty wherever our glances may reach,  
 From the green-wood of Ashe to the Cave on thy beach—  
 From the sail of the sloop, that is glassed in thy Pill,  
 To the Castle's pale diadem crowning the hill!

BRAUNTON MELODIES, NO. IV.

But it would be a waste of time to point out the many agreeable tendencies of the work now under contemplation. The deserved and unparalleled success of a cotemporary (though rather Enigmatical Periodical) solves all doubt, and relieves every apprehension. And, if the Miscellany I allude to has not followed our footsteps, *quite as far as The Cave*, if it has, as yet, confined itself to the insertion of articles principally of *Barumian* interest, I attribute it to the delicate disinclination which *the conductors* of it would naturally feel to trespass upon the preserves of a *Periodical*, which preceded, by some years, the appearance of their own.

I beg leave, however, to assure *the Miscellaneous Committee*, that the proprietors of *The Cave* are by no means touchy or particular about *their royalty*. The wrecks of literature are

of little value to us, farther than to boil our Sibyls' caldron at the Cave; where, as usual, the business of our Periodical will be principally conducted; the Printer's convenience being alone consulted in sending our manuscript to Barnstaple.

I have, moreover, resigned my *Marino* on a lease for fourteen years, to the present Editor, that he may be upon the spot ready to wait on the immediate pleasure of all future Contributors.

And, the mention of this Gentleman, brings me to the pleasing conclusion of a protracted letter. Gentle readers, be advised by these presents, that the bearer of this Epistle, and present Editor of *The Cave*, is my very engaging, though somewhat fastidious friend, DOMINO DASH THREESTARS ANONYMOUS; otherwise called, THE LITTLE UNKNOWN, at your service: and, as this is the first time of his approaching your very indulgent, but awful presence, he feels, of course, a sort of graceful timidity, which it is impossible for him to shake off; however, by and by he and you will be better acquainted: meanwhile, hoping you will attribute his silence to the best of motives, allow me to announce, for him, the nature of his PERIODICAL-TO-BE, and to declare the principles on which *The Cave* will henceforth be conducted.

## THE CAVE

will be published at *Barnstaple* in monthly numbers, and will appear in the first week of every month, in an octavo form of from one to three sheets.

It will also be regularly deposited, for earlier perusal, and the convenience of the wet-paper clubs, at *The Cave*, *Saunton Sands*, *Braunton Castle*, *Mortehoe*, *Lee-bay*, &c. &c., and forwarded regularly to *Lundy Island*, by the *Lundy* packet, on the day after publication.

There will be a *Box* for welcoming contributory favors, at our Printer's window, in *Barum*; who will duly forward all communications to the Editor, at *Saunton Cave*.

For heavy articles arriving by sea, there is a crane erected at *Down End*.

The CAVE will contain a Miscellaneous collection of original Prose and Poetry, Reviewing and Riddles. In the two first of these departments, subjects of local interest will form a prominent feature.

For the Reviewing Department, the proprietors beg leave to announce, that they have purchased, of Mr. JEFFREY BEN-



son, a quarter share of that popular periodical *The Living Review*, select articles from which will occasionally appear, under cover of *The Cave*.

Of the last, or enigmatical portion, the Editor engages to be very select.

N.B. Answers to riddles are requested to be brief, for we cannot allow 10, 20, and 30 line respondents to walk to a *monosyllabical conclusion*, in their seven-league boots, over the pages of our Periodical.

And as we are, moreover, desirous of cutting a figure, we must decline the insertion of many arithmetical, and mathematical ingenuities.

As to the *Morale*, (as the French call it) of our work, we shall merely premise

1. That we have no *opinions of our own*, on any subject whatever.
2. We leave party politics to public-houses.
3. Our readers will find *The Cave* peremptorily barred against the entrance of personalities, whether they be bright or dull: ours is not the Cave of a wild Indian, and any sort of toxicological weapon, would, we conceive, be a disgrace to our armory.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetra.*

*The periodical upright  
Needs not the rifle of bush-fight—  
Nor poisoned arrow aimed in spite—  
Nor Editor concealed from light,  
Whose principles are loose or tight,  
As suit him, Mr. Brown.*

Such, we trust, will be the stainless banner of *The CAVE*; but, nevertheless, the proprietors request me to add, that *they* cannot consider themselves responsible for any ultra-interpretation of our contributors' articles beyond their several intentions, as plainly set forth in our pages. Periodical works being very often subjected to misconstruction, and articles, innocent of any particular application, are often *pointed*, by the reader, at persons and objects which the writers of them never contemplated. For, as the poet sings, \*

---

\* *Brampton Melodica.*

" In *Wrafton Lane*, as the villager strays,  
 When the clear cold eve's declining,  
 Fancy often a saucer-eyed ghost will raise  
 From the moon on a gate-post shining :  
 Thus, many of Barum (when fancy is prime \*)  
 While sagaciously reading us over,  
 May apply *their own keys*, to our prose and our rhyme,  
 'Though there's nothing at all to discover !"

I believe I have now adverted to every particular that can interest the readers of *The Cave*, and the contributors who are to amuse them :—it only remains for me to whisper a word or two at parting to its future Editor; which, by the by, there is no harm in the public's over-hearing.

You will observe then, MY DEAR ANONYMOUS, the true-blue, and lefty banner which I have set up as a token of your future proceedings, in the character of Editor to *THE CAVE*. Now, I do not suspect you will desert your colors, but if you ever should swerve from following that honorable example I have set you, if you should be induced, either by ignorance or malevolence, to hoist the black flag of piratical attack upon private character, and family history, which may subject you to a sound raking fore and aft, nail your colors to the mast, and do not reverse the order of the bold Buccaneer †, by a "down with the black flag, and up with the blue!" for, deeply interested as I am in the success of your Periodical, I would rather see you buried under the rocky ruins of *THE CAVE*, than sculking, with a sham repentance, and an altered flag, into the obscurity of its sheltering and obscure recesses; but I have no fear of you,—*en avant!*—proceed and prosper! for that is the sincerest hope of your, and your Readers'

very obliged, and obedient servant,

DRY-DEN BEAUCLERC.

Beau Sejour, Bunny Ravine, Saanton,  
 Dec. 26th, 1823.

*Braunton Vicarage*

\* That is, when it *fixes* the feelings, or the brain.

† See *The Pirate* vol. iii. page 121.

**P. S. EXTENSIVE PUBLIC,**

I AM under the distressing necessity of dismissing my diffidence, and addressing you in my own shadow. When I returned to the Marino last night from a tea-party at Braunton (which always gives me a greater relish for poor dear Beauclerc's broiled bone, and brown stout) I found a dry-dea with a vengeance. Like Cataline in the conspiracy, *abijt, evasit, erupit*, which means in English, that he had jumped into his new patent pocket Skiff, and gone to Lundy to fetch the Review; and the kind hearted old Seal was crying her eyes out on the hearth rug lately occupied by the poetical Spaniel. I am, therefore, obliged to speak for myself, and to state what my dear friend forgot in the agitation of leave taking.

1. An eminent amateur has engaged to set the songs, &c., and we promise the ladies (*if possibly it can be done*) a new air to add to their graces.
2. We purpose engaging the arts of etching and of lithographic engraving, to elucidate local allusions, and scenery.

I remain, your " veiled prophet,"

— \* \* \*

## Poetical Induction

TO

### THE CAVE.

---

Celia and I, the other day,  
Walk'd o'er the Sandhills to the Sea.

DRYDEN.

My spirit flies o'er mount and main!

---

BYRON.

## ARGUMENT.

**Fine Morning after a stormy Night at Braunton, in December 1821. Determination to ride with FLORENCE to Saunton Sands. Adieu to indoor Amusements. Mount our Horses, the Muse requested to accompany on Pegasus. Fairlinch, Bideford, Appledore, Historical Recollections, Clovelly, Hartland Point, Braunton Burrows, Saunton Sands. Summer and Winter on the same spot, contrasted with each other. Prevented reaching THE CAVE. The Muse finds no such difficulty. Suggestion, that accordingly a few Verses might be picked up at THE CAVE. FLORENCE suspects the Prophet. Suspicions repelled. Return to Dinner at Braunton. Coffee. Evening Occupations.**

## INDUCTION.

---

### I.

DECEMBER night came down in rain,  
December tempest roared amain,  
And mingled in our dream ;  
But dread is gone with dawning light,  
However fearful past the night,  
Behold the morning beam !  
'Twas darkness doubled mortal fear,  
And lent the storm acuter ear,  
For still our eye may see  
How foams our Branton river clear,  
And o'er it waves each tree.  
Yet, full and frequent as the blast,  
The skies, no longer over-cast,  
Bend o'er us bright and glowing ;  
Athwart our stream the sun-beam gives  
A glance, where liquid beauty lives  
In every wave that's flowing.

### II.

December ! nay, if leafy bower,  
And budding shrub, and blooming flower,  
Be robe of winter, then his form  
For masquerade is drest ;

Or in some brief and sudden storm  
 Alone on us imprest :  
 Such as with crash our dreams between,  
 Gave token of the morrow's scene ;  
 Its broken tile, and shatter'd slate,  
 And roofless barn, and fallen gate.  
 To-day on garden, stream, and lawn  
 Descends the ray so long withdrawn ;  
 To chase afar the autumnal gloom,  
 So long companion of our room :  
 Since, but our liberty in sleep,  
 The parlour was our dungeon keep,  
 And we in captive mood might peep  
 Through sashes wide upon the brook,  
 Or at the Chapel-hill,  
 But vainly for a sunbeam look—  
 'Twas shower and shadow still.

## III.

Close then thou volume so much conn'd,  
 Soft pencil ! art's creative wand,  
 To-day no tints lay on :  
 Guitar—piano forte—flute  
 O'er music's death awhile be mute,  
 She will revive anon.  
 Ye balls, in white or scarlet vest,  
 Of mace or cue the flying jest,  
 Within your nettled hammocks rest !  
 And ye of old renown !  
 Peers, knights and pawns of *Tourney Chess*,  
 No longer now the combat press,  
 Encircling either crown !  
 Soft sofa's lounge, and hearthstone chair  
 Deserted be, while we repair  
 To breathe of ocean's bracing air,  
 By Saunton beach and down.  
 To-day fair FLORENCE rides with me  
 Across "the Sandhills to the sea."

## IV:

Our stall it boasts no lofty steed,  
 But Exmoor poney good at need,  
 And palfrey of the Burrows breed,  
 Will rein at our commands ;

And *Thou*, the muse's gallant grey,  
 With pinion soaring to the day,  
 Attend us to the *Sands*.  
 The Muse may sport *Fitz-James's* feat—  
 Her hand wreathed in the mane;  
 But we must climb into our seat,  
 By stirrups prose and plain;  
 And curbing in our ponies fleet,  
 Exchange the splash of *Braunton* street  
 For that of *Saunton* lane:  
 The dashing horseman gallops through,  
 We ride in honor of the view.

V.

For see how fairly on our right  
 The *Terrace* green expands,  
 And *Fairlinch*, from her windows bright  
 Looks o'er her sloping lands.  
 'Twere long to tell since we have seen  
 On window-pane that golden sheen—  
 'Tis long since last so bright a green  
 To leftward marked the Marshland turf;  
 And sunbeams glanced from dykes between,  
 Or silvered yonder cloud of surf,  
 Where *Taw* and *Torridge*, blending, roar,  
 Of tides released and free,  
 Roll past the pool of *Appledore*,  
 Beyond the lamps of *Braunton* shore,  
 To mingle with the sea.

VI.

Now, but our course we may not bend,  
 Might we the *Terrace* green ascend,  
 And thence o'erlook the cloud of sprays,  
 That intercepts our lowlier gaze  
 From RENTON-BY-THE-FORD:  
 Yet, glancing faintly thro' the screen  
 May *Instow's* pleasant quay be seen,  
 And *Appledore's* dark point, I ween,  
 So proud of old record:  
 For there was drawn the sword of right,  
 And there re-won the sceptre bright  
 For England's PATRIOT LORD.



## VIL.

There laid the *Invasion's* plundering fleet,  
 For once, his vainly won retreat;  
 The *raven's* wing began to cower,  
 And rued the *Dane* that glorious hour  
 Of triumph, to the righteous power,  
 When *Oddune* burst from *Kenwith* tower,  
 And chased him to the beach;  
 While vengeance rode the battle storm—  
 There was, that day, no *Danish* form,  
 But *Saxon* spear might reach.  
 The *Saxon* widow smiled to see  
 Her foes from her avengers flee,  
 And stern her spirit rapture's tone,  
 Caught from expiring *Hubba's* groan;  
 As on the beach at close of day,  
 Last-fallen, tho' leader of the fray,  
 He drew his dying breath;  
 Died, as he lived, without remorse,  
 With shore and wave to share his corse;  
*A very Dane in death.*

## VIII.

Westward again, thro' sea-mist veil,  
 Gleams *Northam* tower, like image pale  
 Of sadly smiling nun;  
 High-pedestalled on steps that close  
 In rounded slope, where *Rocky-nose*  
 Points to the westering sun.  
 And thence the far-retiring coast  
 Fades to the south, dim-seen at most  
 In line of shapeless grey:  
 Save, where above her fatal port,  
 "In pride of place," *Clovelly Court*,  
 O'er branchy woods, the deer's resort,  
 Looks forth across the *Bay*.  
 Or statelier object of our eye,  
 Relieved against the clearing sky,  
 Bluff *Hartland* crags the waves defy;  
 From fact, or fable, which you please,  
 Once called THE CAVE OF HERCULES.

## IX.

O! deem it not but idle rhyme—  
 And say not, history scorns to chime  
 With wild romancers' rede;  
 True is it—in the olden time,  
 On every coast—in every clime,  
 Approved by glorious deed;  
 Some hero lived—the theme of song,  
 Who arm'd for right—and vanquish'd wrong—  
 And left for record of his fame,  
 Hill, stream, or rock, to bear his name;  
 Lone boundary of his deeds!—and *this*  
 OUR *promontorium Herculis*.

## X.

Now, fling thy palfrey looser rein!  
 A brook we cross—a knoll we gain,  
 Where, turn to mark Lob's branching yew,  
 And Saunton's plashy street review;  
 And the wide landscape stretching still,  
 Beyond the bank of *Braunton-Pill*,  
 By Heanton tower and Coddon-hill.  
 Waive we a moment from our ride  
 For Saunton-beach, and turn aside,  
 To peep in yonder hill's retreat,  
 At Saunton Court—seclusion's seat;  
 Then follow forth our first career—  
 And hark! my spaniel tongues his glee,  
 For closer as the beach we near,  
 Before his bound the rabbits flee  
 Into their sandy sanctuary.  
 One more ascent, and we shall reach  
 A sandhill, that o'erlooks the beach.

## XI.

Who shall tell the desolation,  
 Seen from this our lofty station?  
 The gulf of the devouring surge,  
 Whence mortal hope shall scarce emerge;  
 O'er jagged rocks the breakers beat,  
 Their storm-burst at the sandhills' feet,  
 And the hollow drag of their retreat?

O! that the pencil, glowing yet  
 In hands of SCOTTISH BARONET,  
 Were now within my own!  
 That I might paint the giant furrows,  
 Ploughed by storm on BRAUNTON BURROWS,  
 Like the waste of torrid zone:  
 That I might give their gloomy dress,  
 To feelings that his heart oppress,  
 Who wanders o'er that wilderness  
 A stranger and alone:  
 With nothing to beguile his sight,  
 But cloud—the sandhills—and the kite!  
 How saddening must the horrors be  
 Of that lone region by the sea.  
 To-day, the sun is in the sky,  
 And we his beams behold  
 Along the crested sandhills lie,  
 Like wreaths of paly gold;  
 And yet, to us, *THE BURROWS* seem,  
 Like some Arabian-desert-dream.

## XII.

Next glide we down the sandy steep,  
 That leads to the margin of the deep—  
 Which tide on tide's returning flow,  
 Has belted with a foam, like snow—  
 And, as by fits the breezes blow,  
 The feath'ry flakes drift high and low.  
 No chance to-day of mimic race,  
 To put our palfreys to their pace;  
 Of Saunton sands the level pride,  
 Lies buried by the racing tide;  
 Bay Exmoor will not stand to greet,  
 Such billows rolling to his feet—  
 And dark De Stael pricks up her ear,  
 With sudden start and frequent rear  
 From surge, whose thunder breaks so near.

## XIII.

Not thus, a recreant from the tide,  
 My daring spaniel flies;

*He bounds with a redoubled pride,  
 With double ardour flash his eyes;  
 He sees the fragment of a boat,  
 Upon the billow's ridge afloat,  
 Looks back to mark if we observed,  
 Then makes a plunge the Graces curved,  
 And danger's front defies;  
 Round him the deaf'ning surges pour,  
 The sea-gull shriller cries—  
 The billow rolls him o'er and o'er,  
 But, victor of the wave, to shore  
 He brings his fancied prize!*

## XIV.

*Were yonder orb the summer sun,  
 With many an hour of light to run,  
 We would not bid the sands farewell,  
 Till evening tolled her curfew bell,  
 And level rays o'er ocean came,  
 From day's descending oriflame:  
 We would not quit the beach so soon—  
 With double heat the afternoon  
 From sky, and sea, and sand, might glow,  
 King Pleasure to besiege,  
 You CAVE, our fortress from the foe,  
 Should find us firm and liege.  
 And on the rock, its arch below,  
 Our table, spread with viands boon,  
 Should ample preparation show;  
 And cups, now quaffed by light of moon  
 Have earlier over-flow.  
 But, now, tho' cheerly from the sky  
 Our winter sun looks down;  
 The wave is chill, the breeze is high,  
 The rocks dark horror frown;  
 And o'er them many a dashing wave,  
 Debars our passage to THE CAVE.*

## XV.

*But, not to our companion Muse,  
 Its welcome can the Cave refuse:  
 The seasons wait on her, to string  
 The lyre, whose chord they love;*

And wreath it with the flowers of spring,  
 Or leaves from autumn's grove :  
 Tho' kindred warmth the song inspire,  
 When summer suns the concave fire,  
 As freely to the winter gales,  
 O'er nature's temporal death she waits.  
 Thus, when betwixt the wild waves white  
 Her lay, the birds of ocean list,  
 And mark her sister, Art ;  
 With rapid hand, and falcon eye,  
 A privileged and honored spy,  
 Trace out her pencilled chart.

## XVI.

Nor to mortal ear forbidden,  
 Shall wake the *queen's* lay,—  
 From mortal eye be tablets hidden,  
 That art hath pictured gay.  
 To us, perchance, an hour may come,  
 When songs, but now by fancy heard,  
 May find a *manuscript* home,  
 And be, with *sketches*, registered,  
 In folio, art hath aptly deckt,  
 With *nature's* outline and effect.  
 Nay FLORENCE, ! on *some other* try  
 The bent of that expressionally,  
 And veil that *secret*, searching eye—  
 I care not for its scrutiny :—  
 A prophet is not bound  
 To *bring about* his prophecy,  
 Or e'en his proofs to multiply :—  
 Perchance on solid ground  
 The fabric of surmise is built—  
 But, quit, or keep it, as thou wilt,  
 Events alone come rolling round,  
 And fancies dark, try facts expound !

## XVII.

What now remains ? a parting look  
 Upon the shore, and troubled sea,  
 To be exchanged for lawn, and brook  
 That flows as if in infancy.  
 Rocks—ocean—sands ! a long farewell—  
 Your wintry features well become ye ;

But hearken ! fancy's *dinner-bell*  
 Is in our ear, to lure us from ye.  
 No more, my spaniel, then in vain  
 Thy wave-o'er baffled efforts try ;  
 Charge ! Ex-i-moor unchecked of rein,  
 And dark de Stael for home again  
 Across the sandhills fly.  
 On Hartland soon the setting sun  
 Will break in light thro' shadows dun,  
 And far on Lundy Isle ;  
 And clouds like distant mountains bound  
 The wave's horizon, closing round ;  
 Their peaks with rose and amber crowned  
 By his departing smile.

## XVIII.

Suppose our palfreys in their stall,  
 Blame bright, in parlour and in hall,  
 Our board's due honours done ;  
 My spaniel couching, close and snug  
 Upon the greensward of our rug,  
 Domain his faith hath won.  
 The tyrant care, in wine is drowned,  
 And coffee-cups have gone their round ;  
 Then, once again, Sir WALTER ! hail !  
 Resume we now a landlord's tale—  
 Or, if the *steeple's* magic fail—  
 Betake us to the *lyre's* :  
 While in his *folio* our RECLUSE,  
 Chief-secretary to the muse,  
 Despite all critics and *systems*,  
 Shall write what *she* inspires.

## NOTES

TO THE

## POETICAL INDUCTION.

NOTE I. *And palfrey of the Burrows breed.*

BRAUNTON BURROWS, once celebrated for a peculiarly hardy breed of horses, of small stature, but great utility.

NOTE II. *The Muse's gallant grey.*

Ante citos quantum Pegasus ibat equos.—

OVIDII. EPIST. EX PONTO LIB. IV. 7.

NOTE III. *Fitz-James's feat.*

No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,  
No grasp upon the saddle laid;  
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,  
And lightly bounded from the plain.

LADY OF THE LAKE, CANTO V.

NOTE IV. *The Lamps of Braunton shore.*

It is a little below the light-houses, lately erected upon the sea-border of Braunton Burrows, that the rivers Taw and Torridge, pour their united waters into Bideford Bay. A fact quaintly noticed by Risdon, in his Chorographical Survey of Devon; but it would appear that these rivers had a *genteeler*, or more amiable way of going to sea in those days, for his notice of them runs thus:—"Hereby is the union of the two notable rivers, Taw and Torridge, that, hand in hand, with mutual affection, slip into the sea."

NOTE V. *Appledore's dark point, I ween,*

*So proud of old record.*

This event is thus briefly related in the Saxon Chronicle. "And in this same winter was the brother of Ingwere, and Healfdene, (*i. e.* Ubba) on the West Seaxes, in Defena shire, with XXIII ships, and they slew him there, and DCCC

men with him, and XL, (one MSS. says LX) men of his army: and there was the war fan taken that they call Reafen." Asser, Alfred's favorite bishop, and also his biographer, is more minute. The Castle of Odun, earl of Devon, was a poor place it seems, though walled sufficiently to keep out the Danes; but it was not supplied with water, which led Ubba to expect that Odun must surrender, if blockaded. Odun, however, made a gallant sally before day break, defeated the Danes, slew Ubba, and took the Raven, a banner worked in one noontide by Ubba's three sisters. This Raven was reported to possess the magical power of clapping or drooping its wing, according to the success, or ill fortune about to attend those who fought under its auspices.

In a MSS note to an old History of England, lately shewn me by a friend, I find the following particulars of this event:—

"This Castle (Kenwith) stood on a hill to the N.W. of Northam, overlooking the entrance of Barnstaple Bar, and still retains its ancient name, though none of the walls remain, being now called Kenny Castle. The spot where the battle was fought, was at the turning of the lane that leads to Northam, as you enter from the S.E., and is remembered by a large stone, still called *bloody stone*. The Danes were pursued by the garrison down to the water-side, where *Hubba*, their captain, was slain. The place is still remembered by the name of Hubba's stone," a rock on the river-beach of Appledore. It is well ascertained, that this victory over the Danes, enabled the followers of king Alfred (then a fugitive in the recesses of Atheleingly Island) to assemble the royal forces, and take the field with such success as eventually restored him to his throne.

NOTE VI. *A very Dane in death.*

The Danes, about the period alluded to in the poem, seem to have led a very *amphibious* kind of life,

"One foot at sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never;"

Save and except *plunder*.

"Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,  
The Norsemen trained to spoil and blood;  
Skilled to prepare the raven's food;  
Kings of the main, their leaders brave,  
Their barks the dragons of the wave."

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



NOTE VII. *Promontorium Herculis.*

Hartland Point is thus denominated in the earlier maps of this Island.

NOTE VIII. *Some Arabian-desert-dream.*

The preceding lines in the stanza which concludes with the above, embody the observation made by a visitor at the author's, on his return from a stroll over Braunton Burrows; and such an impression is, I believe, pretty general on a first gaze at the sandhills, as seen from the interior of the Burrows; but this desolate effect is, of course, lost upon the natives, and on those who are initiated into the mysteries of *Braunton Topography*.

Upon the border of the Burrows, near the marsh, there are the remains, (now but one small corner of a building, and barely sufficient to mark the spot) of a chapel dedicated to St. Ann. It is rather a singular coincidence, with reference to this *stanza altogether*, that since it was written, THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY, has dedicated the 12th chap. of his 2d vol. of *The Pirate*, to the description of a spot, in its material points, bearing a close resemblance to Braunton Burrows, could we recover a little more form and feature from the ravages of time, for the *Chapel of St. Ann*.

NOTE IX. *Dark de Stael.*

The author once possessed a black mare, which was named by a facetious friend after the celebrated authoress, who, independent of her literary celebrity, had the honor of being persecuted by Napoleon, and coaxed by Alexander.—See *Ten Years' Exile*, by *Madame De Stael*.

NOTE X. *The wild waves whistle.*

SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*, ACT I.

NOTE XI. *Folio art hath deckt.*

The earliest editions of *The Cave* were illustrated by various drawings, or rather sketches of the local scenery, antiquities of Braunton, &c. &c., which the Editor regrets not being able, at the present moment, to get multiplied for the press, to accompany *this number*.

NOTE XII. *A landlord's tale.*

Legend of Montrose, 3d series, *Tales of my Landlord*, then under perusal at the author's, wherein (to epitomize) are so finely recorded:—

The soft sounding *clarsheck* of fair Annöt Lyle.

The sword of Montrose, and the state of Argyle;

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, and noble Gustavus,

And Ronald 'the child of the mist'—heaven save us!

THE  
**Lundy Review,**  
AND  
**CRITICAL REVOLVING LIGHT.**

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**NAPAS DE TRACHUS HOSTIS AN NEON KRATEI.**

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**Oh! that mine adversary would write a book!!!**

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OF

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The Lundy Review,  
AND  
CRITICAL REVOLVING LIGHT.

JANUARY, 1824.

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*Journey from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kiev, with some account of the Colonization, and the Manners and Customs of the Colonists of New Russia. To which are added Notes relating to the Crim Tatars.* By Mary Holderness.

**T**HIS is a very praiseable work—a plain straightforward narrative, making the reader familiarly acquainted with the scenes and persons described; we recommend it strongly to the public.—It is written by a Lady, and is, throughout, distinguished by proper and lady-like feelings.—Mrs. H. does not think proper to mention her motives for a residence in the Crimea, and, of course, we have no business with them—but we think it right to say, that as she accompanied her husband, and took her *very* young children with her, on a journey of such extreme fatigue and danger, the general principles into which we resolve her conduct, are, *love* and *duty*—after which, we need say but little to interest the public in the writer, as well as in the book. Of the latter we can safely say, that it is a lesson and model for travel writers—concise, clear, and unassuming, both in style and exterior, a plain octavo of 316 pages, with a few prints of costume, &c.; and so reasonable in price, that we advise every one to buy it, that can afford it—our extracts therefore shall be few and short.

Mrs. H. left Riga on Nov. 18th, and her route (of about 1500 English miles, we suppose) was through Polotsk, Moghillof, Kiev, Odessa, and so on to Perekop, and finally Karagoss, a village in the Crimea, which she reached on the 3d of Feb. As our object is to be moral, as well as amusing, we shall avail ourselves of the description of Russian travelling, as affording an excellent lesson on contentment at home. Heaven forbid that our dear and delicate friends, the lovely ladies of North Devon, should ever be tempted from the airy comforts of an open carriage, and Mr. Thomas King's New Patent Elastic Reed Seats\*, to have their tender limbs *bumped* in a

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\* In consequence of this ingenious invention, Mr. King has been appointed Purveyor of horses and carriages to the Cave.

*britchka*, or cramped in a *kibitka*. The following extract shews us most convincingly by contrast, the value we ought to set upon the easy elegance of a summer picnic, to Pickwell sands (Powers! what a name for a Picnic!) or—the *ne plus ultra* of the sort—to the *Côte*.

'If our thoughts had not been occupied by a crowd of more serious ideas, at the outset of this our long and adventurous journey, the sight of these novel carriages (i. e. the Polish *britchka*, and three *kibitkas*) and our own appearances; huddled up in different sorts of fur *shubes*, so heavy, and so cumbrous, that we could scarcely walk beneath their weight, would all have affording subject for laughter, and burlesque; though it was only the preparation for the outset, and the packing into the carriages, that excited risibility; for the moment they began to move over the rough-paved streets of Riga, the jolting was so intolerable, that it threatened to dislocate our joints; and for the first half hour of our drive, made me look forward with dread, and almost despair, to its termination.'

We dare say our readers, like ourselves, never look into a book about Russia, without feeling all their teeth loose for a day or two afterwards. We should like, for once, to hear half a dozen real Russian women talking—their words must go off like a *feu de joie*, and very probably, they have Patent Secret Percussion Locks in their windpipes, with copper caps and all to fit, for certainly organs of flesh and blood never could stand it; they really do contrive the most abominable, saw setting, crack tooth combinations of consonants—we can no more pronounce, than we could venture to swallow, the horrible liquor, they drink in Russia. Only think—spirit of Dr. Pangloss!—only think of K V \* & A double S! we cannot deny our North Devon readers the receipt, for tastes may differ, and what we would not allow to land at Lundy, may be reckoned *goodly* drink, at some distance.

'The common drink of the Russian is KVAASS, which is not so good as our small beer (!!!) it is sometimes made with flour and water, flavored by herbs, sometimes with different sorts of fruits, and this latter kind is a much pleasanter drink, though it is *all sour*; the method of making it is very simple; a large barrel is filled with fruit, sometimes plumbs, sometimes apples, wine-sours, or, in fact, any fruit of which you have a sufficient abundance to make it from; there is then put into the cask, as much water as it will hold, and in fifteen days it

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\* How different from the euphony of our CA-VE.

to fit to drink. (Credat Judæus.) After a few gallons are drawn off, it is filled up again with water, to make it last until the time of year when it can be made again. This sort of KVASS is, however, only made in South Russia, where fruit is abundant and cheap.

What then do they drink in the North? Let us see.

In an account of Russia by Giles Fletcher, who was there with an Embassy in 1588 (if he was not actually Ambassador himself) this horrible hog's-wash is spelt Quasse, rather more possible to pronounce, but if any thing, still less palatable for potation.

'Their common drink is mead—the poorer sort use water, and a thin drink called Quasse, which is nothing else (as we say) but water turned out of its wits, with a little bran mashed with it.'

Now the Russians are not a changeable people, and, no doubt, they stick to their liquor still—much good may it do them.

We remember being highly amused (but we had the tooth-ache for a week) with Bony's journey to Moscow;

"When the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue—"

this journey had nearly the same effect; for at Kiev, an unlucky accident (for us) introduced them to a Colonel Beshkakov, (if we have not dropped a *k*) who took them to see the monastery of Pestcherskey—*then came our fit again*. But, to shew the Russian rage for consonants, when they arrived at Human, a place really so called, (N.B. the only place of the sort in all Russia) they found an Englishman, of such a name, as never was heard of before;—whence he came, or what he was originally called, we are not informed; there is a very good family in Yorkshire, of the name of Wyvill, but if he belonged to it, they had done all they could to disguise it, in Russia, by bracing, binding, and curling it up into *Wigfull*. We consider it a great omission, that Mrs. H., who travelled the same route going and coming, and lived four years in the Crimea, should omit to mention how many teeth the English party lost in that time.

At all times the ceremony of marriage, if not the thing itself, is interesting, and at the present moment more especially; for, beyond all former example, binary compounds are the rage in Barum: and we shall extract a few pages as a good specimen of Mrs. H's style, and also, as affording us an opportunity of diversifying our own work, and furnishing

our readers with the means of comparing the customs of Crim Tatars of the present day, with those of Russians of the 16th century, as described by Mr. Fletcher, to whom we have already alluded.

At the period fixed for the wedding, a Tatar Murza sends to all the neighbouring villages an invitation to come and partake of his festivity and good cheer. Two, three, or more villages in a day are thus feasted, and this lasts a week, ten days, or a fortnight, according to the wealth of the bridegroom. Each guest takes with him some present, which is as handsome as his means will allow: a horse, a sheep, a lamb, various articles of dress, nay, even money, are presented on this occasion. Much ceremony takes place in preparing the intended bride, on the evening before the wedding, of which I have been a witness. The poor girl either was, or appeared to be, a most unwilling victim. She was lying on cushions when I first entered, covered so as not to be seen, and surrounded by the girls who were her particular friends, the rest of the women attending less closely. The girls at intervals, loudly lamented the loss of their companion, and she joined in the voice of woe. At length the women told her, that it was time to commence the preparations. In an instant the girls all seized her, and uttering loud cries, attempted to withhold her from the women, who, struggling against them, endeavoured to force her away. This scene lasted till the bride was near suffering seriously from their folly, for she fainted, from continued exertion, and the heat of the crowd; but this may be said to have ended the contest, for they were obliged to give room and air for her to revive, and some little time after she had recovered, the women took formal possession of their new associate. They then began to dye her fingers, her toe nails, and afterwards her hair, which being tied up, she at last was left to repose. During the whole time I was there, she would not show her face; and in general I have observed, that if one tells a Tatar girl that it is said she is about to be married, she runs immediately out of the room and will never speak to a stranger on that subject.

The party, when on the road, forms a gay and lively concourse, in which he, who in England would be called *THE HAPPY MAN*, is the only person who has not the appearance of being cheerful. Apparellled in his worst suit of clothes, with unshaven face, and perhaps badly mounted, he rides where he is least conspicuous, while a friend has the charge of leading another horse for him, which is always richly caparisoned. When the party attending the bride is arrived at the place of meeting, the mother, or some duenna who has the superintendence of the business, first makes a present of value to the person who leads the horse, which, if it be a shawl, as is generally the case, is tied round the neck of the animal. Afterwards, many small handkerchiefs coarsely embroidered, and little pieces of linen, or of coarse printed cotton are distributed, for which the guests contend in horse-races.

This occupies much time, and during the whole of it the carriage which contains the bride, waits at the distance of nearly half a mile. It is never brought nearer to the party; but the lady's father, or one of her brothers, attends it, in order to see the charge safely executed, of delivering her, *UNSEEN*, into the house of her husband. The better to effect this, the carriage is hung round with curtains inside, and if the party arrive somewhat early at the village, the vehicle is detained at the entrance of it, till near the close of the day, and till it is supposed that all are occupied in eating. When she reaches the door of her new prison, sherbat is brought her to

drink, and some kind of sweetmeat is given with it. She is next presented with a lamb, which is actually put into the carriage with her, and afterwards transferred to one of her attendants. At length, after much bustle and preparation, the court being previously cleared of all spectators, large coarse blanketting is fixed up, so as to prevent all possibility of her being seen, and then, wrapped in a sheet, she is carried by her brother, into the house. Here fresh forms and ceremonies await her. Being received into one of the most private rooms, a curtain is fixed up, so as entirely to cover one corner of it. Behind this the poor girl is placed, who, after the annoyance and fatigue she has undergone, is glad to rest as much as she is able in this nook of her cage. Decorated now in all her gayest attire, and glittering with gold and brocade, she is still not permitted to be seen, except by her mother and female friends, who busy themselves in arranging her clothes in proper order, and in adorning the room with a profusion of gay dresses, embroidered handkerchiefs, and towels, rich coverlids, and cushions of cotton, or Turkish silk. All these are distributed around the room; even the *shifts*, being new for the occasion, are hung up with the rest, along the walls of the apartment, forming an extraordinary sort of tapestry.

While this arrangement is taking place, the bridegroom, having parted with most of his guests, begins to prepare for a visit to his bride. Being now washed, shaven, and gaily drest, he is allowed about midnight to see his wife for an hour, at the expiration of which, he is summoned to retire. Throughout the whole of the next day, she is destined to be fixed in a corner of the room, and to remain standing during the visits of as many strangers as curiosity may bring to see her. The men employ themselves in horseracing; and three or four articles of some value are given for the winners. The bridegroom makes a point of paying an early visit, to those whom he considers his friends, taking with him some little present of his wife's embroidery. Mrs. Holderness, page 32 to 38.

The manner of solemnizing their marriages, is different from the manner of other countries. The man, though he never saw the woman before, is not permitted to have any sight of her all the time of his wooing, which he doth not by himself, but by his mother, or some other ancient woman of his kinne, as well by the parents as by the parties themselves, for without the knowledge and consent of the parents, the contract is not lawful, the fathers on both sides, or such as are to them instead of fathers, with other chief friends, having a meeting and conference about the dowrie, which is commonly very large, after the abilities of the parents; so that you shall have a market-man, as they call them, give a 1000 rubbles or more, with his daughter.

As for the man, it is never required of him, nor standeth with their custome, to make any joynter recompence of the dowrie. But in case he have a child by his wife, she enjoyeth a third deal after his decease. If he have two children by her or more, she is to have a courtisie more, at the discretion of the husband. If the husband depart without issue by his wife, she is returned home to her friends without any thing at all, save onely her dowrie, if the husband leave so much behind him in goods. When the agreement is made concerning the dowrie, they signe bonds one to the other, as well for the paiment of the dowrie, as the performing of the marriage by a certain day.

Thus the contract being made, the parties begin to send tokens the one to the other, the woman first, then afterwards the man, but yet see not one another till the marriage be solemnized. On the eve before the marriage day the bride is carried in a collimago, or coach, or in a steddle, if it be winter, to the bridegroom's house, with her marriage-apparel and bedstead with her, which they are to lie in. For this is ever provided by the bride, and is commonly very fair, with much cost bestowed upon it.

When the time is come to have the marriage solemnized, the bride hath put upon her a kind of hood, made of fine knitwork, or lawn, that covereth her head



and all her body down to the middle; and so accompanied with her friends, and the bridegroom with his, they go to church all on horseback, though the church be near hand, and themselves but of very mean degree. The words of contract, and other ceremonies in solemnizing the marriage, are much after the order, and with the same words that are used with us, with a ring also given to the bride. Which being put on, and the words of contract pronounced, the bride's hand is delivered into the hand of the bridegroom, which standeth all this while on the one side of the altar or table, and the bride on the other. So the marriage knot being knit by the priest, the bride cometh to the bridegroom, standing at the end of the altar or table, and falleth down at his feet, knocking her head upon his shoe, in token of her subjection and obedience. And the bridegroom again casteth the lap of his gown, or upper garment, over the bride, in token of his duty to protect and cherish her.

'Then the bridegroom and bride standing both together at the table's end, kneeleth first the father, and the other friends of the bride, and bow themselves down to the bridegroom; and so likewise his friends bow themselves to the bride, in token of amitie and love ever after, betwixt the two kindreds. And withall, the father of the bridegroom offereth to the priest a loaf of bread, who delivereth it straight again to the father, and other friends of the bride, with attestation before God and their idols, that he deliver the dowrie wholly and truly at the day appointed, and hold love ever after, one kindred to another. Whereupon they break the loaf into pieces, and eat of it, to testify their true and sincere meanings for performing of that charge, and thenceforth to become as grains of one loaf, or men of one table.

'These ceremonies being ended, the bridegroom taketh the bride by the hand, and so they go on together with their friends after them, towards the church-porch, where meet them certain with pots and cups in their hands, with mead and ~~russet~~ wine; whereof the bridegroom taketh first a chark or little cap full in his hand, and drinketh to the bride, who opening her hood or veil below, and putting the cup to her mouth underneath it (for being seen of the bridegroom) pledgeth him again. Thus returning altogether from the church, the bridegroom goeth not home to his own, but to his father's house, and she likewise to hers, where either entertain their friends apart. At the entering into the house, they use to sing corn out of the windows, upon the bridegroom and bride, in token of plenty and fruitfulness, to be with them for ever.

'When the evening is come, the bride is brought to the bridegroom's father's house, and there lodgeth that night, with her veil or cover still over her head.'

What follows we think highly worthy of imitation; and we charge all our young friends of the more elegant sex to consider well of it when it pleases heaven to call them from a state of single blessedness. 'All that night she may not speak one word (for that charge she receiveth by tradition from her mother, and other matrons, her friends) that the bridegroom must neither heare, nor see her, till the day after the marriage. Neither three dayes after may she be heard to speak, save certain few words at the table, in a set form, with great manners, and reverence to the bridegroom. If she behave herself otherwise, it is a great prejudice to her credit and life, ever after; and will highly be disliked of the bridegroom himself. After the third day they depart to their own, and make a feast to both their friends together. The marriage day, and the whole time of their festivall, the

bridegroom hath the honor to be called *Moloday Knez*, or, young duke, and the bride *Moloday Knezay*, or, young dutchesse

‘In living with their wives, they shew themselves to be but of a barbarous condition, using them as servants, rather than wives; except the noble-women, which are, or seem to be of more estimation with their husbands, than the rest of meaner sort. They have this foul abuse, contrary to good order and the word of God itself, that upon the dislike of his wife, or other cause whatsoever, the man may go into a monasterie, and shier himself a Frier, by pretence of devotion, and so leave his wife, to shift for herself so well as she can.’

Giles Fletcher, chap, XXIV.

Pleased as we profess ourselves to be with Mrs. H., how shall we find fault? “Yet,” as Iago says, “we are nothing if not critical.” Fault we must find, but where shall it be? In her narration, her descriptions, her truth to natural coloring, her propriety of feeling, there is no fault; we must look then, to those few, very few passages, where she leaves her subject to write about nothing, as, for instance, about the emperor Alexander. Of course, every thing *imperial* is *imposing*, as the French say; but, alas! that is not a word of good *harage* in Devonshire.

‘In an empire so extensive as that of Russia, whatever be the efforts, whatever the wishes of him who governs, it is scarcely to be expected their influence, so powerfully felt at the centre, can extend, with equal force, to those distant provinces, which his smile seldom visits, his presence rarely cheers. Yet here, though depravity marks so many individuals, and they mar the endeavours which the Emperor is continually making for the universal benefit of his subjects, even here, he is beloved and respected, revered and obeyed.

‘His visit to the Crimea was a subject of joyful expectation before it took place; and the mild and conciliating manners of this most powerful monarch, won the hearts of the humblest of his subjects: few there are who do not boast of having seen the emperor Alexander, and not a few who had the honor to converse with him. Divested of the parade of state, he travelled without any military escort, and won, or secured the confidence of his people, by that he evinced in them. Yet, to man is allotted no good without alloy; and the same sun which nourishes and brings to perfection the healthy and nutritious plants, draws up also the most noxious weeds. As, however, cultivation overpowers and destroys

their number, so the spreading of civilization, will lessen many of the moral evils which now exist.'

Pass over, gentle reader, the dislocation of smiles visiting, and presence cheering. We have honestly and fairly given you the only page of "alloy," in the whole book; the rest is all "good." Shall we be a little sly upon the hold the emperor has on "the confidence of his people"? Turn back one leaf.

'They have another proverb which will speak for them better than I can, it is this: *nebo vicokie, ah gocydar dalokie*; or, heaven is high, and the emperor is a long way off. Yet the portrait of his imperial majesty is set up in all their law offices, and all heads are uncovered with the greatest reverence to the picture, and an outward demeanour kept up, as though he were present to behold them; they however tenaciously remember "*gocydar dalokie*"!

This, gentle readers, you see is *nature*—smiles, presence, good, alloy, healthy plants, and noxious weeds, are all *rhetoricorum*, as Cicero has it.

Superstition and hospitality characterize all uncivilized countries; how far they are well exchanged for methodism, freethinking, and turnpike roads, we leave to the Edinburgh Review to settle; at any rate, the following anecdote will amuse our readers, more than the discussion of so profound a topic.

'It is recorded, and believed by all denominations of the superstitious inhabitants of the Crimea, that this quality (hospitality) was the means of preserving a whole village from the dreadful visitation of the plague, during the years 1812, and 1813. The belief of the *personification of evil*, is rarely found, though we read of it in all the Eastern tales. The story is as follows:—near midnight a stranger knocked, and obtained admittance, at the cottage of one of these villagers; he begged for food and drink, both of which were freely given to him, and his stay for the remainder of the night pressed; but having refreshed himself, he got up to depart, and thanking them for their reception of him, assured them he would amply repay it. "I am" said he "THE PLAGUE, and during the scourge with which I am come to visit this country, your village shall remain unhurt, and untouched amidst surrounding devastation." The promise was fulfilled, and the village escaped the infection, which spread with horrid rapidity around.'

There are some excellent observations p. 124 to 130, upon the state of slavery, and the diffusion of christianity; but

it would not suit our proposed limits to enter upon subjects of such serious import; not from considering them in any way unseemly or incompatible with our undertaking, but there is a time for all things, and it rests with our friends the public to say how various the topics shall be which we are to embrace, and (let us say it in humble phrase) how many the sheets of letter-press shall be that they will deign to patronize.

Marine, Beau Sejour, Saunton.

The Braunton Despatch has just brought the following Note from the Printer,

"MR. SHABLE presents compliments to the LITTLE HARTBOWS, begs to say that if all the articles in L. R. are as long-winded as the first, *one* is a dose—only one page more, and that of *light goods*, is wanted for present number."

If the public should be as critical as the printer, we may as well shut up the Cave; and then, dear readers, what will become of those portfolios of prose, and reams of rhyme? not to mention your own irremediable losses—you will "sicken and so die," without an introduction to Sir Jason Pendragon, and his amiable family, who have promised a visit next month, and without being admitted *behind* the Cave, where many wonders await the initiated; believe me the Sibyl's Evenings at Home are as pretty *bits of blue* as any in Barnstaple—and that's a bold word. But let us hope for better things; let us get on good-naturedly for *one* twelve month together, and I should not wonder if we were friends for life; at the present moment, however, the printer's humour jumps somewhat with our own, for our kind and considerate uncle the GREAT UNKNOWN, has sent us our usual Christmas Box, containing, among many other new publications, his own last—St. Ronan's Well, on which we beg to say a few words—the more that the Cockney *small ware* have been smart upon the work: kin and kind as the author may be to us, we disclaim all partiality where we write a Review; but there is something about him that always has seemed to us to disarm an enemy; he casts the *glamour* over us; here is this

new work, a work that no hand, but the master hand, could have produced—the Cockneys can't read it forsooth—'don't buy it,' says one, 'it is the worst of the Scottish novels,' says another; we have not, however, *yet* met with one to say 'don't read it,' and we say boldly, '*read it.*' Several of the characters are, as usual, old acquaintance. Captain Mac Turk is own uncle to Hector Mac Intyre; Miss Mowbray is cousin by the mother's side four times removed to Di Vernon; Tyrrel is somewhat of kin to the Master of Ravenswood; Mac-wheelble and Micklewham, are, by their feathers, birds of the same nest; and Mr. Touchwood has the same passion for bestowing advice as our old acquaintance, the Antiquary. After any thing so magnificent as Quentin Durward, we think the author had a claim to a little relaxation; *he has taken it*, and why should he not? the result is merely that an extra-allowance of the ludicrous is measured out in this novel. He pours himself out, *pleno rivo*, light and sparkling, "and chases his own tail," as Captain Clutterbuck says, "*almost ad infinitum*"—and, for ourselves, we are not so sullen as to refuse to join in the cry. Be advised by a friend, Good Public—keep your temper—read the book, and you will surely be pleased.



If a Cardinal can pray a soul out of Purgatory in an hour,  
a Bishop in three hours, a Priest in five, and a Friar in  
seven; in what time can they pray out three souls all  
praying together?

.....

How many Acres of the Earth's surface can be seen from  
the top of a hill 600 feet high, supposing the Earth a per-  
fect sphere 7914. 2194 miles in diameter?

.....

THE

## Sibyl's Portfolio.

---

**N.B.** *We beg to observe, that if at any time the convenience of the Printer should induce him to place any song or sonnet, riddle or rebus, or any of the trifles coming properly under this head, in any other part of the number, they still must be considered as herewith appertaining, being, in fact, waifs and strays, and belonging to the Lady of the Manor.*

---

### A WINTER CHORUS.

( **AIR.**—"The rosy morn appearing." )

Now, that winter unrelenting  
 Robs of joy our greenwood bower,  
Let us, other joys inventing,  
 Wile away the clouded hour :  
Sweet 'twill be our time beguiling  
 O'er the volumes of Romance ;  
Sweeter far when beauty smiling  
 Wreaths with us our evening dance.

Now the charm of song hath bound us,  
 Brim each hallowed cup the while—  
Beauty breathing love around us,  
 Be our pledge—her warmest smile :  
Dear tho' many a summer pleasure,  
 Morn or eve might them prolong,—  
Dearer far ! these hours we measure  
 By the glass of mirth and song.

**T.**

## ENIGMA.

I am one whose society is much sought after, and although frequently the ultimate cause of ruin to those who patronize and support me, yet am I very often to be met with in the mansions of the great, and of the most exemplary and virtuous of both sexes, who many times pay considerable sums for me, when I make my best appearance. My clothing may be thought monotonous, but not quaker-like, being fine and expensive; I occasionally wear an outer garment, the colour of which depends upon the fancy of those who entertain me, and so fascinating am I, that when once strangers become well acquainted with me, it not unfrequently happens that I possess the power of detaining them, not only hours, but days and nights. I have several companions, without whom I should be of little consequence, and, in truth, we are mutually dependant upon each other, for *they* would be almost useless without *me*; and yet, strange as it may sound, the presence of one of them is, in a degree, necessary to legalize a great council of the nation, while the other once formed an indispensable appendage to a military beau; and some of the others are of so much importance, that without them, the whole system of civilized warfare would undergo a revolution.

B.

## CHARADE.

If you divide me into two equal parts, my first will shew you what most men wish for; and my second what many possess: join them, and they teach you, first, what to aim at, secondly, what to do, and thirdly, what I am.

V.

RIDDLE.

Read onward or backward you'll find me the same,  
I'm a word of respect, and I serve for a name;  
Be-head me—the stream of a river I'll stop,  
Be-tail—in a waistcoat you'll straightly me pop;  
Make an anagram of me—its really no sham,  
You'll very soon find I am not worth a ~~name~~

J.

ANAGRAM.

The joy of the parish, I come once a year,  
With sport and with pastime elate;  
Reverse me, and straight it will clearly appear,  
That my purchase contrives to lift weight.

J.

CRANIOLOGY.

Accept, Oh Gall! my apology;  
But talking of *Craniology*  
One day at Lady Morgan's, \*  
Of FLIGHT and ROBSON † some one said—  
“ If they have not the Organs of Order, bred  
“ In a bump, on each organ building head,  
“ At least they've an *order* for organs.”

“ Ah then” said another “ that explains  
“ What oft has puzzled my stupid brains—  
“ How could I be so soft?  
“ For now the cause at once appears—  
“ One ought to remember, when one hears  
“ A sort of singing in one's ears,  
“ That the *head* is an *Organ Loft*.”

T.

BILL STORK.

\* The celebrated BLUES of France and Italy.

† The great Organ Builders, London.



## Serenade.

*"Pity is akin to Love."*

List dear Lady—list to me,  
 List to hear a lover's ditty,  
 Grant my eager prayer to thee,  
 Pay my love with grateful pity.

Lady, then I'll trust to time,  
 'Twill prove my love for thee enduring;  
 Love and faith then aid my rhyme,  
 Pity's change to love ensuring.

J.

**"A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED."**

(FROM THE FRENCH)

## I.

At *friends* my pretty Rosa laughs,  
 And prates of love the whole day long;  
 Forgive me, Rosa, if I'm rude  
 For thinking I can prove you wrong.

## II.

No love but Rosa's would I court,  
 No other heart but hers I'd woo;  
 Yet friends, sweet Rosa, I have had—  
 The best, the steadiest have been two.

## III.

ONE has been my faithful friend  
 Thro' many a weary walk of life;  
 His heart of oak, and fearless arm  
 Have saved me oft in dangerous strife.

## IV.

The OTHER, when loud storms have risen,  
 Or clouds o'er-cast my weary way,  
 Has sheltered me within his bosom,  
 And cheered my path with fostering ray.

## V.

You envy, Rose, my happy lot,  
 And think me sure a lucky fellow,  
 You're dying, Rose, to hear their names—  
*My walking stick, and my umbrella.*

J.

# L'Envoi.

## I.

- 1 Go ! Number I. of number one take care,  
I do not envy thee thy trip to Barum,  
See that thy wits be fixtures, for I swear  
The pavement there is quite enough to scare 'em.

## II.

- 2 Go in thy dressing gown of gay sea-green,  
As well becomes a borderer of the main ;  
3 In black and blue I would not have thee seen,  
Nor bare—in miscellaneous gossip train.

## III.

- 4 Blue sides and yellow back, Auld Reekies shame,  
Would not become our Orthodox Review ;  
And Murray's drab looks meagre, flat, and tame ;  
Blackwood's brown coat is dull and dingy too.

## IV.

- 5 Go ! Number I. and greet the folks of Barum,  
6 And should they chance to ask what we propose,  
Bespeak their favors—say we mean to share 'em  
With our cotemp'aries, in rhyme and prose.

## V.

- 7 And if old friends should critics now become,  
Blaming in print, what they have praised in writing ;  
Forbear to wrangle, gentle Cave ! be dumb !—  
Your cause, if bad, wont mend by paper-fighting.

OID. TRIST. LIB. I. EL. I.

- 1 Parve, (nec inviden,) sine me, Liber, ibis in Urbem :  
2 Vade, sed incultus ; ———  
3 Nec te purpureo velent vaccinia fuco :  
4 Nec titulus minio, nec cæstro charta notetur :  
5 Vade, Liber, verbisque meis loca grata saluta.  
6 Si quis, qui, quid agam, forte requirat, erit :  
7 Neu, cave, defendas, quamvis mordebere dicta.

## VI.

- 8 But to new customers you may remark,  
 The inclement season of your first appearing;  
 The afternoons so early growing dark,  
 Obscuring one's ideas just when clearing :

## VII.

- 9 The roaring of the ground sea on the bar,  
 The howling of the East wind in the Cave;  
 The salt spray dashing from the rocks afar,  
 And Saunton sands all wet with many a wave.

## VIII.

- 10 Believe me, an impartial judge will find  
 Some merit in the Cave, however humble;  
 11 For e'en old Homer, what with rocks, waves, wind,  
 Would here from stilts of Epopœa tumble.

## IX.

- Tis a long journey No. I.—make haste,  
 12 I had a hundred things or more to say;  
 But travelling as you are, to lands of taste,  
 I would not overload you on your way.

## X.

- 13 Go! but without me—for I do not care  
 To stand the public gaze, as authors do—  
 Let me be still *Anonymous Debonnaire*,  
 Little Unknown, or *Le Beau Desconnu*. \*

8 *Judicis officium est, ut res, ita tempora rerum  
 Quærere.*

9 *Me mare, me venti, me fera jactat hyems.*

10 *Hæc quoque quod facio, jussit mirabitur æquus;*

11 *Da mihi Mæoniden, et tot circumspice casus;  
 Ingenium tantis excidet omne malis.*

12 *Longa via est; propera.*

13 *Plura quidem mandare tibi, si quæris, habebam;  
 Sed vereor tardæ causa fuisse moræ.*

\* See Ritson's *Old English Metrical Romances*.

# The Eve.

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FEBRUARY, 1824.

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## CHARADE.

My first.

How shall I tell about my first ?  
I would, dear Ladies, if I durst  
Minutely sing its praise ;  
But, for a smile, I fear, a frown  
Would check my vent'rous spirit down,  
While, tighter wrapped, the envious gown  
Would mock my daring gaze.

But I may venture sure to say,  
That, if adorned, its best array  
Is silk of glossy hue ;  
Yet, unadorned, of sculptor's eye,  
Familiar with the mystery  
Of art and nature's rivalry,  
'Twere fitter for the view.

## THE CAVE.

~~My~~ second.

Anon my second you will see,  
 For truly of my minstrelsy,  
 And not too critical to be,  
     It forms a welcome part;  
 Yet let that thought in jest appear,  
 For growing with the growing year,  
 The wish to please you—reader dear—  
     Comes from the writer's heart.

~~My~~ whole.

My whole—how shall I sing my whole?  
 For days of Yore come o'er my soul,  
 And mock the wish that would controul  
     The wandering of the brain;  
 And many a tale of battle fought,  
 Of lady's love in secret sought,  
 Of grace by contrite pilgrim bought,  
 That charmed the child, brings now the thought  
     Of childhood back again.

There's many a wild and wonderous lay,  
 That charmed the boy's dull hour away,  
     In rude and rustic strain;  
 That told of bold *Sir James, the Rose* \*  
 Delight of dames, and dread of foes;  
 And *Beecham* dreeing captive throes,  
 Till *Afric's* princess captive grows  
     To love's enthralling chain.

---

\* See all collections of Northern Traditional Poetry, especially Jamieson's.

And many—many more than I,  
 In spite of faithful memory,  
 Can venture to rehearse;  
 The pen in my degenerate hand  
 Is recreant to the fond command,  
 To trace the lofty versè.

But had I bold Sir Walter's vein,  
 I'd sing them in another strain,  
 Till Devon echoes told again  
 The legends of the Dee;  
 And Devon bards should long repeat  
 (Themes for maids of Devon meet)  
*My tales of Northern Minstrelsy.*

J.

---

MY DEAR LITTLE UNKNOWN,

You grow as prosy as your Poetical Uncle. I return your charade with thanks, &c.—least said is soonest mended—brevity is the soul of wit—and so on—Instead of an Answer, I add a Riddle on the same subject.

*My whole is a foot.*

Yours,

D. B.

OYSTERMOUTH, S. WALES, JANUARY 29th, 1824.

*The Weazle.*

(Feb. 10th, 1799.)

The tale is briefly told :—a gallant bark  
 Embayed, and by the tempest overtaken,  
 When midnight heavens were glooming pitchy dark,  
 And wave and shore by the loud storm were shaken,  
 Drove upon *Baggy's horrid Leap*—and bark !  
 The seaman's cry, that never more shall waken  
 Echo for mirth or woe ;—down—down she goes,  
 And for her fate a long lament arose.

LOG OF THE SEA-MINISTREL, A POEM.

*PREFACE.*

The 10th of the present month (February) is the anniversary of the loss of his Majesty's Ship *Weazle*, and all her crew, on *Baggy Leap* ; an event which even upon this iron-bound and wreck-strewn coast, and familiar as the inhabitants have been with 'moving accidents by flood,' seems to have left an impression beyond the ordinary tone of remembrance in cases of shipwreck. This very general sentiment of public regret on hearing of the catastrophe, was partly owing to the unexpected rapidity of the tempest that overwhelmed the vessel in question, and the total loss that occurred, (as every individual on board perished on the spot) but is principally to be attributed to the circumstance of the *Weazle* having long laid in the Bay, and the consequently extensive acquaintance which the officers and crew had established on shore, with the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, with whom their gaiety and social character seems to have become proverbial.

It has, in fact, been asserted, but upon what good authority I know not, that this gaiety of the *Weazle's* company bordered even upon carelessness, and was one of the final causes of the loss of the vessel. It is, however, generally held requisite for the neighbourhood to assign some cause or other for the catastrophe, in all such cases, and, perhaps, the free and daring character of the *Weazle's* crew, has offered a plausible solution to the difficulty which possibly might not exist.

Of those whom I have heard conversing upon the subject, few seem to agree in minute particulars ; and, as is usual on such an event, superstition and credulity have bound it up with many visionary warnings, fearful presentiments, and singular coincidences.

The principal features of the case are as follows:—The *Weazle*, under sail from her accustomed station, got safely over the Bar, and stood off to the westward, but, a storm coming on with great rapidity; she became as it were embayed between Lundy Island and Baggy Point, and in endeavouring to clear the latter, went on shore on Baggy Leap, where she was dashed to pieces, and all her crew, to the number of 106, perished with her. A completer wreck, perhaps, never occurred; but the lower part of her hull is said to have been visible under water, in calm weather, for some time after. One of the ship's company was, by accident, left on shore, and so escaped the fate of his companions; and the body of Mr. Wm. Grey, the surgeon, was washed on shore about six weeks after the wreck, and buried at Braunton.\*

Since writing these few particulars, I have also been favored by an extract of the following 'Memoranda' from the journal of a gentleman who resided near the scene of this calamity. 'February 11th, 1799. The *Weazle* brig of war, the *Hon. Capt. Grey*, Commander, was lost in the night of the 10th instant, by striking, as is supposed, on *Baggy Leap*, in a tempestuous gale of wind; part of the vessel drove into *Woolacombe bay*, near the houses; most of the surgeon's property came in there, a medical chest, 3 boxes of instruments, and other articles. The greatest part of the wreck came into *Croyde bay*, the cables and anchors lay under the Hooe, not far from the point. All the crew were drowned; a woman on board, was washed into *Croyde bay* the day after the vessel was lost, and not one person besides was immediately found, in any of the Bays, though the number lost was 106.

'In the course of a month after, 17 or 18 bodies were picked up on the rocks, and in *Baggy Hole*, in so mangled a state, without arms, legs, or clothing, so as to distinguish them. Three months after the melancholy loss I rode over to *Woolacombe*, and found six bodies washed in on the sands, in a similar mangled state, and one body with all his clothes about him, as perfect as if he had been just drowned, but his face quite destroyed; he proved to be *Licut. Butler*, whom I knew, having seen him before; the uniform buttons were on his jacket, and the initials of his name on his stockings: none of the remaining bodies were ever seen after.'

---

\* We have heard that there is a record in the register of Braunton parish of the interment of the Surgeon, Mr. Grey, but, at present, we have not had an opportunity of consulting the document.



## Lament.

## I.

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
 The joy of our *Bay* ;  
 Whose trim was so gallant,  
 Whose crew were so gay ;  
 Hearts that never knew fear,  
 Yet confess'd beauty's eye,—  
 Then rain beauty's tear,  
 For the day-dream gone by !

## II.

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
 The grace of our *Pool* ; \*  
 O ! where is her sceptre  
 Of wide ocean-rule ?  
 The waves in their madness  
 To freedom awoke,  
 And the *Sea-queen* o'erwhelmed  
 As her sceptre they broke.

## III.

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
 Her voyages are o'er ;  
 She hath made her last port,  
 She is on her lee-shore ;  
 Low down in the deep,  
 When the sunbeams are sheen,  
 And the waters are calm,  
 May her ruins be seen,

## IV.

Hope breathed on her sail  
 As she went o'er the *Bar* ;  
 Pride waved in her ensign,  
 Seen flying from afar ;  
 But her sail it was struck  
 Ere the *Bay* she had crost,  
 Her ensign was lowered—  
 Her glory was lost.

---

\* Appledore.

## V.

Tho' the tear fell at parting,  
 When love bade adieu,  
 There was 'welcome to ocean !'  
 From all her bold crew ;  
 And the wine-cup was spilt,  
 As it circled her deck,  
*But the blood of the gay*  
*Is now red on her wreck.*

## VL

Who hath escaped  
 From the tempest's fell sweep,  
 From the crush of her timbers  
 On *Baggy's* dark *Leap* ?  
 Not a soul :—there was one  
 Left behind on the shore,  
 His fortune to thank,  
 But his *friends* to deplore.

## VII.

Comrades in danger,  
 Companions in mirth,  
 Some sleep their last sleep  
 In a watery birth ;  
 And *one* whom the tide  
 Hath restored as it rose,  
 By *Braunton's* grove-altar  
 Is gone to repose.

## VIII.

Lament for *The Weazle*,  
 Her voyages are o'er,  
 From the port she last made  
 Came there ship never more ;  
 And tho' memory long  
 Our Lament will renew,  
 Fill it up !—but in silence—  
 A glass to her Crew !

H.

## AN EVENING HYMN TO THE DEITY.

(AIR.—“*The Sicilian Mariners.*”).

1.

Bright thine orb of morning breaketh,  
 Bright thy lamps of midnight blaze,  
 But there is an hour that speaketh  
 Kindlier still of *Thee* we praise.

2.

Tis the hour of eve, diffusing  
 Peace on earth, and air, and sea ;  
 Hour, when Contemplation musing  
 Breathes her placid hymn to *Thee*.

3.

Like thine evening dew descending,  
 Soft, serene, and silent *thus*,  
 To lowly mood our passions hending,  
 Let thy Spirit fall on us !

4.

Like the rippling wave of ocean,  
 Scarcely murmuring—calmly spent,—  
 Die in peace each rude emotion  
 Of our earthly discontent.

5.

Like yon star's half-shrouded beauty,  
 Triumphant o'er storm at rest,  
 Beam our bright return to duty,  
 Through the cloud of sin confest !

6.

Then, while thus *our Nature* brightens,  
 Ere again its glimmering fade,  
 Lend the *day-beam* that enlightens  
 Every path of mortal shade.

7.

Pale our star, in fear and sorrow,  
 At the sun-burst from above,  
 But, from *THEE* alone we borrow  
*Rays of Hope, and Faith, and Love !*

THE  
**Lundy Review,**

AND

**CRITICAL REVOLVING LIGHT.**

---

**HAPAS DE TRACHUS HOSTIS AN NEON KRATL**

---

Oh ! that mine adversary would write a book !!!

**Castleton :**

PRINTED FOR ALADDIN BENSON, AT THE OFFICE OF THE LUNDY REVOLVING  
LIGHT.

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February, 1824.

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## The Lundy Review,

AND

### CRITICAL REVOLVING LIGHT.

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*Journal of the time I spent on the Island of Lundy, in the years 1752, and 1787. MS by a Gentleman.*

**WE** begin to think we shall soon equal *The Quarterly* in the art and mystery of *geographical* reviewing. What, in fact, the leading Periodicals of the day would do, if it were not for books of travels, we know not. Nothing literary can be more convenient for the critical pen, than works of this description; affording, as they do, such latitude for the Reviewer's wit, and such longitude for his extracts. If the unfortunate Traveller happens to be an absurd sort of a *vagabond*, (we use the word in its gentle and derivative sense) the reviewer has a fine laugh, and caricatures him in all positions. The man, perhaps, explores a desolate country—is overtaken by storms—stopped and plundered by banditti—pinched with hunger—dying of thirst; but what are all these evils to the reviewer?

“What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?”

The Reviewer, very likely, has just dined, or, what is better, is going to dinner. The Traveller gives a gloomy account of a certain city, or district, and the Reviewer coolly remarks, that, ‘Mr. Such-an-one does not seem to have preserved his temper, beyond a certain stage in his journey; witness, the following splenetic account of the people and manners of such a place,’ &c.

Then again, if the Itinerant proves to be, really, a man of science, and information, and has told the story of his travels in good stile, the Reviewer, just as coolly, cuts out the best passages in his book, and pastes them in, up and down, in the intervals of his own speculative and topographical wanderings; and lavishly praises, what he is afraid to shew his ignorance by blaming.

Verily the public is well amused by the *Reviewers*: (would we could say the same for ourselves of Lundy!) but we shall try. The reader, if he has not forgotten, will remember that we took him in our *kibitka*, last month, to see *Mrs. Holderness among the Tartars*, or, as she, probably, more orthographically, prints it, *Tatars*. Thrice happy times! when

even the *names* of barbarians are becoming civilized : so stand apart Apothecaries ! and let us hear no more of cream (crim) of tartar. We shall now change the scene of reviewing from *Crim Tartary* to the *Island of Lundy*. We last month reviewed the travels of a *Lady*, we shall now wait upon the voyage and travels of a *Gentleman*. He was not a professed author, and his work is therefore the more dependent on those best of all pretensions which any work can offer to the reader, namely, the curiosity and value of its materials.

Before, however, we venture upon our proposed tour in *Lundy*, we may as well give the reader a slight summary of its *geographical*, but more particularly of its *historical position* ; for, in spite of the long peace since 1815, and the consequent removal of the *American blockade* having opened to *us islanders* a freer communication with the great continents of *North Devon*, and *South Wales*, we question, whether our trans-marine readers know much more of this island, than they do of the Crimean Peninsula, to which we so lately introduced them, through the medium of Mrs. Holderness.

Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, in matters of business, or pleasure, that there is an island in the Bristol Channel denominated **LUNDY ISLAND** ; (formerly spelt *Londey*, and *Londi*.) Its latitude is  $51^{\circ} 9' 47''$ , and its longitude  $4^{\circ} 38' 28''$  ; its distance from Barnstaple Bar is called 19 miles, though we think it can scarcely be so much ; from Hartland Point 11 ; and from Baggy 16. It is rather more than three miles long, by one mile broad, in some places scarcely so much, and contains nearly 2500 acres, some of it very good land, producing wheat. The elevated situation of the highest part of the island, is about 800 feet ; consequently, much of it is exposed to high winds ; but it is, nevertheless, not very cold ; and the cattle reared upon it, are merely placed under shelter of the hedges, according to the direction of the wind.

We leave the reader to gather *further* particulars of its geography, &c., from our author's tour, and pass on to pursue the interesting chain of its Political history.

Like other insulated portions of the globe, it appears to have afforded a place of refuge, in times of danger, to the inhabitants of the neighbouring continents. When the Romans, Saxons, and Danes, successively invaded the western districts of the kingdom of Britain, Lundy Island offered its inaccessibility as a 'rock of defence' to those who escaped the invaders ; for there being but one landing place, and that very dependent upon the state of the tide, a small body of

resolute men might well defend the island : which, if taken, could yield nothing to the invader, but a barren rock, and the blood of a band of fugitives.

Nothing worthy of historical record, after this, appears to have been transacted in Lundy, until the reign of Henry 3d, when the distractions of a troubled reign, rendered it one of the fastnesses of a band of outlaws, commanded by one William de Morisco. The cause of his choosing his retreat in such a place, is thus noticed in the popular histories of England. William de Morisco conspiring the death of King Henry 3d, at Woodstock, confederated with a knight of the Court to murder the King, by an inlet at the royal chamber window. But, it so happened, that the king slept elsewhere that night; and the intending murderer, seeking for him throughout the palace, stumbled upon the chamber of one of the queen's maids of honor, by name, Margaret Bissett, reading (*no doubt a scotch novel*) in bed; she, as women are wont to do in such cases, roused the household with a piercing shriek, and the knight conspirator was taken. William de Morisco finding his plot betrayed, fled for life and safety—became a pirate—and fortified the island of Lundy, leaving his associate to be drawn and quartered, at Coventry. But, at length, the *Pirate of Lundy*, was surprized, and with sixteen of his accomplices, executed on the highest part of the island. After this event, order was issued by King Henry 3d, 'to earls, barons, and knights of Devon, to keep, or take care of the coast towards Lundy, where the king's enemies keep,' adding 'that unless *they* attended to it, the king had ordered HENRY DE TRACY,\* REGINALD VALLETORT, PHILIP DE BELLONMONT, and GALFRID DINANT, at *their* expense, with advice of the *Sheriff of Devon*, to keep the peace in these parts.' There was also a particular order to WALTER DE BATHON, sheriff of Devon, 'to keep the sea-coasts from the king's enemies, who stay at Lundy.'

History is again silent, till the reign of Edward 3d, who sailed from *Caerfilly, Glamorgunshire*, in November 1326, for Lundy, intending to make it a place of refuge; deeming it, from its inaccessible nature, easy to be defended against his rebellious subjects. But after beating up and down the *Severn Sea* for a week, he resigned his intentions, and land-

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\*The occurrence of this name (De Tracy) in the neighbourhood, would rather go to prove, that the celebrated Sir Wm. De Tracy did take refuge at Morte, in the reign of Henry 3d. A descendant living at Morte, would be a proper person to look after the Lundy Privateers.



ing again in *Wales*, fell into the hands of his enemies. An old poet has drawn a forcible, though quaint, picture of the fugitive king's feelings, which is, perhaps, worthy of our readers' perusal.

"To *Londi*, which in *Sabrin's*\* mouth doth stand,  
Carried with hope,—still hoping to find ease,  
Imagining it were his native land,  
England itself! Severn the narrow seas;  
With this conceit—poor soul! himself doth please,  
And saith 'his rule is over-ruled by men,—  
O'er birds and beasts he'll king it once again.'  
Tis treble death a freezing death to feel,  
For him on whom the sun hath ever shone;  
Who hath been kneeled unto can hardly kneel,  
Nor hardly beg what once hath been his own.  
A fearful thing to tumble from a throne!  
Fain would he be a king of little isle,  
All were his empire—*bounded by a mile!*"

A period of darkness succeeds, in which all we can discover is, that the Island had for its governors SIR RALPH WELLINGTON, and the LADY JANE (OR JOAN) CHAMPERNOWNE, and afterwards, one HUMPHRY DE BOHUN: during the reign of Edward 3d, it was 'the lands of the LUTTRELLS.'

In the reign of Charles 1st, it was held for the king, by Lord SAY and SEALE. In the reign of William and Mary the French surprized it, and plundered and kept it for some time. It appears to have been kept also by the French, or again taken and plundered, in the reign of Queen Anne. About the middle of last century it was purchased of government by a nobleman, who entrusted it to a Mr. BENSON, a member of Parliament, who first brought it into a state of cultivation.

It is at *this period* that the Narrative we proposed reviewing commences, and, therefore, we cannot do better, than indulge the reader by an extract from our author.

'In the month of July 1752, I sailed from *Appledore*, on a Monday morning, with Sir Thomas Gunstone, and Mr. Thomas Stafford, in a vessel bound to *Wales*, which dropped us in *Lundy Road*. We came from Mr. Benson's house of *Napp*, who rented the island of the Lords Casteret and Gower, for 60*l. per annum*. We landed on the island about two o'clock, Mr Benson did not accompany us; expecting

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\* *Sabrin*, *Sabrina*, the ancient name of the *Severn*.

letters from the Insurance Office for the vessel and cargo which was to have taken us there;—the vessel *then* lay off his quay, with convicts bound to Virginia. He came over to us the Wednesday, and staid there till the Saturday following, when we returned with a brisk gale, to Appledore.

'The island at this time was in no state of improvement; the houses miserably bad; one on each side of the platform; that on the right was inhabited by Mr. Benson and his friends; the other by servants. The old *Fort* was occupied by the convicts, whom he had sent there some time before, and employed in making a wall across the island; they were locked up every night when they returned from their labour. About a week before we landed, 7 or 8 of them took the long-boat belonging to the island, and made their escape to Hartland, and were never heard of afterwards. Wildfowl, (curious concatenation) it being the breeding season, were exceeding plenty, and a vast number of rabbits; we employed ourselves every day in pursuit of them.

'The island at that time was over-grown with ferns and heath, which made it almost impassable to go over to the *extreme* of the island. Had it not been for the supply of rabbits and young sea-gulls, our table would have been but poorly furnished; rats being so plenty that they destroyed every night what was left of our repast by day. Lobsters were tolerably plenty, and some other fish we caught. Mr. Benson carried over some deer and goats, which encreased, and were very wild and difficult to get at.

'The path to the house (meaning we presume Mr. Benson's) was so narrow and steep, that it was scarcely possible for a horse to ascend it. The inhabitants, by the assistance of a rope, climbed up a rock, in which were steps cut out to place their feet, up to a *Cave* or magazine, where Mr. Benson lodged his goods, and which was occasionally locked up.'

Mr. Benson appears to have been *King Crusoe* of the island

"From the centre all round to the sea,"

for a little further on, our author records, that

'There happened to come into the road, one evening, near twenty sail of vessels, which induced us to turn out early next morning to see them weigh their anchors, and sail. The colours were hoisted on the fort, and they all, as they passed *Rat Island* returned the compliment, excepting one vessel, which provoked Mr. BENSON to fire at her himself, with ball, though we used every argument in our power to prevent him,

urging 'the impropriety of it, as it *might* be noticed; and for our own ends, as ammunition grew scarce, for our diversion in shooting.' He replied 'that the island was his, and every vessel that passed it and did not pay him the same compliment as was paid to the king's forts, he would fire on her.'

Such was at that period the *king of Lundy's* idea, respecting the boundaries of regal power:—for his idea of judicial arrangements, our author furnishes a brief memorandum. 'It appears that Mr. Benson contracted for the exportation of convicts to Virginia, (the paradise of kangaroos and opossums\* not being then explored) instead of which, he simply transported them to Lundy. His doctrine upon this point is very amusing.

'He (Benson) often said that the sending the convicts to Lundy, *was the same as sending them to America*; they were transported from England, it mattered not where it was, so as they were out of the kingdom.'

Listen to that ye absentees in Gaul, you that stand convicted of having left your native country! But we quit with pleasure the more *felonious* period of the history of Lundy, (1752) and invite the reader to accompany our author to a survey of its improved appearance in 1787,

*July 4th, 1787.*

'I sailed from Appledore in the *Viper* sloop of war, commanded by Lieut. Crymes, with Messrs. Cleveland, Capt. Barton, Robt. and Thos. Cutcliffe, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Westleigh. At eight o'clock in the morning we weighed anchor for the island of Lundy, when we arrived safe, after a pleasant voyage, at 3 o'clock the same day. We went to the house which SIR JOHN WARREN built for his own residence.†

\* New Holland.

† You land on a gravelly beach to the south east of the island; where there is good anchorage with all winds, excepting to the east, when you are obliged to weigh anchor and sail. To the south of the landing place is RAT ISLAND, and Lamitor, which is joined to the island by a small neck of land; this is daily crumbling away, and should the sea make a passage through it, the lying in the road will be very dangerous for shipping. Sir John Warren began a quay, which was never finished, though the materials were exceeding good for the purpose, being large moorstones, of which there is great plenty in the island, and might be converted to great profit by skilful persons. (Paviors of Barnstaple attend!)

\* You ascend into the island by a narrow path, just wide enough for a horse to get up, which leads you to a platform where two roads meet: one conducts you to the Castle. (anciently Monisco's) the other (to the house lately built by Sir John Warren) wide enough for carts, and where they land goods that are to be carried off, or brought on the island.

\* After dinner we walked to view the rocks on the western part of the island, and saw vast quantities of wild fowl, (it being the breeding season) and the method of taking them in nets, which the inhabitants use, for the advantage of their feathers. The nets are made in the form of those commonly used for taking rabbits on warrens. They are fixed on the rocks, and sometimes on the ground, on sticks, in the breeding places. Every morning and evening the natives watch their nets, and take out the birds that are entangled. They catch in a good season 1700 or 1800 dozen, and make 1 shilling per pound of their feathers. People from the neighbouring coast are hired to pluck them, at two-pence per dozen, and pluck about four dozen per day.

'The birds usually taken are Muirrs, of which there are two sorts, *parrots*, and a small kind of *gull*. The parrots are about the size of a *feal*, with crooked bills, large heads, and beautiful plumage; the same sort of bird as frequents the Isle of Wight, in the summer.'

These birds, it appears, annually forsake the island, when the young birds can fly, and are not seen again till the time returns for depositing their eggs; the natives collect these eggs, and send to the Bristol sugar refineries. The Muirrs are the most profitable, twelve of them producing one pound of feathers. After being plucked they are skinned; these skins are boiled in a furnace for the oil they yield, which is used instead of candles; and the flesh is given to the hogs, who feed on it voraciously. On returning from the rocks, our traveller observed the ruins of an old *Chapel*, dedicated to St Helen, on the highest part of the island; some of the walls remained; the entrance, built of moorstone or spar, was from the north; its length about 25 feet, breadth 12 feet, doorway 4 feet, thickness of the walls nearly 2½ feet. 'Under the west window Lord Say and Seale was supposed to be buried. Mr. Hole, who had resided on the island four years, dug up

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'At some small distance above the landing-place are the remains of an ANCIENT WALL, on each side of the way, supposed to be built to guard the entrance to the island, that being the only accessible point, and, it is said, that there was a chain formerly fixed there.

'You find on many parts of the island, where there was the least chance of landing, upwards of 40 ancient structures of stone-work, some without any cement, and others strongly united with it, on which guns were planted in Queen Anne's war with the French, when the enemy greatly infested the coast of the Bristol Channel. I saw the remains of one of the guns (on a platform, facing the east) which was burst with powder, a few years since; and another gun on the beach, at the landing place, which was brought from the same battery, by order of Sir John Warren. Every accessible part was strongly fortified, and could be defended by few hands, as the coast is almost perpendicular, and the rocks of a great height.'

the grave; and deposited the bones he found in the common burial-place, which surrounds the Chapel.'

On a pleasant spot between the chapel and the house, our traveller saw the ground Sir John Warren had marked out to build a handsome house on. It is supposed that he expended, in the few years he had the island, 6000*l*. He employed 40 laborers or mechanics yearly.

*July 5th.*

'After breakfast we determined on visiting the *north end* of the island. Took our guns, and visited the breeding places of the birds; found them exceeding tame, though we fired at them they returned to their young. Discovered at a distance seven *goats*, all females, of various colors, white, black, and brown; they were so wild that we could not get near them. Saw the remains of the ancient batteries in all accessible places. Lieut. Crymes, and his brother, and a young midshipman dined with us. We walked in the evening to the *Castle*; (or rather its scite) the *Castle* is entirely demolished. It stood on the extremity of the south part of the island, facing *Hartland Point*, on two acres of ground, and was surrounded by a stone wall with a ditch, excepting towards the sea, on the south, where the rock is almost perpendicular; the ditch appears very visible, and part of the walls, though most of them has been destroyed for the purpose of building offices for farming. The walls of the *Citadel* are very perfect, of a square form; it is converted into modern dwellings, the turrets which were chimneys still serve the same purpose, of which there are four—one at each angle. The south-west wall is nearly 51 feet, the north-west 38½. In front of the house five guns are planted. The garrison was supplied with water from a spring which rises above the house built by Sir John Warren; it was conveyed from thence in earthen pipes, some of which I brought home with me. At the extremity of the rock, within the fortification, is a *Cave*, supposed to be cut out of the rock for a repository, store-room, or magazine for the garrison: its form shews its great antiquity.'

*July 6th.*

'The weather being exceeding fair and pleasant, and the sea very smooth, we expressed a great desire to have the cutter's barge, to row round the island, which Lieut. Crymes obligingly offered us, and sent her on shore. As soon as we had breakfasted we went on board and rowed to the north part. Saw vast quantities of birds, so tame we might shoot a dozen at a shot. The rocks, on which they lay their eggs,

are wonderfully romantic, and appear as if stones were piled on each other by art, looking like the ruins of some old fortification. There is one rock 200 feet high, which seems disjointed from the island, where innumerable quantities of birds lay their eggs: the inhabitants fix their nets on various parts of the rock, and catch vast quantities, as they fly forward and backward from the sea to their young. Their method of conveying them, when taken, to the island, is by means of a rope, fastened at each end to the *island* and *rock*, on which hangs a basket to a pulley, which is drawn occasionally backward and forward with the birds. The people run great hazards in taking them out of their nets, and sometimes lose their lives.\* A brisk gale arising to the north-west, we were obliged to return again, (without rowing round the island) to dinner.

'In rowing back we discovered a vast flight of birds off *Rat Island*; the sailors told us it was a sign of there being a shoal of fish. After dinner we all determined on trying our skill as fishermen; we got our fishing lines and hooks, and went on board. We had not rowed above a league before one of the company began to grow sick, which prevented our getting out so far as the *birds*. We dropped our lines, and returned nearer to the shore: no one had any luck but *myself*, who caught one gurnet.'

The morning of Saturday, (*the 7th of July*) was appropriated by our Traveller and *Mr. Cleveland* to arranging disputes among the tenants, and swearing in *Mr. Hole* constable of the island; but in the afternoon, they laid the foundations for illuminating the island, and the surrounding element.

'In the afternoon we took a walk to the *Chapel*, and the *Beacon-hill*, to determine which was the highest spot, for erecting a Lighthouse, the Merchants of Bristol having offered to build one at their own expense, if *Mr. Cleveland* was agreeable, and had appointed to meet him that week on the island, to fix on a proper spot. On examining the ground, we thought the *Beacon-hill*, the highest and most proper spot for the purpose. At our return notice was sent to the *Castle*, that there would be prayers, and a sermon, next day.'

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\* In the summer of 1788, *Mr. Hole* fell over the rock, and was found dead, (the next morning after he was missed) with a quantity of birds' eggs near the place, in a basket; in obtaining which, it is supposed, he slipped over the rock. He was buried in the same grave, in the *CHAPEL*, where he removed, as he thought, the bones of Lord Say and Seale. *Mr. Smith*, of Westleigh, who accompanied *Mr. Cleveland* some time after to the island, read the burial service at his grave, in the presence of the islanders.'

On *Sunday the 8th*, accordingly, *prayers* were read by the Rev. Mr. Cutcliffe, and a sermon preached by Mr. Smith, to a congregation of 22 persons. After service our Travellers walked to the castle, and thence, by way of variety, were regaled with a sight of a large Bristol ship, bound to Guinea, which came and anchored in *Lundy Road*, and the captain, and surgeon came ashore. They went to the fort signal staff and hoisted a color, as signal to their tender, gone down channel, and fired a gun; the very obedient tender tacked about, and came at evenfall, to anchor in the road beside the ship.

*July 9th.*

' All the night, and this morning, a thick, heavy rain fell, attended by a heavy squall of wind, which prevented our walking about the island. Not being able to move out, we allotted the time to hearing the further complaints of the inhabitants. There being a little cessation of rain, Capt. Barton and Mr. Smith went out with their guns. The captain shot an amazing large *he-cat*, (*poor Puss!*) which had done considerable damage on the island, for some time, among the rabbits. Mr. Smith shot a doe, she proved but thin meat.

*July 10th.*

' Provisions falling short, it was resolved (we suppose *nem con* :) to leave the island next morning; and the weather meanwhile proving favorable, we visited the *north* part of the island. Procured a horse to ride, from farmer Budd, and a saddle and bridle from Lieut. Crymes, who had one on board the cutter.\* Mr. Hole was so obliging as to walk with me; he shewed me all the *old batteries*, on the rocks. I saw the deer and the goats browsing to the north part, on being disturbed they ran into the *cleaves*, where the ferns are so high that they were soon invisible. The northern part is very barren and rocky; at the extremity, opposite Wales, is a large rock, in the shape of a Pyramid, called *the Constable*.† On the height above the rocks are the remains of a room (23 feet long by 10 broad) I suppose built for a look-out to the channel. On our return I saw the remains of a windmill.

' The north part is now incapable of being improved, from Mr. Benson's setting the heath and ferns on fire, while he was in possession, so that the earth continued burning for some days, till it came to the bare rock, and now nothing ve-

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\* This must have belonged to the HORSE-MARINES.

† It is, therefore, no use going to Lundy, in the hope of out-running the Constable.

getable grows on it. This unimproved part is divided from the rest by a stone wall, running east and west.\* About the middle of the island the land is low, in comparison to the rest, and the soil deeper, and, where there is this appearance, you see it enclosed with large stones, fixed as a fence in the earth endways. At the head of this low land are the remains of a *dam* or pond-head, which seems to have contained a large body of water. Springs abound in many parts of the island, the water in general very soft, clear, and pleasant to the taste, and no way brackish. There was another pond between the *Beacon* and the *Chapel*.'

In this low land are a few willows, about as high as brushwood, to which the woodcocks resort in the beginning of their flight, but do not stay long, and in our author's time were growing scarce, for want of cover. The western part is most frequented by rabbits, which burrow in the soft mould among the rocks, and the sea-birds mostly breed in that part, even in the holes of the rabbits; of the latter the inhabitants take about 1000 couple yearly, principally valued for their skins: their flesh is consumed on the island, except a chance Ilfracombe boat comes by, to purchase a few. In continuation our author observes, that the island was capable of great improvement; about 160 acres were then inclosed, in fields of 7, 8, and 10 acres each; the produce, wheat, barley, and oats.

The fields which were then in cultivation produced naturally, a small three-leaved grass, like Dutch clover, and clover and Ever-grass grow very well, but the inhabitants sowed but small crops, trusting to their birds and rabbits to pay their rent. (70*l per annum.*) The island is capable of keeping 400 sheep, and cattle in proportion, but the stock on the island in 1787, was much under this quantity. Sir John Warren stocked it with all sorts of game, and planted a great deal, 'but the birds of prey destroyed the game, and the violent winds the trees.' When farmer Budd left the island in 1791, there were about 40 brace of partridges left. Of the birds seen on the island at different times, the author subjoins the following variegated list:—kites, hawks, ravens, crows, choughs, rock and wood pigeons, larks, furze-chatter, yellow hammer, water-wagtail, hedge sparrow, red-breast, whrey, blackbird, thrush, whitebird, goldfinch, linnet, starling, lapwing, rail, quail, turtledove, cuckow, wheatear, woodcock, snipe, curliue, fieldfare, swift, swallow, plover, golden do.,

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\* Begun by Mr. Benson, and finished by Sir J. Warren.



ring-ouzel, swan, wren, horned owl. (No venomous animal or mole, is found on the island.)

It is time however to draw this article to a close, for a wish to circulate the preceding curious particulars of a spot so little known, has induced us to be, as the reader may, perhaps, think, too liberal of extracts from the journal, so kindly offered us for perusal, and review.

On our Traveller's return from the north part of the island, he and his *compagnons de voyage* went to dinner, and afterwards further exerted themselves in arranging the disputes among the islanders, some of whose lives had been threatened by others, so hot had the disputes about their covenants rendered them. Lieut. Crymes spent the evening with them, and arranged to sail the next morning, at 8 o'clock; and our author thus commemorates his farewell to the Island of Lundy.

*July 9th.*

'We all turned out of bed at 4 o'clock, in the morning, packed up our cotts, bedding, &c., and at 8 o'clock (leaving all the inhabitants in seeming good humour with each other) weighed anchor, with a fine gale of wind, were off Barnstaple Bar at 12, when a pilot came on board, and anchored us safe in *Appledore Pool*. Mr. Cleveland and his party immediately left the *Cutter*. A misty rain falling, and my horses not coming to *Bench-hill*, I staid on board, and dined with Lieut. Crymes. and arrived safe at home, at six o'clock in the evening.'

Such was the state of Lundy Island in 1787, since which period a handsome Lighthouse has been erected, with a REVOLVING LIGHT, to distinguish it from the other beacons of the neighbouring coast. We have heard that the island was visited by a party of Gentlemen, during the summer of 1823, and if any of the party should feel disposed to communicate the particulars of their visit, we shall be happy to insert the result of their observations, in some one of our succeeding numbers.

A letter on the subject, addressed (with real signature) to the editor of *The Lundy Review*, would receive, in due course, his particular attention.

# The Cave,

*Resumed.*

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVE.

SIR,

I have tried the other Periodical *Boxes* of the vicinity with such ill success, that I deposit my last effusion with you, almost in despair; and yet I hope (*omitting, of course, my attack on your own literary habitation*) that you will find room for it next month.

As I have not much leisure for rhyming, you will, no doubt, find many imperfections in my performance, which I leave entirely to your correction.

And am,

SIR,

your obliged,

(but not likely to be)

your constant reader,

BURROWS RUSH.\*

Marsh Dyke, Branton,

January 21st, 1824.

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\* For the sake of the *POETRY* in Mr. Rush's production, we insert it uncurtailed of a single syllable, as We are perfectly indifferent to such *Light Cavalry* attacks, as the Gentleman seems addicted to.

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EDITOR.

*HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.*

Being fragments of a dialogue concerning the Periodicals of Barnstable.



*TRAVERSE and LOLLATHOME in the Parlour, after breakfast.*

\* \* \* \* \*

LOLLATHOME.

I do believe I am bewitched, to-day I feel quite stupid,  
 And yet I will not fork it forth, or compass or quadruped;  
 Thro' the Bow I see the day looks comfortless and hazy,  
 And I am not in cue for billiards, being rather lazy.  
 But you may go if walk you must, and on some bookish  
 body call,  
 And PURCHASE for me SEARLE's or SYLE's newest periodical.

TRAVERSE.

The newest periodical, which is it you would have,  
 The *Goose*, or the *Miscellany*, the *Gossip*, or the *Cave*?

LOLLATHOME.

The Cave is rather empty, except of rocks and sand,  
 And all the spirit of the work is rather contraband;  
 Some soaring Editor lives there, some poet, and what not,  
 Yet all unfit to *broach the plaid*,\* of glorious *Walter Scott*.

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\* For this allusion see "Lord of the Isles." Canto 2, Stanza 11th.

And then just like the *final tat* of knocker on my door,  
 The *Gossip* tells me little that I did not know before;  
 The *Goose* has rather too much sage, of which I would not  
 smell any,

Being to dine off goose to-day—so bring me the *Miscellany*.  
*Blue-back* is a pretty book, superb in page and letter,  
 And every number than the last appears to cut up better; \*  
 The fisherman for scandal *there*, by neither prose nor verse  
 in-hauls,

But sport irregular declines—and conjugates impersonals.  
 Variety, if it had sins, would all its errors cover.

Take your choice of *moralisms*, or *madrigal* from lover,

*Riddle*, *rebus*, *anecdote*, or *jesting-book quotation*,

*Sonnets* upon *Hannibal*, or Spartan desperation,

With gentle puffst about itself, and *elegant translation*.

If this I say be not the truth, I wish I may be bled for it,

It is what I shall always say—in fact, have always said for it,

I know it is the fashion now, with many upon town,

Who cannot any judges be, to run my *blue back* down.

Malevolence and ignorance may sneer away, and quiz,

On me it has no more effect than just an *ultra phiz*,

That is, I turn my nose up, to think such people live,

And grudge for such a pleasant book, two copper pence to  
 give.

I'd have the Gossipers beware, they will not do so well,

By stepping down a little step—in hopes to undersell.

The owners of the Cave too, have ta'en a course improper,

By advertising on their page a *low contempt for copper*.

I know not how the course of trade is on th' exchange at

Braunton,

But shillings do not lie about upon the sands at Saunton.

\* Quoth my paper knife.

† See the verses posted in page 198 of the *Barnstaple Miscellany*, addressed to  
 S&P and Co.

No—Glory to king *Athelstan*, who built our BARUM CITY !  
 Honor to the man who first established THE COMMITTEE !!!  
 But while you stay to hear me talk, I fear I shall not spell  
     any,  
 So take my two-pence and be off, and bring me THE MIS-  
     CELLANY.

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The Editor of the Cave cannot suffer this opportunity to pass, without observing, that His Uncle 'The Great Unknown' seems to have hit a similar nail on the head, for in the 60th page of his last amusing novel, he has the following quotation.

'There must be government in all society ;  
 Bees have their queen, and stag herds have their leader ;  
 Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons,  
 And we, Sir, have our MANAGING COMMITTEE.'

THE ALBUM OF ST. RONONS.

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#### ON REVIEWERS IN GENERAL, AND THE LAST EDINBURGH REVIEW IN PARTICULAR.

THERE is a beauty in the arrangement of a review that few people are aware of; you think that the articles follow one another, without any strong connection, or nice dependancy, but

Know this,  
 Thou think'st amiss ;  
 And to think true,  
 Must think anew :—(i. e.)

think as we do. You fancy that there is no taste or judgment in the arrangement, that a review is assorted without any regard to subject, a sort of Miscellany of criticisms, that the articles are, in fact, a medley of title pages. No such thing; reading a review is like sitting out a Pantomime—every trick has its moral; like the line that Grimaldi is troubled with, in the letter he filches from the post office; and the changes passed on you are astonishing. Take, for instance, the last

Edinburgh, No. 77; \*—the blue door opens on its yellow hinge, and you enter the chamber of the *Finance accounts of the United Kingdoms*, and are heavily dosed with all the jugglery of the *Sinking Fund*. Wheels revolve within wheels, beyond your comprehension, and then, while you are lost in admiration of the stupendous machinery, the scene changes, bang goes a patent percussion gun! and you behold some six or eight brace of Country Squires brought down around you, like the game they themselves shoot and pursue. The Edinburgh conjurer then introduces you to a far greater conjurer than himself, viz. that prince of conjurers, *Prince Alexander Hohenloe*, and you are snatched from the healthy pursuits of your field sports, to be shut up in a convent with Miss Barbara O'Connor, and the veritable Dr. Badelly. The doctor soon slips through your fingers, like the E, L, in his name, and your ears are suddenly ravished with the *dulcet melodies of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales*; you there find extracts of books, whose whole bodies, or particular limbs you have long been familiar with; fractions, and integral songs, that were copied into your musical manuscript, somewhere about the year 1817; (this present year being A. D. 1824.) One would think these melodies did not sell, by their being reviewed, for the first time, nearly seven years after publication. Nevertheless, you are for melody, and a little *harmony* is not amiss; but, alas! the concert of sweet sounds, and sweeter sense, is suddenly broken up by the discordant yells of an article on the French Revolution. At length you get sleepy over the perusal of the *Royal Memoirs*, and the Reviewer very gently and appropriately lays you to rest in a bag of *Foreign Wool*, with a *Mr. James Bischoff* for your bedfellow. Then again, snug as you were in the Wool-bag, you wake, and find yourself very naturally environed with a host of *Blacks* (but not insects); *Mr. Clarkson* wants you to emancipate your *West Indian Slaves*, he gives you good reasons, but you hesitate for reasons, of course, best known to your-

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\* CONTENTS OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 77.

ART. I. Finance accounts of the United Kingdom.

II. Letter on the Game Laws, by the Rev. W. Herbert.

III. An authentic narrative of the cure performed by Prince Alexander Hohenloe on Miss Barbara O'Connor, a nun, in a convent near Chelmsford, by John Badelly, M.D.

IV. Select melodies of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

V. Royal memoirs on the French Revolution.

VI. Reasons for the repeal of the laws on Foreign Wool, by James Bischoff.

VII. Thoughts on the necessity of emancipating the slaves in the West Indian Colonies, by T. Clarkson.

self. You were warm in the *sheep skin*, and hotter still in the *West Indies*, and the considerate conjurer thinks a little cooling might be agreeable, so you are sent, by way of a gentle alternative, to travel with the late *Dr. Clarke*, through *Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway, and Russia*! What can be more amusing? What farther would you have? Novelty! behold it in the long train of *secondary Scotch novels* you are next introduced to. You have scarcely time to read them all, so the Reviewer gives you the cream of their contents; and if you read these extracts, and plots of the stories, before you read the books themselves, you must not complain of a future dish of skimmed milk. Any novel or romance, would be ruined by the present plan of reviewing such works. We (at Saunton) make it a regular rule, never to read any article about a novel, till we have read the novel itself. Works of this kind seem to be the glory of the present age; but the Reviewer requests you will instantly leave Scotland, and accompany him to *The World before the Flood*! Approach with caution, and follow the safety-lamp of that *Rhinocerosian Philosopher The Rev. Wm. Buckland, B.D. F.R.S. F.L.S.*; never mind a little dirt, a little filtering of rock water on your best coat—you are in the Cave of *Kirkdale*—stop a little—cherish a philosophical contempt for gravel—down on all fours, and crawl and creep like *Belzoni*! Ah! now you may rise again, and look around, did you ever see so curious a Cave as this? such interesting bones? such intelligent ossifications? There lie the organic remains of the pensive and thoughtful Elephant of England, the surgical and operative Hyæna of Yorkshire!\* the Tiger, bony emperor of the forest! the Rhinoceros, the Bear, that never learned to dance, (being born before the age of quadrilles) and the Hippopotamus, with the keel of an ante-diluvian steam-boat yet sticking to his tremendous jaws. While you and Professor Buckland are building *chateaux d'espagne*, (castles in the air) upon these extraordinary depositions and affidavits of the ante-diluvian world, the Reviewer cries ‘a

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VIII. Travels through Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Norway, and Russia, by the late E. D. Clarke. L.L.D.

IX. Annals of the Parish, and SECONDARY SCOTCH NOVELS.

X. Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, or, Observations on the organic remains contained in Caves, &c., and diluvial gravel, attesting the action of an universal deluge.

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\* Mr. Buckland seems to infer, that these animals once inhabited England. He has also discovered that the Hyæna of Kirkdale broke his leg, and bit off the bottom portion of it.

Kolli to the rescue,' and 'thus far into the bowels of the Land', you have to wade on still further, into the entrails of a plot laid in London, and other places, to deliver a King of Spain from his captivity at Valençay. If professor Buckland's Cave was dark and intricate, here is another of a political nature, quite as extraordinary and unfathomable, and the animal remains are quite as curious. *The Wizard of a Reviewer* is now about to close the circle of his enchantments. You begun among the *Finances of the United Kingdoms*, and you end in the *Court of Chancery*, further of which, for special reasons, *this deponent sayeth not*.

- XI. Memoirs of the Baron de Helt, his secret mission in 1810, to liberate Ferdinand VII. from captivity at Valençay.  
 XII. Observations on the delays in the Court of Chancery.

## A CHRISTMAS BILLET.

(From the New to the Late Editor of the Cave, presented in the form of prose unshapely, and now split up into rhymes for the parlour fireside.)

Seanton Cave, January 1st, 1834.

DEAR B——

### I.

Long peace to thee in thy new abode,  
 Afar from all beholders;  
 You may, indeed, be glad the load  
 Is taken off your shoulders.

### II.

What pleasure it must be to cut  
 The crowd of knowing hinters;  
 Who most provoking questions put,  
 Or watch one to the printer's.



## III.

And yet I laugh until I weep,  
 To think how all would be surprized,  
 Could they behind the curtain peep,  
 And see that all is undisguised.

## IV.

Are you the man? they simply ask,  
 Then will not take from me a 'No';  
 And when with 'Yes' I drop the mask,  
 They think me still in Domino.

## V.

What shall I do in such a case?  
 Their own created mystery;  
 Inquisitive is every face,  
 To read my real history.

## VI.

They wish to know the when—the how—  
 The why—the wherefore—nothing less  
 And I can only make my bow,  
 And wish them joy of all they guess.

Yours editorially,

— \* \* \*

P.S. O! quand reviendra le jour! when shall I again  
 become *L' Homme champêtre et solitaire, vert et tranquille!*

THE

## Sibyl's Portfolio.

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### THE PRINTER.

(*Parody and Air of the Post Captain.*)

December 30th, 1823.

L

When Dash-well heard me first impart  
A London printer's story,\*  
With ardent zeal his youthful heart  
Beat high for *lettered* glory.  
Resolved to gain a *capital* name,  
For fair, fresh copy inkling,  
When first a little *printer's-imp* he went, and came  
With *proof-sheet* in a twinkling;  
While the pressmen at work in our office above,  
Keep the press tight at work, singing prove, Boys, prove!  
Prove, Boys, prove!  
Prove, Boys, prove!  
While the pressmen at work in our office above,  
Kept the press tight at work, singing  
Prove, Boys, prove!

---

\* Variation—A typographic story.

## II

To read cramp articles next he learned,  
 With quickness, care, and spirit;  
 Whose generous master soon discerned,  
 And prized his *dashing* merit;  
 He taught him soon to reef and steer  
 Thro' *manuscript's* black ocean—  
 'Mid *scrawls* made old *compositors* fear,  
 Which marked him for promotion!  
 As none for the press e'er corrected like he,  
 With a dash of his pen, *caret X*, *dele G*.  
*Lead* boys, *lead*! not so near,  
*Space* the *page*— keep it clear!  
 As none for the press, &c.

## III.

For courage, skill, and purse renowned,  
 The *law* he oft defeated,  
 And then with wits by laurel crowned,  
 As *publisher* he treated.  
 Who should the *press* for freedom bleed,  
 He nobly would defend her;  
 Or in distress should *authoress* plead,  
 He'd prove his heart was tender!  
 Unawed—polite—to high or low,  
 To BOND-STREET—GRUB-STREET—friend or foe!  
 Starving hacks share his wealth,  
 All the Row\* drink his health;  
 Then prized be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
 Who always are ready *life's* *proof-sheet* to shew,  
 To a friend or a foe! &c.

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\* Paternoster.

## IMITATION,

RECTIFIED FOR THE LATITUDE OF THE CAVE.

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*To the Sloop that is about to convey one of our Contributors  
over to Wales.*

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1.

MAY the kind lamp of love,\*  
 And our *Lundy's* bright gleamer,†  
 Glance down from above  
 Happy ray on thy streamer !  
 Far away stormy gale  
 Of our dark *western water*—  
 Fair breeze to the sail  
 Of our *Pill's* lovely daughter !

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## Q. HORATII FLACCI.

LIBER I. ODE III.

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*Ad Navem quæ vehabatur Virgilius Athenas proficiscens.*

---

L

Sic te diva potens Cypri,  
 Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,  
 Ventorumque regat pater,  
 Obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga,  
 Navis,—

---

\* The Evening Star.  
 † The Revolving Light.

F

## 2.

To *thee* we confide  
 Our chief treasures on earth,—  
 The *lyre* of our pride,  
 And the *friend* of our hearth :  
 Waft him safe o'er the main  
 To the *bard's mountain land*,\*  
 And return him again  
 To the grasp of our hand.

## 3.

*Heart of oak* sure was *he*  
 That left earth's solid bank  
 To tempt the rude sea,  
 In the *first* float of plank;  
 Who feared not tornado, nor  
 Fiends of the deep,  
 Nor the rock, where the mariner  
 Sleeps his last sleep !

## II.

—quæ tibi creditum  
 Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis  
 Reddas incolumem, precor,  
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ !

## III.

Illi robur et æs triplex  
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
 Commisit pelago ratem  
 Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africū  
 Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,  
 —vidit—et  
 Infames scopulos, Acroceræunia.

\* Wales.

## 4

Gulf, ocean, or river,  
 At nature's command,  
 Flow in vain to dis sever  
 The land from the land,—  
 While a sail swells unfurled,  
 To the risk of sea-faring,  
*And man bolts the world*  
*With his deeds and his daring.\**

## 5.

Lo! the *steam-boat* already  
 Triumphant derides,  
 On her course sure and steady,  
 Calm—tempest—or tides :  
 And the merchant, ere long,  
 Will, on board his balloon,  
 Strike the balance of trade  
 Between us and the moon !

## IV.

Nequicquam Deus abscidit  
 Prudens Oceano dissociabili  
 Terras ; si tamen impiae  
 Non tangenda rates transiliumt vada.  
 Audax omnia perpeti  
 Gens humana ruit !——

## V.

Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.  
 Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra  
 Nil mortalibus arduum est:  
 Coelum ipsum petimus——

\* Columbus, Anson, Drake, Behning, Cook, Fereuse, Franklin, Parry, &c.

## CHARADE.

## MY FIRST

I'm little, or I'm big, I'm flat, I'm shapely, slim, or not,  
 I'm clad twice o'er in palaces, scarce covered in the oot ;  
 And tho I'm really decent, just as is your face or hand,  
 I'm always hid from modern sight, by fashion's stern command.

## MY SECOND.

I'm like the smallest drop of rain—and yet I'm like the world,  
 Thro' space by force impulsive sent, and on my axis whirled ;  
 And then again, I'm men and maids in mixed meanders met,  
 Where merry music lends it aid to snares by beauty set.

## MY WHOLE.

I'm fitter for the open air than costly rooms of state,  
 Altho' I'm manly, graceful, gay, for hearts with health elate ;  
 And tho' I bring, with sportive glee, good humour in my train,  
 While I endure, I'm like a fight, hard fought on battle plain.

## CHARADE.

My first is, for the most part, defended from the weather,  
 by the skins of beasts, or of fish, and is, also, not only one  
 part of man, but, nine times out of ten, considerably more  
 than the sixth part of him. It likewise makes my second,  
 which second, sometimes elevates a man, and sometimes  
 lowers him. But when my first touches its mother ! behold  
 my whole !!!

## RIDDLE.

The half of me conquered, the whole of a beast and a bird,  
 The rest of me oft hath the housekeeper's science required ;  
 My whole is a place, if you set geographical traps  
 With art, you may catch in our Devonshire maps—perhaps  
 X,

*General answer to the Enigma, Charade, Riddle, and Anagram,  
in No. I.*

The BILLIARD TABLE sure you mean,  
For pleasure form'd, not for utility,  
And there if you don't mind your Qs,  
Tis odds against RESPECTABILITY.

Then lure him MADAM by your eyes,  
To humbler scenes, with peace more level;  
Your smile, the LEVER of his hope,  
Whilst he attends you to the REVEL.

---

Answers to the ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

- 1st. 1 Hour; 47 Minutes, 23 & 2-11ths Seconds.  
2nd. 1807919 Acres, 3 R. 39 P. 2sq. Yds. 3½sq. Feet.
- 

TO THE READER.

WE present the second number of the *Cate* to the Public, nothing daunted by the severity of individual criticism, much of which has reached us—little of which affects us. We agree, however, with some of our friends, that, in the plenitude of our laziness, we did not sufficiently develop the idea of the *Cate*, nor do we now regret the omission, for, in the course of the present month, we have had an offer of assistance, from a very unexpected quarter, which may induce us to extend our views to the North of Devon generally, instead of confining our Rambles to the Hundreds of Braunton and Sherwell; but we shall be more explicit in our number for March.

With regard to Latin also, *do manus* (there again) we submit—it is perhaps a bad habit—a silly trick, for we can express ourselves in English, as well as ever Cicero did in Latin, *when we like!* We were going to say a word or two about our modesty in not talking Greek, like Demosthenes, when every perfumer's shop in Barnstaple can furnish forth



as many Greek epithets for scented soap and divine pomatum, as would fill the *Cate*—and to insinuate for our Latin, that Mr. Moon, and Mr. Mallet, call a turnspit a veruvolver—but let it pass.

As to the person or office of Editor, we cannot bring ourselves to gratify mere vulgar curiosity, but if any person *qualified* to ask the question, will put it to the Editor, through the Printer, such person may rely on every satisfaction. The Editor wears no coat of darkness, like Jack the Giant Killer, **NOR ANY OTHER GARMENT** that can shield him from personal responsibility.

We are, however, sorry to learn, that a kind friend has, very undeservedly, got the discredit of the office.

It has been said that our price is too high; we do not believe that **THE TRADE** think so. We did purpose to have a fixed price, with, occasionally, more or less letter-press, so as to average a fair quantity, but 'we have no opinions of our own,'\* and we are ready to vary the price with the quantity, if so thought best, by which, however, the buyer will be the loser in the end, as, in that case, a number with a print, will fairly bear a higher price. In a very early number we hope to be able to give a picturesque local map, indicating the rides, points of view, and beauties of the neighbourhood, rather than the carriage roads, and parish boundaries. To the gentleman who thinks the first number incomplete, because the Review goes no farther than the first article in the table of contents, we can only say, that we never professed to have an unlimited power of extracting from that luminous publication, *The Lundy Review*, having only purchased a quarter share in the concern,† we may err in the selection, but not in quantity‡ *that* being a matter of weight and measure, and entrusted to a sworn Coal Meter. This reply must also suffice for the learned gentleman who smelt a political plot in the aforesaid table of contents; we have not, ourselves, had time to read the whole of the *Revolving Light*, but, to our simple apprehension, it looks more like a sneer at the *Edinburgh Review*, and therefore suited to *our* 'ORTHODOX REVIEW,' and objectionable only, in the eyes of those who are disaffected to church and state.

In one of our correspondents we recognise a friend, and he too is misled by the Medley Gossip of the day; his letter

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\* See No I. page 6.

† See No I. page 5.

‡ If there be not Review enough for him in this number, he must be insatiable.

reached the Editor, but was not addressed to him. We know he can be trusted, else we should not say, that he shook hands with the Editor, on the Quay, the very day on which he put his misdirected letter in the post office. 'Mention no names' is a good precaution. Le Beau Desconnu entreats his most intimate friends, to address "The Editor" at Mr. Searle's.

It may be expected that we are not to be rhymed at in the Miscellany, and prosed at in the Medley, without some reply. Any thing like a *retort* is incompatible with our professions in the stanza so flatteringly quoted by Christopher; but silence admits of being construed into contempt or acquiescence, both of which are far from our feelings. Our goodnature is so redundant, that we can safely trust ourselves with a few observations, very distinct from 'paper-fighting.' C. Q. says, (*we did not seek you friend*) that the Barnstaple Miscellany is the Parent work; we deny the filiation. We are not Barnstaple born; we are like Venus, we are (*haud multum abhinc imago*) very like Venus, and born of the sea. (*Native genius* indeed! does C. Q. take us for native oysters, because the late Editor lives at Oystermouth. We trust we shall not be crossed in the love of our dear public, by any Medler whether universal or particular.) We confess to have borrowed the idea of the Cave, but the *theft*, if you even so call it, disproves C. Q.'s genealogical defamation. The Cave from which we stole (for we own the soft impeachment) our idea and our name, and to whose manuscript circulation we owe our typographical existence, began in 1822.

Now really with genealogy, chronology, and geography all against him, the craniological developments of the organ of combativeness in C. Q. must be monstrously prominent, if he persists in taking away the character of the Miscellany, by ascribing to the poor Lady so large a family, and us among the number. Only think, dear reader, (especially if you be a married Lady) of having five\* full grown sons; (*Native Genii*!) popping in at pudding time, sons of the Cave, hungry and hollow, with sea-side appetites!!! Well!

But all this is said because we called Quentin Durward magnificent! and C. Q. thinks it inferior to the other works of the author; we beg to assure him, that the worst work our Uncle has published, from Waverly to St. Ronans, would have bought a name for its author, that We of the Cave would have walked a pilgrimage for privilege to wear. We advise him not to write a review of those novels, and to

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\* The present number of contributors to the Cave.

let their effects upon society alone. Wont you take our advice C. Q.? No? *then* we do wish we had never called Quentin Durward magnificent.

For our Latin we have already apologized; it may, however, be left out in reading, *ad libitum*. The sense (and sometimes, which is of more consequence, the nonsense) will not be injured. But, such a sweeping censure on the prose! all priggish, all pedantic! dear C. Q. how could you be so severe: well, we'll try, some number or other, to be as simple and easy as yourself.

And now, dear Lady Miscellany, you see what *you've* been about. We think the 6th verse of those verses in No. 13, a *false move*. Comparisons, despise the hacknied phrase as you will, are, in their nature, and always will be, odious. **WE** run no race, **WE** feel no emulation, **WE** take in **BLUE BACK**, nay, **WE** have contributed to it, **WE** wish it *all success*, and seeking to amuse our friends and ourselves, we think that our path does not cross yours: your contributor must have been as stupid as a post to talk so; but, never mind, it may do good; there let him be, a useful direction post, warning us to steer clear of cross roads, and keep the broad high turnpike of good fellowship.

We beg to say, that before the announcement of the first number, it was considered that the style and purpose\* of the **Cave** would prevent its obstructing or interfering with the views of any other Periodical, whether established, or intended; had we thought otherwise, it should still have been wasting 'its sweetness on the desert air' near Braunton Burrows.

P.S. The reader is requested to put this address at the beginning of this number, and to remove the Charade to its proper hiding place in the Sibyl's Portfolio; also to correct the following

#### ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

PAGE 12 line 38 for 'poney' read pony.  
 14 24 for 'steps' read steep.  
 17 23 for 'you' read yon.  
 18 21 for 'aply' read aptly.

PAGE 35. 14th line of 'The Winter Chorus' for 'them' read then.

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\* We say this in pure humility, without any conceit or affectation; we consider the **Cave** as quite an out of the way thing.

# The Cave.

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MARCH, 1824.

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## A TRIP TO PARIS.

*J. Tainy*

On a fine day, in the early part of the past Summer, I embarked, off the Tower of London, in the Lord Melville Steam Packet, for Calais. A great number of passengers were assembled, and there were several other persons who came to bid them farewell, or to charge them with letters to their friends abroad. One lady, of respectable appearance, was in the act of handing a letter from the wherry which brought her along-side, to a person in the packet, when, by an accidental motion of the boat, she fell overboard; but she was rescued from a watery grave by the activity of two gentlemen in boats, after being well soused, and was taken ashore immediately. Some of my fellow passengers thought this disaster ominous, in which, however, they were happily mistaken. Impelled by the steam, and a favourable wind, the packet glided down the Thames at a moderate rate, to avoid accidents in a river so crowded with shipping; a precaution which the conservators of the river have wisely enjoined. The scenery of Kent, on the south of the river, is very fine; but that of Essex, on the opposite side, is generally flat, and any thing but picturesque. After passing Gravesend the country becomes woody, and on that side, the land is generally on a plane near the river, and then rises with a gentle elevation; indeed the Kentish coast presented many delightful views. We had an excellent dinner at three o'clock, and some very good Fontignac, and other

French wines. Between ten and eleven we found, from the light on the Pier Head, that we were approaching Calais, which we soon reached, and then sailed up about two-thirds the length of the Pier, when we went ashore: it was now eleven o'clock, and we had travelled 121 miles in eleven hours.

On landing, we were instantly surrounded by waiters and porters in great numbers, vociferating the names and accommodations of their several inns. I determined to have none of their assistance, and walked away with much *nonchalance*; two of them followed me some way, but on my telling them repeatedly that I had no occasion for them, they at length retreated. However, I had nearly paid for my temerity, a part of the quay having given way, which, thanks to the kind light of the moon I was enabled to perceive; but I had not gone many yards further, when, in a place which high walls shaded from the light, I was suddenly brought up by a challenge from a sentinel, and a bayonet at my breast. I need not say I made a full stop. I was immediately ushered into what had the appearance of a Guard House: it was a station for the military of the Custom House. Here I was soon joined by my fellow passengers, and we were all called upon to produce our passports, which we did. The ladies were taken into another room and thoroughly searched for contraband goods; but the officers contented themselves with merely searching any bag or package the men had in their hands. After much delay we were guarded by a file of men to the gate of the town, and I soon found my way to the Crown Hotel, to which I had been recommended by a friend in London. This was the Inn, and I took my meals in the room where Mr. Bowring was arrested by order of the Bourbon Government, which subsequently treated him so shamefully. I retired for the night, and rising at four in the morning traversed the streets and fortifications. It is an extremely strong place, and has three lines of circumvallation; the ditches are very broad and deep, and, I was told, could be very soon filled with water. Calais has been so much descanted upon by travellers, that I shall pass it over generally.

I read the *Constitutionnel* paper in a *Café*, and was surprised to find it so free in its strictures upon the French Government in regard to the affairs of Spain, considering the censorship that Government has established. I endeavoured to collect the feelings of the people on the Spanish War, and a very intelligent Frenchman told me that they were

afraid that if their army succeeded in suppressing liberty in Spain, it would, on its return, be directed to the destruction of the little which then remained to the French themselves. After breakfast I went to the mayor's office, where, after a clerk had taken a minute description of me, I obtained a pass for Paris, for which I was charged two francs, besides an office fee of another franc.

I had then to get my trunk passed, which was effected by a *commissaire*, who charged another franc and a half, which, with half a franc to a *lacquey* who would be employed to shew me the offices, cost me five francs. Having changed my English money for French at the bank, at the rate of twenty-five francs, nine sous for a sovereign, and dined, I took my place in the evening, in the Diligence, for Paris, and, notwithstanding the various accounts I had read of French carriages and postillions, I could not have believed that the actual sight of them would have presented any thing so ludicrous. A Diligence consists of three coach bodies in a line behind each other; the first is an open one before, and called a *Cabriolet*; the second, something like an English coach, called the *Enterieure*, and the last is called the *Rotunde*. Each contains six passengers, and three are carried upon the top. We were, in fact, twenty-one passengers, besides the *conducteur*. This cumbrous vehicle, with an immense quantity of luggage, was drawn by five horses, three of which were leaders, and the other two at the wheels; on the nearest of the latter rode a postillion in a huge pair of jack boots, and a short dirty jacket, trimmed with silver lace and a hundred buttons, a long *queue*, which once was powdered, hung from his back—a merry fellow continually cracking his whip. We changed horses and postillions at from six to twelve miles throughout the journey.

The posting in France, which includes the Diligence, is held of the Government by patent, to the exclusion of all rivalry, so that there is no choice, and the result is, that, as in all other monopolies, improvements are never made; and the posting of France is in the same state it has been for centuries past. The traces are, indeed, sometimes made of leather, but more generally of ropes, and no part of the equipage of the horses appears ever to have been cleaned since it was taken from the manufactory.

One of the passengers left us at Boulogne, and we took up a young Englishman who had been educated at the college of Amiens, and was destined at first for the French army. We soon became acquainted, and I subsequently found him a

valuable companion in Paris. We passed through the strong fortress of Montreuil, and, in the morning, made an excellent breakfast at Abbeville, *à la fourchette*, coffee, wine, lamb, chops, eggs, and an excellent desert of fruit. Our *conducteur* sat down with us very comfortably with a bottle of wine before him, which he did justice to, and we had the honor of paying for. We paid three francs each, equal to half-a-crown of our money, certainly very moderate. We arrived at Amiens at five in the evening, and sacrificed the comforts of a dinner in order to view the cathedral. It was built by the English, and is a very noble one: It contains a sculpture of a Crying Boy, very expressive.

Once more in the coach for a second night's journey,\* with a *paté* and bottle of claret, as some substitute for a dinner. We travelled through the delightful wood of Chautilly, and arrived at the Messagerie Royal, Rue Notre Dame de Vic-toire, Paris, at seven o'clock in the morning. Our trunks were immediately taken into the Bureau, and we were attended by an officer of the French Customs. A Scottish family who travelled with us had an immense quantity of luggage, and the officer declared he should search it; we urged the inconvenience which must attend the disturbance of so much baggage in the Bureau, and the inutility of ransacking boxes which had been examined most scrupulously at Calais, the place of debarkation; *mais Calais n'est pas Paris*, was the brief answer of the Douanier. The lady offered the keys, he opened two boxes, searched them somewhat slightly, turned out nothing, *c'est assez*, he said, and returned the keys. I must do him the justice to say, that I do not believe him actuated by any improper motive, but simply to avoid being blamed; by placing too implicit a confidence in the assertions of the travellers, or in the activity of the Douaniers at Calais. I offered him the key of my box, he took the box in his hand, *c'est assez*, said he. Our baggage was then relieved from the *surveillance* of the police. My fellow passenger most kindly took me to a lodging-house at which he had lodged two years before. We were introduced to the lady of the house in her bed-chamber, where she was re-

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\* The roads through Picardy to Paris are very broad and good, and, for about fifty miles from Paris, there is a pavement in the centre. The country is entirely under the plough, without hedges, and presents one vast field of corn, and artificial grass. One sees, here and there, a cow, or a few long-legged sheep, and I concluded that they were kept in houses, and that food, in the summer, was cut for them, and given to them green. The villages consist of mean houses, with only a ground floor.

peeling on a sort of couch bed; she was a cheerful looking lady rather the wrong side of thirty, with a pretty pair of sparkling eyes, and a clear countenance; the *tout ensemble* could not fail to excite interest; there hung inside the bed the print of a *Venus couchante*; after we had discussed the terms, the porter, showed us the only two vacant beds in the house, for which we agreed for a fortnight, being the shortest time she would let them for, and it was stipulated between us, that we might dine at her *table d' hôte* when we pleased, at fifty sots per day each, including wine. We returned to the Bureau, sent our trunks to our lodgings, cleaned and dressed ourselves, went to a Café in the yard of the bureau—took breakfast and read the French papers.

(To be continued)

## HORACE IN BRAUNTON.

*To the Editor of the Cave.*

SIR,

I congratulate you on the accession of a correspondent who translates his Latin, and thus redeems *The Cave* from the unpopularity of circulating scraps of that vulgar language;

A noble tongue, tis said, in days of yore,  
But something ails it now!

If you know the contributor of the 3d Ode of Horace, convey my compliments to him, and my very sincere obligations for the amusement he has afforded me. The *original* has ever been one of my favorite authors; and it has constantly been a point of interest with me, to observe how the moderns have 'done him into English'; a job which several have undertaken, and, *I think*, succeeded but indifferently. And, to say the truth, in the way they have gone about it, I do not see how they could have satisfactorily performed the part of perfect translators. The general reason assigned for their failure, is, that the works of Horace are really untranslatable; as some one has written, '*Qu'on ne peut traduire en aucune*



*langue parce qu'il s'en est fait une qui lui est propre.* 'That is, there are such niceties in his expressions that he cannot be transferred to another language, without losing his peculiar beauty. My own opinion is, that he has never been well translated in the mass, because the task has been undertaken by rhymesters instead of poets. There is, if I may so express it, a *composite* character in his writings, which would require *two or three muses* to supply, with any effect; a mingling of epic and comic, satirical and elegiac, cast in a fine lyrical mould. The utmost, therefore, that his translators have been able to do, has been the decent rendering of an Ode here and there, and some passages, of very general application, in his satires.

There is another particular I may advert to, which is, that he is an *occasional*\* writer, and so it is impossible to translate him into a *general* one. This is the reason why he is better rendered in some modern *imitations*, such as are scattered up and down the works of real poets, and by them adapted to the circumstances of their own purpose, or the occurrences of the passing day: for, like the works of Shakespeare, and the Great Unknown, the writings of Horace reflect the surfaces, and some of the depths of human life, on a vast variety of subjects; and particularly in love and war, politics and literature. My purpose however was, not to write to you an essay on the genius of Horace, but, to thank you for the *translated Ode* in your last number, and enclose you in return an *imitation* of a similar character; which I think you will allow to be pretty well adapted to the neighbourhood of the supposed lyricist: as *Ben Johnson* has very properly and ingeniously remarked,

' Then it chimes,  
When the OLD words do strike on the NEW TIMES?'

Believe me to be

Yours,

Very amusedly,

H. N.

Corfe-green, Bournemouth,  
Feb. 21st, 1894.

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\* By an occasional writer I mean one who writes upon the spur of the moment, or circumstance, in detached portions, and not upon a fixed subject, such as an Essay, or Essay.

## HORACE IN BRAUNTON.

ODE 1.

*To Squire Carew.*

I.

Oh! my patron, Oh! *De Cario!*  
 Next my lyric heart I wear you;  
 You from Norman race descender,  
 And the poet's staunch defender;  
 You that send me game delicious,  
 Or a salmon—king of fishes—  
 To increase your poet's dishes;  
 You, to whom I'll ever look up,  
 While you praise and buy my book up!

*Some there be, that broadly sowing,  
 Set their wheat and barley growing,  
 And their hay delight in mowing;*

## HORATII CARMINUM.

LIBER PRIMUS. ODE I.

*Ad Mæcenatē.*

1.

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus,  
 O et præsidium, et dulces focus meum!

2.

Sunt quos currículo pulverem Olympicum  
 Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis

\* The Carew family are descended from Odo DE CARIO, to whom Richard I. gave a manor in Braunton: besides which they derive from that Monarch, a share of his partiality for the race of Bards, Minstrels, Troubadours, and Jongleurs.

1 Quere. Ocellum. Bontolus.

Or enjoy to drive their butts  
Thro' winter's *pelm-a-wetted* \* ruts,  
And in summer toil enshrouded  
In a cloud of *mucks-a-drouded* ;  
Of their life the primal zest  
To be of the LANDED INTEREST !

## III.

*This man* will the clouded vestry  
Think his talents they can best try ;  
Blushing honors showering hard on,  
Church—or poor—or bold waywarden.

## IV.

*That man* nothing more for caring,  
While his corn he can keep airing,  
Higher-price-awaiting hoard,  
In his ample granary stored ?  
Never will you him persuade  
To allow of a free trade ;  
Or that ship should o'er the Bar go,  
To bring home a Dantzic cargo,  
Vainly with him will you argue :  
Vainly too compare the ration  
Of his dreaded importation  
With the stomach of the nation ;

Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis,  
Terrarum Dominos, evehit ad Deos !

## 3.

Hunc si mobilium turba Quiritium  
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus.

## 4.

Illum, si proprio condidit horreo,  
Quidquid de Libyis vertitur arsis,  
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo  
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus  
Nunquam dimoveas, ut, trabe Cypria,  
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

\* *Pelm*, or *Pilm-a-wetted*, means *Muck*. *Mucks-a-drouded*, means *Pilm*.  
SEE WEST BARRARY LEXICON.

Round upon your reason turns he,  
 'Smugglers live in *Lynn* and *Guernsey*—  
 Sir, it inundates the whole land,  
*Irish corn is grown in Poland!*' \*

## V.

Laden deep with culm or coal,  
 The *Braunton Skipper*—thirsty soul!  
 Feels faint as billows round him roll:  
 For what is lime compared with life?  
 And thoughts of children and of wife  
 Arise,—or of some rosy charmer—  
 O! for the life of *Braunton* farmer!  
 O! that he could but strike his sail,  
 And *plough his furrows in the vale*;  
 But, wafted by the changing gale,  
 Into the *Pill* his vessel flies,  
 And by the *Kiln* refitting lies;  
 Then weighs he a contented purse,  
 And weds,† for better or for worse,  
 The waves that richly reimburse!

## VI.

*There's one* who loves to pass the day  
 At *Barricane*, or *Rockham-Bay*;  
 To gaze on ocean from the brow  
 Of the greensward terrace of *Croyde-hoe*;  
 Or watch the flash of the sea-green wave,  
 By *Down-end Coves*, or *Saunton Cave*:

## B.

Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum  
 Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi  
 Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates  
 Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

## C.

Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,  
 Nec partem solido demere de die

\* Happily the rise in prices is beginning to cure the Landed Interest of their  
 Trichoptebian Symptoms.

† Desponsamus te, Mars!

BUCENTAUR AT VENICE.

And oft *unsentimentally*,  
 Escaping from romance's eye,  
 Bolts he a sandwich peppered high,\*  
 Or opes, like antiquarian sly,  
 Some *tumulus*—of cold veal-pie,  
 And tints with spirit brandy-bright  
 The fountain trickling from the height.

## VII.

*Many* march, with spirits rife,  
 To roll of drum, and thrill of life;  
 And long to join the line display'd  
 On Berdenstaple's north parade,  
 Where, horrid fate! the mother's pet  
 Must learn to fix a bayonet.

## VIII.

*The sportsman* dares the morning chill,  
 His bird, or time, or dog to kill;  
 (Forgetful of his wife so dear,  
 Left to finish her nap in *Hedfordshire*)  
 Or drops awhile the dastard † gun  
 To see his sinewy greyhound run;  
 Or backs the steed that never flags,  
 To chase the first of royal stags.

Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto.  
 Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lenæ caput sacræ.

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ  
 Permistus sonitus, bellæque matribus  
 Detestata!

Manet sub Jove frigido  
 Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,  
 Seu visa est catulis curva fidelibus,  
 Seu rupit teretes *Marcus* æper plagas.

\* The Brighton public &c. must be pretty well aware that to do this, in  
 Summer, to take one's Sandwich and Grog at the Cave or 'Croyde or Berrisford.  
 † Henry 4th, Part 1st, Hotspur's defence, in Act 3, Scene 1.

The angler trims his fly, or float, or  
 Nets the river : like an other  
 Lurking long, and luring out  
 The salmon peal, or speckled trout.

## IX.

Me, unheeding sport's *tantray*,  
 Crowns the wreath of learned ivy,  
 Mingling me, in all due order,  
 With the Bards of Lake and Border  
 Me, the woodland Fanciest dancing,  
 Satire's pointed toe advancing,  
 Graceful ode, or Epic prancing,  
 From the busy crowd seclude  
 Should the muses not refuse  
 Harp and tabret to amuse

## X.

But, if you my Patron, listening,  
 At the hour of star-light glistening,  
 Call on me to sing at christening,  
 Or at beauty's nuptial party,  
 Or at Christmas carol hearty,  
 I the dear affront shall pocket,  
 And like any Congreve rocket,  
 Far above our rustic Laity  
 Mountants the stars for gaiety.

Me doctarum edere, præmia frontium  
 Dis miscent superis ; Me gelidum nemus  
 Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori  
 Secernunt populo : Si neque tibus  
 Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia  
 Lesboum nescit tendere barbiton.

Quod si me Lyricis vultibus inseris  
 Sublimi foriam sidera vertice !

\* Modern Critics have chosen my Poets by the residences of the Poets; thus Scott, Cunningham, and Ross are the Poets of the Border, while Wordsworth, Southey, and Co., have obtained the title of Lake Poets

† ——— Enay's child,

Warbled his native woodnotes wild.

LOHAN.

‡ N.B. Some people are very much put out at being asked to sing.

## SONG.

1.

When business is irksome and troubles perplex me,  
 Be mine the gay feast at the board of a friend,  
 Where no cares annoy me, no clients can yex me,  
 While round still and round the red nectar we send.

2.

Then push round the wine while the first toast is given,  
 The nearest our heart, boys, in freedom's dear cause,  
 'The Church and the King!' so long favored by heaven,  
 The shield of religion, the guardian of laws!

3.

And now having sanctioned our cause by our duty,  
 Let duty and pleasure unite in the strain,  
 Devote we a glass, boys, to love and to beauty,  
 'Our Wives and our Sweethearts!' a bumper again!

4.

Our friends, tho' their help we may pray for less need of,  
 We wish them all well, whether here or away,  
 So fill up and drink, boys, a bumper with speed off,  
 'The friends that think of us with kindness to-day.'

5.

And while to our social improvement each neighbour  
 In song or in glee helps the evening along,  
 A bumper, my boys, the reward of his labour,  
 The toast, 'Our friend's health, and his *very good song*.'

6.

As our host fetches out the old store he most prizes,  
 The wit and the mirth of the party too mends,  
 For with wine we can drown every care as it rises,  
 And earth has no charm like a circle of friends.

J.

## A TRUE NARRATIVE.

A GREAT many years ago when I was a fine little boy, it suited the convenience of my parents to put me out to nurse for a twelvemonth, at a worthy old farmer's at the foot of Cairn Gorm, in Strathspey; one snowy night in March (I remember it Mr. Editor as distinctly as I remember last Christmas) auld Duncan Macgillivray got a thought uneasy about some sheep and lambs that lay a matter of a half mile from the town. Now Duncan had two fine lads of sons, Donald, a solid, sensible, stout chap about three-and-twenty, and Rory two years, or may be three, younger, a wild, thoughtless fellow, and a perfect deevil for dancing and flattering the lasses. So, in spite of the weather, with the promise of a bottle of ale to their pottage after they came back (for there was none of your Sassenach wastry in honest Duncan's house) the lads were won over to see after the sheep.

Now the sheep had strayed a good way off in search of shelter, and as they passed a bare exposed hill where wall never stood, nor grass grew, they were almost frightened to the other side of their senses, by seeing a fine, handsome tower with lights, glancing from the windows, and pipes and fiddles skirling to the roof again. I have often and often thought that Robbie Burns must have heard Duncan Macgillivray's story, when he wrote his ballad about Tam O'Shanter; for, just like Tam, the two lads could not help peeping; and there, in the inside, they were at it, lads and lasses dancing like mad. And aye the tune changed, and was sweeter and sweeter; and aye the next new dance was livelier than the last, till at last his human nature failed him, and Rory leaped in among them through the window; and, sirs! how he danced that night!

Sair, sair, was Donald's heart, dounce lad! and well he ken't the company his brother was in were no canny; he liked dancing well, and he liked music better; but now his brother was in their ungarthly hands, his heart failed him, and he thought only upon his danger, soul and body, and how to win him out of it; to follow him, he knew, was to share his fate, without doing him any good, and to leave his old father and mother in misery. Long did he pray, through the window, that Rory would just leap out, as he leaped in, and just help him with the sheep, and then join the dance again; for, thinks Donald, if I but get the chield fairly in sight of heaven again, we'll see whether he join them or no.



However, Rory danced and danced, and better than danced, and minded Donald no more than if he never heard him, and Donald was obliged to leave him there, and go home, and a heavy house he made of it, when he told his story.

Months and months wore on, and off, and no Rory Macgillavry, and poor Donald went about his sheepwalks, and his fallows, and the corn rigs, and the water side, and the loaning that takes you to the Fairy Knowe, as if his spirits were lead, and his heart broken; and if ever he spoke it was to ask some auld wife about what *wise* folk thought of fairies and enchantments, and if ever any one was known to come back from their hands, and how men that had been christened could deal with them with safety to their own souls, and the preservation of others. And at last, about ten or eleven months after that heavy night, Donald seemed as if he had got some comfortable light that eased his spirit, and he would sit at night and look in his bible, and sometimes he would read, and whiles he would keep it on his knee, and draw his father and mother on to speak with him about things that are not of this world, and how people may be permitted, for their good or their evil, to mix and meddle with them that have no hope of betterness here or to come. And at last it came out, that one old body or other had cheered him up with their experience of former times, and the customs of such as had ventured themselves in a traffic that had neither law nor gospel in its favor; but what strengthened Donald's heart more than all, was the general character that hung to all these adventures and seemed to promise that what was done in God's name, and for the good of a fellow creature, would be successful, if it was done boldly. It seemed agreed on all hands that these unnatural beings, be they *Fairies*, or *Peri*, or *Pixies*, as the people to the south of the Severn call them, had the power of being visible, for the enticement and misleading of men of mould, only at the end of a year and a day from their last appearance, and of this Donald Macgillavry was determined to avail himself. At the end, therefore, of the year, and at the beginning of the night following he set out, fearful and trembling, but determined in spirit, and he owned afterwards, that if he could but have had a fellow creature to speak to, or even within call, to take off the feeling of utter lonesomeness, it would have strengthened him for the undertaking; but no stranger could share in the task, and he trod the long and darksome loaning by himself; and he said he felt he could have walked faster, and blamed himself that he hung back, when he knew what depended upon

it, and roused himself, and walked with a stronger step, and crossed the two or three parks, and the bit of common, with a something he thought courage *then*, but he believed afterwards it was a sort of desperation; but he never could describe the feelings that came over him when he came to THE HILL, and when the lights were streaming from the windows, and the very ground dirling to the strength of the music, and the endless tread of the dancers. And now, Donald used to say, he felt that to lose time was to lose courage, and *there* was the mischancy old window, and—but we must not repeat Donald's own words, they were serious, or solemn, or sacred, or something else, as the hearer might take them, sufficeth it that a leap from the window, a grasp on the collar, a trussle on the floor, and Rory was rescued from the hopeless and endless power of forbidden hands.

In after days, when Donald's nerves were firm again, and he could look back upon things with the composed and somewhat sarcastic tinge of humour that is more common than is usually supposed among Scottish country folks, he would take the change out of poor Rory for that night's work. "Od, lad," Donald would say, "ye may weel be a braw dancer; do ye mind the time, man, when ye took lessons for a twelvemonth, and, I'm thinking, your master, God bless us, keepit you at it; I had just time, between the window and the floor to notice your improvement; a body might say at a glance, that you never pick't up that Highland fling from ony of the dancers on our country side, and, eh! man, but ye like it weel. 'Let me be Donald,' says you 'just let me finish this reel, man, I've barely been here half an hour yet; half an hour, sirs! bless you he had been there a twelvemonth and a day, if he had been there half a minute.'"

Although we are able to vouch for the truth of this account, the thing having occurred within the limits of our own experience, and being as familiar to us as household words; yet these are stories of a nature not unlike, but so abused by the unprincipled license that story-tellers so often indulge in, that, by degrees, they lose that fine and genuine air of veracity, which is so delightful to the dealer in tradition. Among such may be reckoned the following:—

About two hundred and ninety-nine, or it may be, three hundred years ago, two capital musicians came to settle in Inverness; their real names are lost in the course of time, but their *by* names are preserved in the story, as Christy Catgut, a famous fiddler, and Blawawa Burgy, a terrible hand at the pipes. Folk said they came from Caithness. As soon

as they arrived they put on their best manners, and waited on the Provost and the Baillies, and called upon the master of ceremonies at the assembly rooms, and at Miss Anderson's and Miss Haddo's boarding-schools for young ladies, where English and Dancing were taught by real live English Governesses; they likewise had hand-bills of their terms printed at Willy Mc Swyles, who had served his time to the King's Prenter, at Edinburgh, and they sent Easy Harry the town's drummer about, to let every body, gentle and simple, know of their arrival. In a few day's time, a civil spoken, well-dressed, elderly gentleman, called upon them and engaged them to play at his house a little way out of town, as it might be at Rumsom, or Mount Sandford; when evening came they waited on the company, and were quite delighted with the beauty of the ladies, and the spirit of the gentlemen, and the figures of the dances; and every now and then they had a glass of real unexciseable Glenlivet, and no end of short bread, and petticoat tails,\* and they played all night, and were handsomely paid, and dismissed in the morning.

To their great surprise when they got into the town again the people gathered about them, 'Lord preserve us, sirs, saw ye ever sic fairlies? poor bodies, where come ye from? did ye ever see sic wee wizen'd auld fogies? Hech, sirs, but ye are auld warld folk I trow! saw ye ever sich an auld fashioned fiddle, man? and whare got ye they pipes I wunner?' When the poor men could get in a word they increased the amazement of the men and women of Inverness more and more, by asking about places and people that no longer lived in the memory of man. At last an old grey-headed man, who had listened a long time in silence, explained to them, that just an hundred years ago a fiddler and a piper had lodged two or three nights at his great grandfather's house, and gone out to play at a dance, but had never returned. It was now plain that the poor men had been the victims of enchantment. And just at that moment as the church bells were ringing they very devoutly accompanied the congregation to church, where they sat 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,' till the Minister came in, but at the very first word he uttered from the pulpit, the two musical old men dwindled away to two little heaps of PILM, no bigger than a pinch of snuff.

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\* Varieties of rich sweet cake. The latter is so called from being indented and figured round the border like an old-fashioned flounce.

## Critical Revolving Light.

ART. I. GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN, *with the Iron Hand, a Tragedy, translated from the German of Gothé.* By WALTER SCOTT, Esq. Advocate. London, printed for J. Bell, No 149, Oxford-Street. 1799.

WHILE the rest of the critical world are deciding on the merits and demerits of the last *Scotch Novel*, be it ours to turn the beam of our *Revolving Light*, in a retrospective direction, towards one of the earliest productions (as we are bound to assume) of the *Great Unknown*.

And, viewing the matter in this light, we must beg leave to shift the phrase, and hint, that *Goetz of Berlichingen* was translated by the author of *St. Ronan's Well*, instead of presuming that *St. Ronan's Well* was written by Sir Walter Scott.

There may be some, perhaps, who entertain a lingering doubt, whether Sir Walter be the author of *Waverley*, and the *Scotch Novels*, as they are called, but, for our own part, we have none. We are of opinion, supposing Sir Walter to be the real author of *Marmion*, &c., that he would not allow any other writer to set some of the brightest jewels of his poetry, within a boundary of prose, and so walk the world of popularity, unchecked of the real owner.

That he himself may choose so to set and wear those jewels, is another matter; for they are, with the appropriate alteration he has made in their appearance, very becoming ornaments, both of his *closer poetical vest*, and of the ampler fold and flow of his *prosatic mantle*.

Not, however, to detain our readers any longer from the subject of our disquisition, we may inform them, that the tragedy of *Goetz of Berlichingen*, as translated by Walter Scott, is contained in an octavo volume, of little over two hundred pages, pretty widely printed, after the fashion of printing translations of German plays, at the period when it was published, which was as long ago as the year 1799. The subject of the Play, and the moving parties and circumstances of the Drama, will, perhaps, be better learnt, from the masterly introduction or preface, which the translator has prefixed, and

which, we have little doubt, will recall to many of our readers, the stile and method of those historical summaries, with which 'the author of *Waverley*' has interspersed the lighter and more romantic chapters of many of his interesting Novels. That the reader may the better judge of the correctness of our views in this matter, we extract the *Preface* without any abbreviation.

'GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN, the hero of the following drama, flourished in the 15th century, during the reign of Maximilian the first, Emperor of Germany. Previous to this period, every German Noble, holding a fief immediately from the Emperor, exercised on his estate a species of sovereignty subordinate to the imperial authority alone. Thus, from the princes and prelates possessed of extensive territories, down to the free knights and barons, whose domains consisted of a Castle and a few acres of mountain and forest ground, each was a petty monarch upon his own property, independent of all controul but the remote supremacy of the Emperor.

'Among the extensive rights conferred by such a constitution, that of waging war against each other, by their own private authority, was most precious to a race of proud and military barons. These private wars were called *feuds*, and the privilege of carrying them on was named *Faustrecht*, (club-law.) As the empire advanced in civilization, the evils attending feuds became dreadfully conspicuous: each petty knight was, by law, entitled to make war upon his neighbours, without any further ceremony than three days previous defiance by a written form, called *Frehdbrief*. Even the Golden Bull, which remedied so many evils in the Germanic body, left this dangerous privilege in full vigour. In time the residence of every free baron became a fortress, from which, as his passions or avarice dictated, sallied a band of marauders, to back his quarrel, or to collect an extorted revenue from the merchants who presumed to pass through his domain. At length, whole bands of these free-booting nobles used to league together for the purpose of mutual defence against their more powerful neighbours, as likewise for that of predatory incursions against the princes, free towns, and ecclesiastic states of the empire, whose wealth tempted the needy barons to exercise against them their privilege of waging private war. These confederacies were distinguished by various titles, expressive of their object; we find among them the Brotherhood of the Mace, the Knights of the Bloody Sleeve,

&c., &c. If one of the brotherhood was attacked, the rest marched without delay to his assistance; and thus, though individually weak, the petty feudatories maintained their ground against the more powerful members of the empire. Their independence and privileges were recognised and secured to them by many edicts; and though hated, and occasionally oppressed by the princes and ecclesiastical authorities, to whom, in return, they were a scourge and a pest, they continued to maintain, tenaciously, the good old privilege (as they termed it) of *Faustrecht*, which they had inherited from their fathers. Amid the obvious mischiefs attending such a state of society, it must be allowed, that it was frequently the means of calling into exercise the highest heroic virtues. Men daily exposed to danger, and living by the constant exertion of their courage, acquired the virtues as well as the vices of a savage state; and among many instances of cruelty and rapine, occur not a few of the most exalted valour and generosity. If the fortress of a German knight was the dread of the wealthy merchant and abbot, it was often the ready and hospitable refuge of the weary pilgrim, and oppressed peasant. Although the owner subsisted by the plunder of the rich, yet he was frequently beneficent to the poor, and beloved by his own family, dependents, and allies. The spirit of chivalry doubtless contributed much to soften the character of these marauding nobles. A respect for themselves taught them generosity towards their prisoners, and certain acknowledged rules prevented many of the atrocities which it might have been expected would have marked these feuds. No German noble, for example, if made captive, was confined in fetters or in a dungeon, but remained a prisoner at large upon his parole (which was called *knightly ward*,) either in the castle of his conqueror, or in some other place assigned to him. The same species of honourable captivity was often indulged by the Emperor to offenders of a noble rank, of which some instances will be found in the following pages.

Such was the state of the German nobles, when, on the 7th of August, 1495, was published the memorable edict of Maximilian, for the establishment of the public peace of the empire. By this ordinance the right of private war was totally abrogated, under the penalty of the Ban of the empire, to be enforced by the Imperial Chamber, then instituted. This was at once a sentence of anathema, secular, and spiritual, containing the dooms of out-

lawry and excommunication.—This ordinance was highly acceptable to the princes, bishops, and free towns, who had little to gain, and much to lose in these perpetual feuds; and they combined to enforce it, with no small severity, against the petty feudatories :—these, on the other hand, sensible that the very root of their importance consisted in their privilege of declaring private war, without which they foresaw they would not long be able to maintain their independence, struggled hard against the execution of this edict, by which their confederacies were declared unlawful, and all means taken from them of resisting their richer neighbours.

‘ Upon the jarring interests of the princes and clergy on the one hand, and of the free knights and petty imperial feudatories on the other, arise the incidents of the following drama. The hero, Goetz of Berlichingen, was, in reality, a zealous champion for the privileges of the free knights, and was repeatedly laid under the Ban of the empire, for the feuds in which he was engaged, from which he was only released in consequence of his high reputation for gallantry and generosity. His life was published at Nuremberg, 1731; and some account of his exploits, with a declaration of feud (*Fehdbrief*) issued by him against that city, will be found in Meusel’s *Enquiry into History*, vol. 4th.

‘ While the princes and free knights were thus banded against each other, the peasants and bondsmen remained in the most abject state of ignorance and oppression. This occasioned, at different times, the most desperate insurrections, resembling in their nature, and in the atrocities committed by the insurgents, the rebellions of Tyler and Cade in England, or that of the *Jacquerie* in France. Such an event occurs in the following Tragedy. There is also a scene founded upon the noted institution called the Secret or Invisible Tribunal. With this extraordinary judicatory, the members and executioners of which were unknown, and met in secret to doom to death those criminals whom other courts of justice could not reach, the English reader has been made acquainted by several translations from the German, particularly the excellent romances called *Herman of Unna*, and *Alf von Duilman*.

‘ The following drama was written by the elegant Author of the *Sorrows of Werter*, in imitation, it is said, of the manner of Shakespeare. This resemblance is not to be looked for in the style or expression, but in the outline of the characters, and mode of conducting the incidents of the

piece. In Germany it is the object of enthusiastic admiration : partly owing, doubtless, to the force of national partiality towards a performance in which the ancient manners of the country are faithfully and forcibly painted. Losing, however, this advantage, and under all the defects of a translation, the Translator ventures to hope, that in the following pages there will still be found something to excite interest. Some liberties have been taken with the original, in omitting two occasional disquisitions upon the Civil Law, as practised in Germany. Literal accuracy has been less studied in the translation, than an attempt to convey the spirit and general effect of the piece. Upon the whole, it is hoped the version will be found faithful ; of which the Translator is less distrustful, owing to the friendship of a Gentleman of high literary eminence, who has obligingly taken the trouble of superintending the publication.

EDINBURGH,

3d February, 1799.

Upon such a scene, at such a period of history, the illustrious *Goethè* (author of the original play) has managed to introduce the following numerous band of characters ; a great portion of them being, of course, mere accessaries before and after the main facts of the drama, and a very intolerable set of gentleman for the closet, but upon the stage there is no doubt they materially assist in keeping up the bustle, conducing to the variety, and enforcing the *vrai-semblance* of the scene to such times and circumstances as the author professed to represent. At the head of the *Dramatis Personæ* stands no less a personage than *MAXIMILIAN, Emperor of Germany*, and then follow, in due order :---

GOETZ von Berlichingen, free knight of the empire.

ELIZABETH, his wife.

MARIA, his sister.

CHARLES, his son (a boy.)

GEORGE, his page.

HANS von Selbiss,

FRANCIS von Seckingen } free knights in alliance with Goetz,

LERSE, a Cavalier.

BROTHER MARTIN, a monk.

BISHOP OF BAMBERG.

ADELBERT von Weislingen, a free knight of the empire.

ADELA von Walldorf, a widow of Count Walldorf.

LIEBTRAUT, a courtier of the Bishop's.

ABBOT OF FULDAH, residing at the Bishop's.

OLEARIUS, a doctor of Laws.

FRANCIS, Squire to Weislingen.

Female attendant on Adela.



**MEZLER, SIEVERS, LANK, KOHL, and WILD, leaders of the insurgent peasantry.** **President, Accuser, and Avenger of the Secret Tribunal.** **MAXIMILIAN STUMF, a vassal of the Palgrave.**

To this list of characters, quite sufficient to occupy the attention of all the performers at any two country theatres in the kingdom, there are to be added Imperial Commissioners—Two Merchants of Nuremberg—Magistrates of Heilbron—An Unknown—Peasants in particular, being a Bride and Bridegroom, with the Bride's father—Gipsey Captain—Gipsey Mother, and Women—Sticks, and Wolf, (two gypsies)—Imperial Captain—Do. Officers—Innkeeper—Centinel—Sergeant at Arms—Imperial Soldiers—Troopers or Cavaliers belonging to Goetz, Selbiss, and Seckingen—Do. belonging to Weislingen—Peasants—Gypsies—Judges of the Secret Tribunal—Gaolers—Courtiers—&c., &c., &c.

The play commences, and the 1st Scene of the 1st Act is

'An Inn at Schwarzenbergh in Franconia—Mezler and Sievers, two Swabian peasants, are seated at a table—At a fire at some distance from them, two cavaliers from Bamberg—The innkeeper.'

The Swabian peasants (staunch admirers of Goetz of Berlichingen) and the two Bamberg cavaliers quarrel over their cups, about the merit of their respective masters, and a scuffle ensues,\* ended by the landlord turning the two cavaliers out of his house.

The intent of this first scene is to inform the spectator, that GOETZ of Berlichingen, and his followers, are about to intercept the Count VON WEISLINGEN, (a quondam friend of Goetz, but now a staunch partizan of the Bishop of Bamberg's party) and it ends with intelligence, brought by two other Cavaliers, of Weislingen being in the neighbourhood of Goetz's present residence.

The scene then changes to the front of a cottage in a thick forest; Goetz de Berlichingen discovered walking among the trees before the door.

After GOETZ has, in due course, soliloquized upon the present state of his affairs, and congratulated himself upon the approaching success of his plan for seizing the person of COUNT WEISLINGEN, he is joined by his own page or equire GEORGE, and a rather uninteresting dialogue ensues between

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\* Just such an one as is recorded to have happened at the Change House, in the tale of Old Mortality, where Bullock of Barley, quarrels and wrestles with one of Glaverhouse's Troopers.

them, which is ended by the approach of BROTHER MARTIN, a monk.—We extract this portion of the scene.

Goetz. Thou art a brave boy.

George. Take me with you to prove myself so.

Goetz. The next time on my word! Thou must not go to battle unarmed as thou art; besides, the approaching hour requires *men*. I tell thee, my boy, it will be a dear time—Princes shall beg their treasure from a man they hate. Go, George, give Hans his armour again, and bring me wine. [*Exit George*] Where can my people stay? it is incomprehensible!—A monk! What brings him here?

*Enter Brother Martin.*

Goetz. Worthy father, good evening! Whither so late? Though a man of sacred peace, thou shamest many knights.

Martin. Thanks, noble Sir! I stand before you an unworthy brother of the order of St. Augustin; my christened name Martin, from the holy saint

Goetz. You are tired, brother Martin, and without doubt thirsty——

*Enter George with wine*

Goetz. Here, in good time, comes wine!

Martin. For me a draught of water. I dare drink no wine.

Goetz. Is it against your vow?

Martin. Noble Sir, to drink wine is not against my vow; but because wine when drunken is against my vow, therefore I drink it not.

Goetz. How do you mean?

Martin. When thou hast eaten and drunken, thou art as it were new born—stronger, bolder, apter for action. After wine thou art double what thou shouldst be!—twice as ingenious, twice as enterprising, and twice as active.

Goetz. True, I feel it so.

Martin. Therefore shouldst thou drink it. But we—

[*George brings water. Goetz speaks to him apart.*]

Goetz. Go to the road from Darbach; lie down with thy ear to the earth, and listen for the tread of horses. Return immediately.

Martin. But we, on the other hand, when we have eaten and drunken, are the reverse of what we should be. Our sleepy digestion depresses our mental powers; in a weak body such sloth excites desires, which increase with the cause which produced them.

Goetz. One glass, brother Martin, will not set you asleep. You have come far to-day. [*Helps him to wine.*] Here's to all warriors!

Martin. In God's name I cannot defend idle people—yet all monks are not idle; they do what they can: I am just come from St. Bede, where I slept last night. The Prior carried me into their garden, where they had raised beans, excellent sallad, cabbages to a wish, and such cauliflowers and artichokes as you will hardly find in Europe.

Goetz. That is no part of your business? [*Goes out and looks anxiously after the boy. Returns.*]

Martin. Would God had made me a gardener, or some other labourer, I might then have been happy! My Abbot loves me; the convent is involved in business; he knows I cannot rest idle, and so he sends me to manage what is to be done: I go to the Bishop of Constance.

Goetz. Another glass—A happy expedition!

Martin. The like.

Goetz. Why do you look at me so fixedly, brother?

Martin. I was admiring your armour,

Goetz. Would you have liked a suit? It is heavy and toilsome to bear.

Martin. What is not toilsome in this world? But what so much so as to renounce our very nature! poverty, chastity, obedience, three vows, each of which singly is dreadful to humanity—united, insupportable; and to

spend a life-time under this burthen, or to pant comfortless under the depressing load of an offended conscience—Ah! Sir Knight, what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state, which, from a misinterpreted notion of the Deity, condemns as crimes even those actions and desires through which we exist.

Goetz. Were your vow less sacred, I would give you a suit of armour and a steed, and we should go together.

Martin. Would to heaven my shoulders had strength to bear harness, and my arm to unhorse an enemy! Poor weak hand, accustomed to swing censers, to bear crosses and banners of peace, how couldst thou manage the lance and falchion? My voice, tuned only to Aves and Hallelujahs, would be a herald of my weakness to a superior enemy; otherwise should no vows keep me from entering an order founded by the Creator himself.

Goetz. To our happy return! [*Drinks.*]

Martin. I pledge you upon your account only! Return to my prison must be to me ever unhappy. When you, Sir Knight, return to your walls with the consciousness of your strength and gallantry, which no fatigue can diminish; when you, for the first time, after a long absence, stretch yourself, unarmed, upon your bed, secure from the attack of enemies, and give yourself up to a sleep, sweeter than the draught after thirst, then can I speak of happiness.

Goetz. And accordingly it comes but seldom.

Martin. But when it does come, it is a foretaste of paradise. When you return back laden with hostile spoils, and tell, "Such an one I struck from his horse, ere he could discharge his piece; such another I overthrew, horse and man;" then you ride your Castle around, and——

Goetz. What mean you?

Martin. And your wife—[*Fills a glass.*] To the health of your lady! You have one?

Goetz. A virtuous, noble wife.

Martin. Well for him who can say so; his life is doubled.

The blessing was denied for me, yet was it the finishing crown of creation. [*He wipes his eyes.*]

Goetz. [*Aside.*] I grieve for him. The sense of his situation chills his heart.

*Enter George, breathless.*

George. My Lord, my Lord, horses at the gallop! two of them. They for certain.

Goetz. Bring out my steed; let Hans mount. Farewel, dear brother! Be cheerful and duteous; God will give space for exertion.

Martin. Let me request your name.

Goetz. Pardon me. Farewel! [*Gives his left hand.*]

Martin. Why the left? Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

Goetz. Were you the emperor, you must be satisfied with this. My right hand, though not useless in combat, is unresponsive to the grasp of affection. It is one with its mail'd gauntlet—You see it is iron!

Martin. Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shewn me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng! Let me kiss this hand, let me kiss it.

Goetz. You must not!

Martin. Let me, let me—Thou hand, more worth than the relique through which the most sacred blood has flowed! dead though thou seemest, thou livest a witness of the noblest confidence in God.

GOETZ [*Adjusts his helmet, and takes his lance.*]

Martin. There was a monk among us about a year, who visited you when your hand was shot off before Landshut. How he used to tell us what you suffered, and your grief at being disabled for your profession of arms; till you heard of one who had also lost a hand, and yet served long a gallant knight. I shall never forget it.

*Enter Peter and the other Cavalier. They speak apart with*  
GOETZ

Martin. [*Going on.*] I shall never forget his words, in the most noble, the most unreserved confidence in God: "If I had twelve hands, what would they avail me without his grace? then may I with only one and heaven to friend——"

Goetz. In the wood of Haslach too? [*Returns to Martin.*] Farewel, worthy brother!

Martin. Forget me not as I shall never forget thee!

[*Exeunt GOETZ and his Troopers.*]

It was our original intention to have regularly drawn out the whole plot of this play, from act to act, inserting here and there an interesting scene, by way of illustration; but a second perusal has convinced us that such a plan would occupy more room than our slender Periodical can well afford. We must refer our readers therefore to the book itself. There is, in fact, scarcely a portion of the play composed of *pure extractable matter*: the scenes are in general very short, and full of bustle and intrigue; the characters are, as it were, sketched rather than painted; and then there is such parading of troops, and banding of insurgents; such charges of cavalry, and discharges of carbines; such obstinate defences of castles, and desperate skirmishes in woods and marshes, that we apprehend the author's intention in writing the play could never be realized without a very complete company of actors, (say about 200) 'horse, foot, and artillery' to boot, with a province for the stage of their performances! Our principal object (as we before hinted) in reviewing the book at all, was to call attention to the *least known* of the productions of the GREAT UNKNOWN.

**ART. II.** *The Cook's Oracle; containing receipts for plain cookery on the most economical plan for private families: also the art of composing the most simple and most highly finished Broths, Gravies, Soups, Sauces, Store Sauces, and flavouring Essences: Pastry, Preserves, Puddings, &c.; and an easy, certain, and economical process for preparing Pickles, by which they will be ready in a fortnight, and remain good for years. The quantity of each article is accurately stated by weight and measure; the whole being the result of actual experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. 5th Edition.*

MAN! what a piece of work is Man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! and yet, dear Shakespeare, what is a man if he do not understand cookery? in what is he, without feathers, better than the feathered biped he has not learned to truss and spit? Give him greek, give him latin, bes fool him with all accomplishments, and bedress him to the top of the fashion, and what is he without cookery? What did Capt. Franklin and his party dream of in their state of uttermost deprivation? why cookery to be sure! and, poor souls, they found out the difference between a mindful and a bellyful. Would one of them, think you, have preferred his strip of old shoe-leather raw, to the same article stewed down with mushrooms and clouted cream? doubtful. The social old song says

‘ Then give me, ye gods, but a friend with my wine,’

but we say, give us a well cooked dinner first. There is a deal of affectation in the world, and on no subject is there more than on the familiar and pleasant operation of eating. If a man says he does not mind what he eats, we take it as a warning not to mind what he says. A piece of broiled meat is, perhaps, as savoury a morsel as can be set before a hungry man; but if he tells us that it matters not whether it be cooked over a nice clear fire, or served up reeking from the coals, smeched and smoked—straight waistcoat and asylum say we.

It is a very mistaken notion to fancy that works upon cookery are mere books for the kitchen dresser, as Pamela used to be for the old fashioned parlour window-seat, when Mr. Ferris was Mayor of Barnstaple.\* If we could afford

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\* “The Pressmen above” have but a slight opinion of the Editor's Chronology.  
 PRINTER'S DEVIL.

it, we would set a shelf apart for the purpose, and have a collection of cookery books, neatly bound and sized, and we think it would form a very *tasty* department of literature. *A shelf* did we say? why Dr. Kitchener, the author of the book we are about to review, gives us a list of upwards of *two hundred* cookery books. It is but fair to the Doctor's merit to say, that as far as our own reading, cooking, and eating go, (and that is some way) the Cook's Oracle is the last and best book of its class; it really is as amusing as the last new Novel, and we consider the Doctor as having achieved that for cookery books which Sir Walter Scott has for novels. He has conferred a rational dignity on the department, which, although not entirely unknown, was, nevertheless, not previously of uniform occurrence.

It is a whimsical coincidence that the author's name should be so appropriate to his pursuits, but we believe it to be unfeigned. He does not put his name in the title-page of *this* work, but he does so in books that are acknowledged to be by the editor of the Cook's Oracle. It appears that his constitution was, originally, very delicate, and obliged him to pay every attention, whether medical or culinary, to his health; this has enabled him, with a tolerable degree of comfort, to pass beyond the epoch when he must, at all events, have graduated either as a fool or a physician, and to add to the confidence which this information is likely to inspire us with, we are solemnly informed, that he has, *bona fide*, eaten every receipt in the book, amounting, be it observed, to more than seven hundred. The introduction is excellent in its way, and only too\* short; were

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\* In a sort of appendix to the introduction, the doctor gives us a selection of culinary curiosities, the greatest part of which it falls in with our plan to extract, as they are amusing in themselves, and by no means drawing on the original text of the work.

#### • CULINARY CURIOSITIES.

The following specimen of the unaccountably whimsical Harlequinade of Foreign Kitchens is from "La Chapelle" Nouveau Cuisinier, Paris, 1748.

"A Turkey," in the shape of "a Football," or "a Hedge-Hog." "A Shoulder of Mutton," in the shape of a "Bee-Hive." "Entrée of Pigeons," in the form of a Spider, or "Sun-Fashion," or "in the form of a Frog," or in "the form of the Moon." Or, 'to make a Pig taste like a Wild Boar.' Take a living Pig, and let him swallow the following drink, viz. boil together in vinegar and water, some rosemary, thyme, sweet basil, bay leaves, and sage; when you have let him swallow this, immediately whip him to death; and roast him forthwith. How 'to still a Cocke for a weak bodie that is consumed, take a rede Cocke that is not too olde, and heat him to death.' See *THE BOONE OF COOKRYE*, very necessary for all such as delight therein. Gathered by A. W. 1591, 12mo. p. 12. How to roast a pound



we to endeavour to supply this deficiency, our readers might make a very different complaint, so we shall proceed to recommend the work by a display of its own merit, instead of our ingenuity. One reason why we have fixed upon it for our review, is, that the present season has been particularly productive of young housekeepers, and we wish to initiate them, as fast as possible, in the art of cheap and elegant living.

'A wish to save time, trouble, and money to inexperienced housekeepers and cooks, and to bring the enjoyments and indulgences of the opulent, within reach of the middle ranks of society, were my motives for publishing this book.' Adverting to the mistaken opinions of people in general, the learned doctor takes occasion to hint at the prevalent misconception of the terms *gourmand*, in French, and *epicure*, in English.

'In the acceptation' says the Oracle, quoting from his equally oracular friend Apicius Coelius, Jun. 'which I give to the term Epicure, it means only a person who has good sense and good taste enough, to wish to have his food cooked according to scientific principles, that is to say, so prepared that the palate be not offended, that it be rendered easy of solution in the stomach, and, ultimately, contribute to health; exciting him, as an animal, to the vigorous enjoyment of those recreations and duties, physical and intellectual, which constitute the happiness and dignity of his nature.' 'Those *cynical* slaves' says the Doctor himself, 'who are so silly as to suppose it unbecoming a wise man

#### CULINARY CURIOSITIES. (continued.)

of Butter, curiously and well; and to farce (the culinary technical for to stuff) a boiled leg of Lamb with red herrings and garlick; with many other receipts of as high a relish, and of as easy digestion as the Devil's Venison; i.e. a roasted Tiger, stuffed with tennenny nails, or the 'Bonne Bouche,' the Bareskin Rowskimowowsky, offered to Baron Munchausen, 'a fricasee of Pistols, with Gunpowder and Alcohol sauce,' see the Adventures of Baron Munchausen, 12mo. 1792, p. 200: and the horrible but authentic account of ARDESOUR in MOURRAY's Treatise on Poultry, 8vo, 1816, p. 18.

But the most extraordinary of all the Culinary receipts that have been under my eye, is the following diabolically cruel directions of Mismald's. 'HOW TO ROAST AND EAT A GOOSE ALIVE.' 'Take a Goose, or a Duck, or some such LIVELY CREATURE, (but a Goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free; within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are

to indulge in the common comforts of life, should be answered in the words of the French philosopher. "Hey!—what—do you philosophers eat dainties?" said a gay marquis. "*Do you think,*" replied DESCARTES, "*that God made good things only for fools?*"

The Doctor is very amusing (in fact he is the most amusing medical man of our acquaintance) on the subject of Cooks, and seems to think that the French maxim, *purger souvent*, is equally useful to cook and master. We all know that the poor toad of a cook is the victim of tasting, that he or she lives upon spoonfulls of what we devour by platefulls, that a hearty meal is beyond their nature, and when a cook's *palate* becomes indistinct, the guests, in the dining room, suffer from over-excitement; the soup and the ragout are over-seasoned. Then comes the remedy:—let the cook despatch an ounce of Epsom salts before breakfast, and rinse the mouth often, between *tastings*, with milk and water. So shall taste and appetite be regulated! And shall we then refuse good wages to a poor fellow creature whose health and comfort are sacrificed to our evening gratifications? Only think that Sunday and Summer bring no holiday to the cook; we may, once in a way, submit to salad and cold lamb in hot weather, but then, the lamb *had* to be roasted; we may be cool, but the unfortunate cook has, all the year round, to encounter the 1st of June, and 18th of June discipline, the Howe and Wellington blames of fierce and fiery duty; the scorching flames of the open range, the rarified and unwholesome atmosphere

#### CULINARY CURIOSITIES. (continued.)

mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The Goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better; put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied Goose is kept in; she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst and cool her heart, and all her body, and the Apple Sauce will make her dung and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!!" See WICKMAN'S *Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1600. pp. 148. 308.

\* We suppose Mr. Mizald stole this receipt from the kitchen of his Infernal Majesty: probably it might have been one of the dishes the devil ordered when he invited Nero and Caligula to a feast. A. C. Jun.'

of the stove and hot hearth—think of all this, and then if Providence send you the means of procuring good victuals, and you can get a cook, from any quarter, but the Regular Old One, thank your stars, gentle reader, and cherish your cook.

WE (of the Revolving Light, as well as our brethren of the Cave) think cookery so serious a concern, that we reserve our curious researches on the subject for a more formal article than a review; and at present confine our observations to the work in hand: earnestly hoping that our recommendations may have weight enough to induce all our friends, most especially those who are in the habit of asking us to dinner, to provide themselves with the COOK'S ORACLE. We now proceed to notice, in the order of the volume, our good Doctor's (Oh! how we hope we shall never need another!) our delightful Doctor's observations on *invitations to dinner*.

On this subject it certainly appears to us that *one word* comprehends every thing, and that word is PUNCTUALITY. Our author, however, expatiates, and, as usual, most pleasantly. Among other observations on the table, &c., &c., he says, with equal wit and wisdom,

'It is your SECOND COURSES, ridiculous variety of WINES, LIQUORS, ICES, DESSERTS, &c., which are served up to feed the eye, *that overcome the stomach, and paralyse digestion*, and seduce 'children of a larger growth' to sacrifice the health and comfort of several days, for the baby-pleasure of tickling their tongues for a few minutes, with trifles and custards, &c., &c.'

Immediately after this the doctor introduces what we are disposed to consider as something too professional, a recipe for Peristaltic Persuaders, as he very facetiously terms what

#### CULINARY CURIOSITIES. (continued.)

'A favorite dish at the tables of our forefathers was a PIE of stupendous magnitude, out of which, on its being opened, a flock of living birds flew forth, to the no small surprise and amusement of the guests.

'Four-and-twenty Blackbirds bak'd in a Pie;  
'When the Pie was open'd the birds began to sing—  
'Oh! what a dainty dish—'tis fit for any King.'

This was a common joke at an old English feast. These ANIMATED Pies were often introduced 'to set on,' as Hamlet says 'a quantity of barren spectators to laugh.' There is an instance of a Dwarf undergoing such an incrustation. About the year 1630, King Charles and his Queen were entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill, on which occasion JEFFERY HUDSON, the dwarf, was served up in a cold Pie. See WALPOLE'S Anecdotes of Painting, vol. ii. p. 14.

seem to our common conceptions, nothing more or less than Purgative Pills. We shall not copy it, for we see no reason why we should encourage the trade of young druggists in Berum, in opposition to the long established dealings of our good old friend SYLE, in Hunt's and Scott's Antibilious Pills. With regard to the sensitive Doctor's remarks on invitations, and punctuality, we sympathize most sincerely. Many and many a time have we ached for the joint on the spit, and been ready to shed tears almost scalding for the fish that ought to be out of hot water.

DORNAU, the french satirist, has a shrewd observation on this subject.

"I have always been punctual at the hour of dinner," says the Bard, "for I knew that all those whom I kept waiting at that provoking interval, would employ those unpleasant moments to sum up all my faults. BOILEAU is indeed a man of genius, a very honest man, but that dilatory and procrastinating way he has got into, would mar the virtues of an angel."

A countryman of BOILEAU's carries his ideas of rigid sociability to a very *ultra* length indeed. Let him speak for himself in the doctor's translation;

"Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour. According to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a Sheriff's Officer, a Doctor, or an Undertaker, are the only pleas which are admissible. As he who has accepted an invitation cannot disengage himself from it; the master of the feast cannot put off the entertainment on any pretence whatever. Urgent business, sickness, not even death itself, can dispense with the obligation he is under of giving the entertainment, for which he has sent out invitations which have been accepted; for in the extreme cases of compulsory absence or death, his place may be filled by his friend or executor."

We assure our readers that it is worth while to learn french to read their works upon cookery, (and for no other reason in the world.) We doubt the power of any other language to express so well the following idea:

"Son dîner sera toujours une pièce en trois actes, où la gradation des saveurs suivra celle qu' Aristote prescrit pour l' intérêt Théâtral. Il faut préparer avec art les

jouissances du gourmand; *le premier service doit être doux et peu épicé*; c'est l'acte d'exposition: Le second plus intéressant, plus relevé: Le troisième, appeler ensuite à son secours le sucre et l'ambrosie, s'armer des brûlans aromates, des spiritueux volatiles, et tempérer de temps en temps leur énergie par la fraîcheur des fruits savoureux."

*Cours Gastronomique.* p. 67, & 212.

But we are getting on very slow with our work; we are not at the fiftieth page yet; however we shall pass over a great deal of his advice to cooks, whether moral or culinary. From the constant use of the feminine pronoun we conclude that the Doctor prefers a female cook; yet he is very profuse in his thanks and praises of Mr. OSBORNE, late\* cook to the late SIR JOSEPH BANKS. We do not observe that any opportunity is taken of refuting the common mistaken opinion in this country that French Cooks are very economical. A really good French Cook is the most extravagant of animals, and ought not to be thought of in this country unless where the rent-roll or income can be quoted at ten thousand a year, and upwards. Mere english people, even those who keep, or think they keep one, have no idea what a real Paris Cook is. A royal Bengal Tyger is a joke to him.

As we go on we are disposed to find a little fault, for the Doctor is so desultory that we do not find him adhering very strictly to the heading of his divisions, as appears from our stumbling upon some moral remarks upon moderation and repletion, when we thought we were only discussing invitations and *their morale*. We are somewhat inclined to think the Doctor a better cook than housekeeper; in proof of which inclination we produce his following friendly advice to cooks.

"You will be enabled to manage much better if your employers will make out A BILL OF FARE FOR THE WEEK, on the saturday; for example, for a family of half a dozen,

*Sunday*, - - Roast Beef, and My† Pudding (baked)

*Monday*, - - Fowl,‡ boiled or roast, and My Pudding boiled.

*Tuesday*, - - Calf Head, Apple Pie.

*Wednesday*, Leg of Mutton.

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\* Now a Fishmonger at Brentford.

† i. e. The Doctor's own patent pudding---which we have tried, and found very good, though too plain for some of our friends,

‡ Not fowl's mind.

*Thursday*, - Ditto, boiled or hashed, Pancakes.

*Friday*, - - Fish, Pudding !!!

*Saturday*, - Fish, OR, Eggs and Bacon.

No! my dear sir, with *maigre* day on Friday, (how the Doctor's appetite savours of popery) we never can forgive that abominable optional alternative, that villanous disjunctive conjunction, on Saturday, Fish OR, Eggs and Bacon! Why, heaven and earth! Man alive! we had not a bit of butcher's meat yesterday, 'bating Sunday's beef bones that we were fain to hunt up and broil at night to stay the craving of our stomachs. Talk of our Barnstable Doctors indeed: why here is a London Man, bred certainly, perhaps born within the smell of the London Tavern Kitchen, keeping us on Fish two days running; *not to say a word of the hashed Mutton on Thursday*. But the Doctor is an invalid, and, like many doctors we could name, rather disposed to prescribe his own regimen to his patients. We give up his catering, and stand by his receipts. Perhaps on the whole, your lovers of high dishes might object to him that he is not an *ultra* in seasoning, but we think this a merit. He advises all those who think otherwise to provide themselves with what he calls A MAGAZINE OF TASTE; which is in fact, a *Portable Sauce Bar*, containing twenty-eight ingredients, after the fashion of a small medicine chest (the smallest we ever saw was large enough for any good purpose.) This must be a great improvement in modern visiting, for we do not remember when we left London that it was usual to carry your own sauces when you were asked to dine out.

We are now come (and only now) to the Rudiments of Cookery, which are so well laid down that every cook, house-keeper, mistress, and master, ought to have them by heart; for which reason we shall not give a single extract: but we can safely assert, that all joints roasted or boiled by his directions, will procure for the cook that rare and valuable character of being a *good plain cook*, and every body knows that to be

"A rare bird upon earth, and something like a black swan."

One great alteration in fashion is in the simplicity of modern BASTINGS and DREDGINGS; of the latter, a cookery book in 1665 gives several, containing pounded cinnamon, fennel seeds, corianders, nutmeg, and ginger, which we think are better banished, some to the sauce tureen, and some altoge-

ther, and the simplest basting is now considered the best, except for some fish, such as pike and chub, which are only eatable when basted with claret.

In a cookery book, and even in the review of a cookery book, there cannot be much connection expected; and as we have hitherto confined ourselves to such extracts as could be made from no cookery book living, except the Doctor's, we shall go on selecting a very few more samples of his style, and one or two of his cookery. Of turkeys, he says, "that no wise man will name the day for dressing one, but he will hang it up by four of the large tail feathers, and when he pays a morning visit to the larder, and finds that the turkey has moulted his aforesaid tail feathers, on that day will the wise man call on his friend the Alderman, or it may be the Mayor, and invite him—short notice, but a tender turkey; and as the Doctor gives us sixteen receipts for dressing of potatoes, surely even the cook need not complain of want of time to make a figure. Although the book is in its fifth edition, there are several repetitions, and we observe some paragraphs *numbered* which are not in fact receipts at all—as for instance, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, merely name the joints of mutton and the time for roasting them, which must depend more on the *weight* than the difference of joint. As humble reviewers we make one joint last us many days, and therefore stake our experience against the Doctor's about *hashed* dishes—which we assure the reader are not, as he says, best made of underdone meat, which must in second cooking become hard from exposure to *boiling* gravy.—Turning over the leaves, we are stopped by instructions how to kill Eels instantly, by piercing the spinal marrow close to the back part of the skull with a sharp pointed skewer. Not being anatomists, we may be presuming if in our ignorance, we have always considered ourselves humane enough in cutting off the restless creature's heads, and ascribing all their subsequent sufferings to their own obstinate folly—we may be wrong in this; but we are sure we are right in loving them *spitchcocked*.

How the Doctor came to admit the following receipt we cannot explain.

"Boil a few leaves of parsley with two teaspoonfuls of mushroom catsup, in three quarters of a pint of very thin gruel, season with a little salt."

And this method was used, we are told, by an ingenious

cook, where the family were fond of *weak mutton broth*! We really could not have expected to impose on a thirsty pig with such wash, but we recommend it to our medical friends; we think even the Ultra Sangrados might admit it into their ANTIPHLOGISTIC REGIMEN.

But the Doctor delights in things abominable, and absolutely gives us a receipt for cooking a——really our pen blushes blue ink at the very name——a *Hægis*! As Pallet, in *Peregrine Pickle*, says of the Romans, so, say we of the Scotch; then he gives us their beastly *brosa* too,

“Put half a pint of oatmeal into a porringer, with a little salt, if there be not enough in the broth, of which add as much as will mix it to the consistence of hasty pudding or a little thicker. Lastly take a little of the fat that swims in the broth, and put it on the crowdie and eat it——”

If you can, we say: but it is sheer waste of paper to put such receipts into a book, meant for the use of people, who live where hedges grow, the sloe ripens, and gentlemen wear breeches.

We expect it will injure the sale of the book that the Doctor has from this edition excluded the directions for *TURTLE*. The receipt for *Mock Turtle* is very good, but too long for our pages, and so is that for *Mock Mock Turtle*; the creation of his own cook, Mrs. Elizabeth Lister, but as he adds the cost, to shew his economy, we may copy the bill, which our reader can interlard with the proper culinary phrases, and so convert into a receipt for himself:

But the dearest friends must part; and we now take leave of the worthy Doctor, hoping always to be reminded of him at our own table, and often at our friends.

	s.	d.
* One pound and half of gravy beef	1	0
Cow heel,	0	7
Roots and herbs,	0	2
Butter and flour,	0	4
Wine,	0	6
Half a lemon,	0	1
Bacon, &c. &c.	0	4

Two quarts cost only, 3 : 1



## CALENDAR.

(To be continued, with annual variations.)

## MARCH 1.

*David*, the Tutelar saint of the Principality of Wales, was Bishop of Caerleon, which see he removed to Menevia, now called St. David's. Many legendary tales are recorded of him. It is, however, certainly known that he was a Bishop of the ancient British Church, and founded numerous monasteries. He died at a very advanced age, A. D. 642.

2. *Cedde*, or *Chad*, Bishop of *Litchfield*, was the fifth Bishop of the Mercians, who converted their King, *Wolphere*. He was exemplary in the discharge of his episcopal duty, visiting the whole of his diocese on foot, and preaching the gospel to the poor. He died in the great pestilence which ravaged England, in A. D. 673.

7. *Perpetua Martyr*, was a noble lady of Carthage, who suffered martyrdom for the christian faith, about the year 205; being exposed to the fury of a wild bull, before she was killed by the executioner.

12. *Gregory*, Bishop of Rome and Confessor, surnamed the Great, was descended from noble parents, and was eminent for his learning and piety. He was elected Bishop of Rome about the year 590, and rigorously opposed the title of "Universal Bishop" (which the Bishop of Constantinople did then, as the Popes of Rome do now assume,) as blasphemous, antichristian and diabolical. He sent the Monk *Augustine* into England, with forty missionaries, to convert the Anglo-saxons, and died A. D. 604.

17. *Patrick* the Tutelar saint of Ireland, was a native of Scotland, whose original name was *Succuthus*, which was changed into *Patrick* by Pope *Celestine*, who sent him to Ireland as a missionary, in the year 432. He converted great numbers of the Irish, to christianity, and in 472 founded the Archbishoprick of Armagh. Various incredible miracles are ascribed to this saint.

18. *Edward*, King of the West Saxons, was crowned in 975, when he was only fourteen years of age. Four years afterwards, visiting his mother *Elfrida* at *Corfe Castle*, in Dorsetshire, he was treacherously stabbed by one of her

servants, by her order. His favour to the Monks caused his assassination to be deemed a martyrdom; the day of which Pope Innocent IV. appointed to be commemorated, A. D. 1245.

21. *Benedict, Abbot*, was born in the Dukedom of Spoleto in Italy, of an honourable family: being much addicted to devotion, in the year 529 he instituted the monastic order which bears his name, and which was very soon extended over the whole of Europe. In the ninth century, the Benedictine order had nearly absorbed all others, but from that period it began to decline; for, the founder's rules being perverted by avarice and ambition, the clergy, nobility, and the crown, united to humble these haughty Monks, whose power was daily becoming more and more formidable. Benedict is said to have died in 542.

April 3. *Richard, Bishop of Chichester*, in the reign of Henry III, was surnamed *De Wiche*, from the place where he was born; having successively studied at Oxford, Paris, and Bologna, he was on his return to England, chosen Bishop of Chichester, and consecrated in 1245. He died April 3, 1253, and was canonized by Pope Urban IV, in return for his obsequious homage to the see of Rome, whose usurped powers he supported in defiance of his sovereign. Richard was greatly revered for his learning and integrity, and among other marvellous miracles, which monkish writers have ascribed to him, he is said to have blessed only one loaf, and instantly it was augmented so as to satisfy the hunger of three thousand persons!

4. *Ambrose, Bishop of Milan*, was born about A. D. 340, and was educated in the palace of his father, while Prætorian Præfect of Gaul; his learning and talents elevated him to the office of Governor of Milan, and the neighbouring cities; on the death of Auxentius, Bishop of that city, there being a great contest at the election of his successor, Ambrose exhorted the people to peace and unanimity with such eloquence, that they unanimously chose him for their Bishop. He governed the see of Milan, with great ability for more than twenty years, and died in the year 396. The admirable hymn, so well known in the church by the name of the "Te Deum," is said to have been composed by Ambrose, at the Baptism of Augustine, whom he converted to the christian faith.

## ANAGRAMS,

*Original and Selected.*

Astronomers,	- - -	No more Stars.
Astronomers,	- - -	Moon Starers.
Breakfast,	- - -	Fat Bakers.
Charades,	- - -	Hard Case.
Dearness,	- - -	See darns.
Encyclopedia,	- - -	A nice cold pye.
A neat leg,	- - -	Elegant.
Enigmatical,	- - -	In magic tale.
Gallantries,	- - -	All great sin.
Lawyers,	- - -	Sly ware.
Misanthrope,	- - -	Spare him not,
Mourning,	- - -	O Grim Nua.
Patience,	- - -	A nice Pet.
Pedagogues,	- - -	See a pug dog.
Penitentiary,	- - -	Nay I repent it.
Presbyterian,	- - -	Best in prayer.
Punishment,	- - -	Nine thumps.
Solemnity!	- - -	Yes! Milton.
Sweethearts,	- - -	There we sat.
Rouge,	- - -	Rogue.
Tocques,	- - -	Coquets.
Napoleon Bounaparte,	-	Bona rapta leno pone.
Horatio Nelson,	- -	Honor est a nilo.
James Stuart,	- - -	A just master.
Mr. Samuel Whitbread,	-	Maul this mad brewer.
Samuel Whitbread,	- -	We rue his bad malt.
OLD ENGLAND,	- -	GOLDEN LAND.
Potantates,	- - -	Ten tea pots.
Prince Regent,	- -	G. R. in pretence.
Radical reform,	- - -	Rare mad frolic.
Revolution,	- - -	To love ruin.
Regiments,	- - -	Men Tigers.
Sir Francis Burdett,	- -	Frantic disturbers.
Sovereignty,	- - -	Tis ye govern.
Universal Suffrage	- -	Guess a fearful ruin.
Monarch,	- - -	No charm.
Telegraphs,	- - -	Great helps.
Breath,	- - -	The bar.
Wealth,	- - -	The Law.
Wreath,	- - -	The War.

# THE Sibyl's Portfolio,

*Unavoidably Postponed.*

*Vide P. S.*

TO THE READER,

We present the third number of the *Cave* to the Public, nothing daunted by the severity of individual criticism, much of which has reached us—little of which affects us. We beg to redeem our promise of being more explicit in our number for March, by stating that distant friends have complained that our local ties and attachments detract from the interest of the work among people who never saw the *Cave* at Saunton, nor watched the Revolving Light at Lundy. We did indeed imperfectly foresee this dilemma, but when hinted at in the *COMMITTEE*, we were not all of one mind; and, to tell the truth, (for there is no honesty among editors,) as there had been a manuscript *Cave* of some repute for talent, we were not without hopes, that a little second-hand reputation might attend the transfer of the title, or as our scottish contributor has it, that we might pass for Clansmen, by wearing the Tartan. In this we have been partly gratified, and we must confess, that the very few praises which have reached our willing ears, have been more owing to the departed or rather retired merit of Old DRYDEN BEAUCLERC, than to the actual exertions of the unfortunate DESCONNU and his associates.\*

It would be madness in our humble capacities to resist the critical remonstrances of our friends in London, or elsewhere, accompanied too, as they are, with offers of assistance. We therefore now announce that our number for April will contain the *Cave*, the Critical Revolving Light, and the Sibyl's Portfolio as usual, combined however with more general subjects than our first numbers have aimed at, and offering

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\* Among other causes for apologizing to Mr. BEAUCLERC for our unwarrantable liberties with his literary, as well as literal existence, must be reckoned the clumsy misconstructions of that pestilent fellow, CHRISTOPHER QUOTEWELL. Mr. BEAUCLERC knew nothing of the notice of *St. Roman's Wells*, till he read it at Oystermouth, (if he ever read it.)

under the title of North Devon Magazine, a Repository of Antiquarian and Literary Amusement, to "all enquiring friends." We trust also that our friendly dealers in copper, for which we have no low contempt, as Loll-at-home insinuates, will enable us to realize our promise of a print, but we cannot positively pledge ourselves to this, till the number for May.

Our travelled correspondent will see that we have availed ourselves of his trip to Paris; but we must request him not to be *lengthy* in the continuation of it. The subject is now so well known that readers get fastidious. We thank him for enabling the *Cave* to boast of the first printed narrative of a Real Barnstaple Man's Real Foreign Tour.

C. Q. wants to pick a quarrel with the Miscellany, which we think very foolish; the Miscellany won't take any notice of him, which we think very wise. They put us in mind of our walks in Boutport Street, where may be seen that fine looking old fellow, ROLLA, the Prince Regent of Newfoundland, stalking along in silent if not sullen majesty, like the Miscellany; while an uncropt curly-tailed pug dog comes bustling, and bristling, and bullying along side, mistaking forbearance for inferiority, like the Medley; and what is worse, he tries hard to excite ill will between the *Cave* and the Miscellany; but he will not succeed: the Miscellany shall *always* have reason to praise the gentlemanly conduct of the *Cave*. The good humoured banter of Loll-at-home can be as little offensive to the Miscellany as to the *Cave* itself, and we advise the Medley to follow (as we mean to do) the example set in the last (18th) number of the Miscellany, that of *improving on itself*. Mind your own wardrobe, man, and leave off picking holes in your neighbour's coat.

P. S. We hope our friends will be indulgent to No. 3. It falls much short of our intention, and indeed it is with much difficulty we have got it out to-day, shorn of half a sheet full of its intended beams, by the Parliamentary deflection of the Printer's devils, who have yielded to the dear delusions of industrious Electioneering.

NOLAN, FOR EVER, say WE.

But we wish he had kept out of the way, for a week longer.

Friday, March 6th, 1824.

# The Cave.

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APRIL, 1824.

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## A TRIP TO PARIS.

Continued from Page 85.

We walked to the garden of the Thuilleries, which cannot fail to delight the spectator; the walks and groves form a most delightful retreat; the number of orange and laurel trees present a new sight to an inhabitant of the north of Europe, and the several ponds with gold fish and *jets d'eau*, excite a lively sensation in the stranger, heightened too, by the clear and beautiful canopy which the sky presents in that delightful climate—peeped into the Louvre—walked through the Gallery of Paintings:—I say walked, for after travelling two nights, we were but ill qualified for an inspection which would require much exercise of the mind; but we noticed *en passant*, three paintings, after Wilkie's style. They were *L'accorde de Village*, *Le Depart*, and *Le Retour*; the first described the consent to the daughter's marriage; the second her husband's seizure for the conscription, and the third his return just at the moment his father-in-law had breathed his last. They are three very interesting compositions. We peeped into the Gallery of Sculpture, and I will only remark here, the Laughing Child, which is very well sculptured. The painter and the sculptor are tried in portraying the natural expression of a child's countenance. Art may be conquered by art; but it is no easy task to reduce unalloyed nature to rules, or for a man to express those feelings which may have been lost, or suppressed in him. The

VOL. I.

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Boy removing the Thorn from his Foot, which, I have been told, was a most interesting production, has been, long since, removed to one of the Italian States, whence it was brought by Buonaparte. We determined to spend a day in the following week, in these delightful Galleries. We returned to dinner, and our waiting-room was the identical bed-chamber of our hostess. A lady and her daughter presently tripped into the room; she immediately seated herself and hid her head on the bed; it seemed it thundered in some little degree, and it was an opportunity for expressing nice feelings which could not be lost. We sat down to dinner. A *tureen* of soup was divided amongst us; next came the *bouilli*, then a dish of kidneys, and, lastly, a leg of French mutton, bad enough, and salad. The *vin ordinaire* at dinner, produced some grievous longings for Barnstaple home-brewed, and even Swimbridge cider did not suffer by the comparison. We soon rose after dinner, and proceeding to the Palais Royal—took coffee at the *Café* of the Three Sultanas. The coffee was good, and so was the brandy, a little glass of which is generally taken by the French after coffee. The character of the room was ridiculous enough. Two Sultanas (for one had vacated her seat) were placed on an elevated platform, and occasionally marched in state through the room to a Turkish tune played badly upon a piano:—an old woman of eighty, sang to two or three simpletons in a corner, and we were attended by Greek slaves, or rather by Frenchmen in Greek dresses. We soon grew tired of such a scene, and retired to our lodgings.

*Sunday.*—We intended to day to go to Versailles, or St. Cloud, and went to the *Café* in the garden of the Thuilleries to breakfast, in our way. I prefer it for a breakfast in the summer, to all other *Cafés* in Paris, as, if there be a passing breeze, you are sure to enjoy it there, and the scene is a cheerful one; we continued there for some time, in consequence of showers of rain, which detained us so long, that we determined at last not to go to Versailles, or St. Cloud, and, indeed, it was not likely there would have been much company at either place on so wet a day. We lounged about the Thuilleries, and at one time we attempted to pass into the gate of the Thuilleries from the Louvre; but we were refused admittance, as, indeed, were all civilians. I rather think that Mass was administering in the chapel of the palace. We observed, however, that the soldiers of the guards, both French and Swiss, and other soldiers of the infantry and cavalry passed freely, by which we concluded, that the mili-

tary in general were allowed to pass, until a soldier of the National Guard presented himself, and was refused; he went off without remonstrance;—shortly after another of the National Guard presented himself, and was also refused; he seemed to urge his business to the French guard, and essayed to proceed; but the French guard put his hand upon the arm of the National Guard, and turned him back. During the time we stopped at the gate, every National Guard was refused admittance, although every other soldier walked in and out freely. I fear this is only a petty revenge for the conduct of Mercier, a serjeant in the corps, in the well known affair of the deputy Manuel.

We dined at a *Restaurateur's* on the Boulevards, on soup and bouilli, and *téte de veau au naturel*; a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, and one of champagne, tolerably good. The coffee-room is a most elegant one, fitted up with handsome glasses, and we could not avoid being pleased with the neatness of every thing in it, and the attention of the waiters. A pretty French girl passed her time between the *comptoir*, and the door of the coffee-house, towards the Boulevards, and it seemed to us that this was part of the Frenchman's *tact*; be that as it may, we certainly preferred this house on account of her interesting appearance. Leaving the *Restaurateur's* for the theatre Français, we passed along the Boulevards, where charlatans, old and young, were displaying their ingenuity mostly in extemporaneous sayings, with their respective fools, in order to attract a company, whose goodwill they might win, and to whom they might afterwards sell their little articles of merchandise;—there are a great number of those charlatans of all ages, and the French seem to be very fond of their buffoonery.

We took our places in the pit of the theatre Français, and in that part of it there were only men. The box immediately above, called the amphitheatre, was filled both by men and women, though mostly the latter. It is an elegant little theatre, about the size of ours in the Haymarket, and the performance is confined exclusively to pieces written by French authors; every person who left his seat between the performances, tied his handkerchief to the seat on which he sat, or left a glove, or hat, upon it, and these were marks of possession which French politeness uniformly respected. The piece was called Education, or, the Two Cousins, and, to use the common phrase, was all about love and marriage.

The second was the amusing production of Moliere, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. The part of Sylvester was perform-



ed by an actor whose side face is very much like Kean's; he is much of Kean's size. Scapin was extremely well done, and excited the laughter of the polite Parisians.

The performances were over about twenty minutes before eleven; we returned through the Palais Royal, which was filled with people; there were a number of men and women taking refreshment; we did not sit down, but returned to our lodgings with a bottle of *vin de Bourdeaux*, which we drank in my chamber, and then retired to rest.

The next day we went to the post-office, *Rue Saint Jacques Rousseau*, thence to the café in the garden of the Thuilleries, where we breakfasted and read the papers—wrote to England, and then proceeded across the pont neuf, to the police office in the Isle de Lis; we entered a room where there were 70 or 80 persons waiting for passports, mostly people of the lower orders, we walked through them, and shewed our passports to the proper officer; he referred to an alphabetical list, and did not find our names; our passports, or duplicates of them, were not arrived from the ports at which we disembarked; he noted at the foot of our passports, the day of their exhibition, and the place of our lodgings: we were told to call again another day, and thus it is, I am told, that people are harrassed about their passports, so that I cannot leave Paris until the documents arrive from Calais. It is said that two gentlemen returning from Switzerland were detained here a fortnight in consequence of their former passports, and duplicates not having been forwarded to Paris.

(To be continued.)

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### FOR THE BARNSTAPLE MISCELLANY.

**WANTS** a situation, a steady Steam Engine of single man power, perfectly understands brewing and baking, and looking after a horse and chaise; and would be willing to make himself useful in a family. Would prefer board wages, and contract to find his own coals. Can take a child from the month, and has been accustomed to clear starching, and getting up fine linen.

**N.B.** A serious family would be preferred.—Address (if by letter post paid) to G. Piston, at Messrs. Blowup, Scaldwell, and Co., High-pressure Office, Coalman Street. C.

## HERRINGS! FRESH HERRINGS!! SALT HERRINGS!!!

LOUNGING over a new periodical the other day, we found our old Western island acquaintance, Dr. Macculloch, introducing an article about herrings, as if herrings were not herrings, but whales. If we knew anything about herrings, we would write about herrings ourselves; but unluckily we know nothing at all about herrings beyond the undeniable fact, that herrings are caught at Clovelly, and elsewhere; and that herrings, whether he roes, or she roes, are the heroes, and heroines of fish:—we really have at times doubted the supremacy of salmon; but comparisons—a fido for the phrase—Where do herrings come from? Where do herrings go to? Or after all, *do* they come and go, or not?

Dr. Macculloch makes very light of old Pennant's, and Anderson's idea, that herrings set out annually from the North, to avoid the whales, &c., and jogging to a warmer climate, knock their noses against the Orkneys, that the videts being repulsed by this gentle hint, and the party poorly provided for a land journey from John-a-Groats, to the Land's End, the column instinctively splits into two, which file down the two channels, St. George's, and the English—not merely for the convenience of marching, but with a particular view to the convenience of the Yarmouth, and Loch Fyne fisheries, not to mention the ultimate accommodation of the Barnstaple market. But this is all unfounded conjecture. In the first place they need not run away from the whales, for the whales, that is the great Northern whales, could not eat them, their bones would stick in the whale's throat; and in the next place there is no testimony of their existing in such numbers in the Arctic Ocean. Again, this supposition would make their visits to the Orkneys *annual*; whereas, it is a fact, that till within a very few years they had dropped the acquaintance. So long ago as 1699, after a violent storm, quantities of spawn were thrown on shore in the Orkneys; and the same has occurred in many other places, proving that the fish *breeds* on our coasts. They may change their haunts, as our fashionable folks do their watering places; but there is no testimony of any regular organized migration. In the Scottish lochs they certainly breed, and, no doubt the young fish would be

caught often enough, but for the rigorous limit of the meshes. It is a beautiful and a wonderful arrangement of Providence, that the tenants of the deep are obliged, at certain seasons, to place themselves, as it were, within the reach of man; while the various purposes are brought about of the perpetuation of their own race; the procuring their own food; themselves or their spawn furnishing the food of various species of fellow fish; and man, omnivorous man, being supplied with resources, whether necessary, or luxurious. Once upon a time the herring fishery occupied a preposterous share of public notice. It has now, in a great measure, like all speculations, become interesting only to those who have embarked their capital in it; and the erroneous ideas of a fixed period for uniform migration, have led to much loss from speculations in buildings, and preparations for herring fishery, in stations that have been immediately, and as it were in downright spite, deserted by these finny visitors. For this desertion of usual haunts superstition and credulity, of course, find reasons, as plenty as blackberries. In days of old, bloodshed on the coast offended them; when guns and gun-powder put the claymore out of fashion, the noise deafened them; which is confirmed, if confirmation were wanting, by old Nelson frightening them out of the Baltic, by the noise he made at the battle of Kiøbenhavn. Great alarm was excited in the waters of shoals, by the introduction of steam-boats! but in the winter vacation, after much consultation in the depths of the sea, a deputation of salmon and herrings waited on Mr. PEEL, who received them with his usual urbanity, and pledged himself, that whatever might be done about boats, he would never allow fish to be caught by steam; requiring, however, a pledge in return, that if once fairly caught in the old-fashioned way, they would raise no objection to being cooked by steam, or cured by smoke. Among the ways of catching herrings, we believe our Devon brethren of the rod are not aware, that fly-fishing is included. In the early part of the season, when they first appear, before they form into shoals, the highlanders in the West of Scotland, take them with a feather or fly, and a rod; and one man has been known to catch 100 of them in a few days. Finer drawn politicians than ourselves may discuss the advantages of an extended fishery at Clovelly, for the cure of herrings. We must, however, hint, that the *Trade* is overstocked, and therefore the *home* consumption only can be looked to; We reserve to a future number, our plan for

making this sufficient for the support of such an undertaking ; merely hinting, that it will be founded upon a rigid enforcement of fast days, fasting being well known to mean eating fish ; and there are, at least, a hundred and twenty fast days in a year—quite enough to maintain a flourishing fishery. G.

### Athelstan.

IN the days of King Alfred the Great, fortunately for England in general, and Barnstaple in particular, legitimacy was not so much the order of the day as in these fine times of the Holy Alliance. Although Edward was twice married, and had two sons by each wife, not to mention six and four, making ten, daughters between them, yet Athelstan, a supernumerary unaccountable extraordinary in his family, who had been much petted by his grand papa, during the last half dozen years of his life, ascended the throne, on his father's demise, without any opposition, *as far as is recorded* ; but it is a remarkable coincidence, that in sixteen days after the death of Edward the Elder, his eldest legitimate son Ethelward *died*, and, according to the Saxon Chronicle, in eight years afterwards, Edwin, the second legitimate son, was drowned in the sea ; more explanatory histories, however, tell us, that this drowning was a species of illegitimate execution, on a charge of treason, of which, however, Edwin offered to clear himself by oath, &c. When we consider that Athelstan came to the throne in 924, and was succeeded by his third brother, Edmund, at the age of *eighteen*, in the year 941, it makes us suspect, that Ethelward and Edwin, owed their deaths to the interfering quality of their ages, while Edmund and Edred were protected by the inoffensive state of childhood ; they must, in fact, have been mere infants. This sort of suspicion, or insinuation of suspicion, however, is sanctioned by Athelstan's repentance for his murder of Edwin, which he could not avoid acknowledging ; the death of Ethelward passed under circumstances which either did not require any, or, at any rate, called for no public repentance. Perhaps it may be urged, that so good a king, could never be so bad a man ; and that no authentic record is left of the transactions ; but having dipped a little into history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, it appears to us, that such is the deplorable weakness of human greatness, that many great men, and good men, have done many wicked things to accomplish a favorite

object of less importance than a crown. Again, cotemporary authors are a cautious race; we, ourselves, might have been shy of the subject of the Duc d' Enghien had we flourished in France while Bonaparte flourished; and we may argue, that, surely, without some foundation, no such traditionary calumny could have existed against *so good* a King as Athelstan. In another case, where Alfred, the Etheling of Wessex, was charged with treason, and sent by Athelstan to Rome to clear himself by oath, which he did, *Alfred* only survived his purgation three days.

Such instances of extremely convenient demise, of ready willingness to die or be drowned, must be considerably accommodating in all cases of accession to crowns, estates, and so forth, articles commonly estimated at a value equivalent to the trouble of existence, especially at a tolerably early time of life. Be this as it may, Athelstan was a glorious king for our Golden \* Land. The greatest event of his reign was his victory over the united forces of Ireland, Scotland, and the Northmen at Brunanburgh, of which we shall say more anon; but we must first enumerate the various and extensive connexions which he established with foreign countries, for we think that the more expanded we can prove his mind to have been, the more extensive we can shew his views of policy to have been, the more diversified we can prove his endowments to have been, as exhibited or to be inferred from his conduct at large; so much the stronger will appear the inference which it is the object of this paper to draw—that his conferring upon Barnstaple chartered rights and privileges was as likely from principle as it is probable from tradition.

The heir of Bretagne was educated by Athelstan, and by his assistance recovered his hereditary rights. So was Haco the good, so celebrated in the annals of Norway. But, above all, Louis† of France, the nephew of Athelstan was long sheltered in this kingdom during a nearly hopeless exile; but at last restored, as we have seen a king of France in our own days, by the power and perseverance of the English monarch. Still more instances might be brought of Athelstan's extended influence and power, but enough is said to shew that so much consideration abroad must have been founded upon a well-regulated government at home; and

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\* Vide Anagrams, No. III.; but in those days England was in her minority. Old as she may be now, we think she can stand a good tug yet.

† Louis d'Outremer.

without assuming too much for Barnstaple, we must remind our readers that this part of the country had, for many years, been of much importance. In the days of *Alfred*, Somerset and Devon had been the scene of contest between him and the Danes, and the Ex, the Severn, and the united Taw and Torridge witnessed, in turn, the fierce attempts, the doubtful struggle, and the final defeat of the warlike sons of Ragnar, and their hardy adherents.

If Exeter was not strong enough to resist the main force of the Danes, while the restricted strength of the north of Devon could repel the more partial and desultory attack of Hubba, we may surely conclude, that the relative importance of the east and north of the county stood pretty much as it does in our own day, and it does not seem an overstrained inference, that Barnstaple, even at that early time, was of importance enough to claim the royal notice, and obtain royal grants. That the records of such favor were not forth-coming, at a future period,\* will not appear conclusive against their ever having existed, when we consider that Barnstaple was granted to Joel de Totness, to stop the craving of his Norman stomach, after the appetizing exercise of the conquest; and it is most likely that, as the arbitrary inclinations of the new lords would differ materially from the wishes and ways of the inhabitants, they who possessed the power might not be scrupulous in employing the means of stifling the testimony of any privilege that ran counter to their interests or views; added to which consideration we may remark, that the great functionaries of Barnstaple police and jurisdiction might not be such careful depositaries of Barnstaple privileges, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, as we are sure they are in these our own happy and well-regulated times.

We trust that enough has now been said to shew, first, that we know nothing about the matter of Athelstan and the Borough of Barum; secondly, that taking conjecture, likelihood and tradition into the question, we, and our readers, may believe, if we choose so to believe, that King Athelstan really did patronize Barnstaple; thirdly, that if he did not he ought to have done it; and (to pass over the intermediate fourteen deductions) eighteenthly and lastly, that we of the Cave department, North Devon Magazine, possess the power of amusing *ourselves* through several pages, even if we fail

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\* In the reign of Edward 3d, when an inquisition was held on a dispute between the Natives and the Lord of the Town.

in amusing our readers, a contingency which we hope will never be subject of conjecture, likelihood, or tradition; and which, in fact, we would not believe if the whole world were to swear to it.

As we promised to say something about the battle of Brunanburgh anon, we shall do so partly now, and partly in the number for May. The following is a translation of a poetical account of it found in two manuscripts of the Saxon Chronicle, in the British Museum, so literal, as to be almost abominable; but, perhaps, some of our poetical contributors will favor us with a spirited version:—

Here **ATHELSTAN**, *King*,  
 The **LORD** of *Earls*,  
 Rewarder of his followers \*  
 And also his brother  
 Edmund, the young Prince  
 Slew in battle,  
 With edges of swords,  
 Nobles of long descent,  
 Near Brunanburgh;  
 The surviving sons  
 Of Edward the elder,  
 Clove the shields,  
 And hewed the banners;  
 As was their noble nature,  
 From their mighty kin,  
 That oft in the field,  
 Against robbers on all sides,  
 Their lands and treasure,  
 And homes they defended.  
 Many fell  
 Of the Scots † people,  
 And from their fleet.  
 The field resounded !  
 The heroes waxed hot !  
 From morning tide,  
 And the sun's rising—  
 —The **GREATER LIGHT**  
 Rejoicing over earth,  
 The bright light of God,

Of the **ETERNAL LORD**—  
 Till that noble created thing  
 Sought his setting.  
 There lay many men  
 Of the Northern warriors,  
 Pierced with darts,  
 Shot over shields.  
 The West Saxons ‡ then  
 All the long day,  
 With a chosen troop,  
 To the last pressed  
 On the loathed people.  
 They hewed the fugitives of  
 the army,  
 The behind ones, fiercely  
 With swords sharpened at the  
 mill.  
 The Mercians wearied not  
 The hard hand to ply.  
 No safety for those  
 That, with Anlaf,  
 Over the turbid sea,  
 In the bosom of the ship,  
 Sought the land  
 For deadly fight.  
 Five lay  
 In that battle place,  
 Young kings,  
 By swords quieted :

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\* In many lines there is much difficulty; sometimes we differ from all former occasions, and sometimes yield to the meaning in the old Latin version of Henry of Huntingdon. † i.e. The Irish. ‡ The Men of Devon.

So also seven,  
 The earls of Anlaf,  
 And untold of the army  
 Of the fleet—and the Scots.  
 There was chased away  
 The lord of the Northmen,  
 Driven by necessity  
 To the voice of the wave,  
 With a small host,  
 With the crew of his ship.  
 The king of the fleet  
 Departed out on the yellow  
 , flood;  
 His life preserved.  
 So there also the routed one,  
 A fugitive, came  
 To his northern country;  
 Constantinus:  
 The hoarse din of Hilda  
 He needed not to vociferate  
 In the commerce of swords,  
 He was the fragment of his re-  
 lations;  
 Of his friends felled in the  
 folk-place,  
 Slain in the battle:  
 And his son he left  
 On the place of slaughter  
 With wounds beaten down.  
 Young in the conflict,  
 He could not guard  
 The lad with flaxen hair,  
 From the bill of death,  
 Tho' old in wit.  
 Nor more than Anlaf,  
 With the residue of their ar-  
 mies  
 Had need to exult,  
 That they for works of battle  
 Were better  
 In the place of combat,  
 In the prostration of the ban-  
 ners,  
 In the assembly of men,  
 In the exchange of weapons,  
 When they on the field of  
 slaughter  
 Against Edward's  
 Descendents played.  
 Departed from them, then  
 The Northmen,  
 In nailed ships,  
 The dreary relics of the darts,  
 On the stormy sea,  
 Over the deep water,  
 Sought Dyflin (Dublin?)  
 And their land,  
 Disgraced in mind.  
 So the brothers  
 Both together,  
 The king and the ætheling,  
 Their country sought,  
 The West-Saxon land.  
 The screamers of war  
 They left behind,  
 The raven to enjoy,  
 The dismal kite,  
 And the black raven  
 With horned beak;  
 And the hoarse toad;  
 The eagle, afterwards  
 To feast on the white flesh;  
 The greedy battle-hawk,  
 And the grey beast,  
 The wolf of the wold.  
 Nor had there been a greater  
 slaughter  
 In this island  
 Ever yet  
 Of people destroyed,  
 Before this  
 By the edges of swords,  
 (This is what the books tell  
 us  
 Of the old wise men)  
 Since from the East hither  
 The Angles and the Saxons  
 Came up  
 Over the broad waves,  
 And sought the Britons.



The illustrious war smiters! The earls excelling in honor!  
The Welsh, they overcame; And obtained the country. G.

### REMEDY FOR RESTIVE IRISHMEN ;

alias,

*A new and certain way to wash the Blackamore white ;*

alias,

### HOW TO CONVERT THE WHITE BOYS.

Being an extract of a letter written by a recruiting officer, lately arrived from Ireland, to a friend in London.

" I WAS then marched to W——, with 360 raw Irish recruits, and embarked for Bristol. I was a week on board a collier brig, of 140 tons burthen, unprovided with any accommodation whatever; the poor men, 170 in number, all stowed together in the hold on the bare boards, the officers not better off; and I can answer for it that out of that number, though the greater part were enlisted about the disturbed districts in Ireland, there was not one WHITE BOY after we landed from the collier."

### THE YOUNG BACHELOR.

Youth bears a magic sceptre in its hand,  
And doors and hearts unclose at its command;  
But whence the young man's privilege and bliss?  
Tis (tho' unasked) he never comes A MISS.

C. Q.

### EPIGRAM

*On a Doctor, who wrote a copy of verses to the memory of his  
dead patient.*

Apollo whispered listening Fame,  
" My pupil's skill rehearse,  
" The patient physic could not cure  
" Is gone to heaven—in verse!"

Q. C.

## SONNET, by MONTGOMERY,

*(Towards the end of the 16th Century.)*

**SVPRME** Essence, beginning, vnbegun,  
 Aye Trinall ane,—ane vndevidit three,  
 Eternall Worde, that victorie hes wun  
 Ouir Death, ouir Hell, triumphand on the Trie,  
 Foirknowledge, Wisdome, and All-scand Ee,  
 Jehovah, Alpha and Omega, All,  
 Lyke vnto none, for none lyke vnto thee,  
 Vnmufit, quha mufis the rounds about the Ball,  
 Container, vncontained; is, was, and sall—  
 Be sempiternall, mercifull, and just.  
 Creator vncreated, now I call.  
 Teich me thy trueth, since into thee I trust,  
 Increase, confirme, and kendill from aboue  
 My faith, my hope, but, by the leave, my loue.

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**FERDINAND!**

1.

**TYRANT! Traitor! Craven King!**  
**Priestcraft's champion! Priestcraft's slave!**  
**Hark! the cries that round thee ring!**  
**Scorn of all the good—the brave.**

2.

**Think of bloody Albuera,**  
**Think of Talavera's fight,**  
**The boasted prize was Freedom's Era,**  
**ENGLAND's guerdon was THY RIGHT.**

3.

**Oh how has it been requited!**  
**Lives and treasure vainly poured!**  
**Freedom's sun by monks benighted,—**  
**Superstition's reign restored.**

4.

Think on Saragoza's seige, then,  
 Lives laid down for thee to reign;  
 Think of all thy dying liege-men,  
 And their blood that flowed in vain.

5.

Think—and dream—and on thy waking  
 Still—if thou can'st—the conscience-ery;  
 Yet for deep—*such* deep heart-aching,  
 Thy only cure is now—to die.

6.

Tyrant! Traitor! Craven King!  
 Priestcraft's champion! Priestcraft's slave!  
 Hark! the cries that round thee ring!  
 Scorn of all the good—the brave.

J.

## EPIGRAM.

(*From the Spanish.*)

*Ahora es acabada mi locura!*

In Cadiz, laid upon the shelf,  
 It was King Ferdinand's delight,  
 From morn to eve, to fly his *Kite*,\*  
 Of various hue, red, blue, or white:  
 And now he is the *Kite himself*;  
 By Gallic hands released to soar,  
 Blood-red with Spanish gore!

H.

\* According to the daily papers this was the King's amusement, during the siege of Cadiz, in 1823.

## HORACE IN BRAUNTON.

ODE XXVI. BOOK I.

SWORN friend of the Muse from the depth of my soul,  
 To the wind and the wave I fling sorrows and fears;  
 I care not who kings it beside the chill pole,  
 Nor, a fugitive hide from the *Dey of Algiers*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 Sweet MUSE from thy loftiest haunt on the mountain,  
 To me once again, thy adorer, descend!  
 Thou, whose draught of delight is the pure flowing fountain,  
 Come, weave sunny-flowers in a wreath for my FRIEND.  
 O! mine without thine were a profitless song,  
 Since on thee and thy sisters devolve all the duties,  
 Of renewing the strain that HIS fame shall prolong,  
 And of hallowing our friendship with lyrical beauties!

## HORATII CARMINUM.

LIBER PRIMUS. ODE XXVI.

MUSEI amicus, tristitiam et metus  
 Tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
 Portare ventis; quis sub Arcto  
 Rex gelidae metuatur orae,  
 Quid Tiridatem terreat, unice  
 Securus. O quae fontibus integris  
 Gaudes, apricos necte flores,  
 Necte meo Lamiae coronam,  
 Pimplei dulcis. Nil sine te mei  
 Possunt honores. Hunc fidibus novis,  
 Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro  
 Teque, tuasque decet sorores.

<sup>\*</sup> It appears from the Papers (March 6th, 1824) that several of the Inhabitants of MALAGA have already been carried off prisoners, by the Piratical squadron of Algiers.

A New, True, and Impartial BALLAD of, and concerning the late Contested ELECTION for *Barnstaple*.

March 8th, 1824.

COME, let's have no reflection !

On Barnstaple Election,

Some they did

As they were bid

And took their friends' direction.

CHORUS.—Here's a health to him  
that won !

Here's a health to them  
that lost !

The man we sent

To Parliament,

And him whose love was  
crossed.

Some o'er honour's barrier leapt,

Some their promise duly kept ;

Some denied long,

Then, all side-long

Like a crab, to Polling crept.

Then a health, &c.

Some were slack, and some were ready,

Some were to their Patron steady ;

While some forgot

For whom to vote,

Losing head in ale too heady.

Then a health, &c.

Some lost recollection

Of any past protection ;

Some confessed

" They were distressed,

THEY had no predelection."

Then a health, &c.

" Just the same to me," said one,

" Whether I vote for Moon or Sun,

Or Star so bright,

My prime delight

Is in the fuss and fun."

Then a health, &c.

Some were madly cheering ;

Some unsteady steering,

Up and down

Old Barum town,

All Electioneering !

Then a health, &c.

Some were canvassing away,

Rusy, both by night and day ;

Some were idle

Bit and bridle

Lost, and wandering astray.

Then a health, &c.

One\* was keeping VOTES together,

Lest they slip their ticklish tether,

Prone to range,

And given to CHANGE.,

Just as fickle as the weather.

Then a health, &c.

Now just like a sunbeam smiling,

Then again one's hope beguiling,

Loud they rail,

A shower of hail,

Keen, and cutting, and reviling.

Then a health, &c.

Rude of speech, but right intending.

Tis the Mob of Devon blending,

Loud they shout

And make a rout,

In good humour ending.

Then a health, &c.

" Long live," they cry, " our worthy  
Mayor !

Who did the MAN ELECT declare ;

Sink all quarrels,

Bring us laurels,†

Hand the Captain‡ to the chair !"

Then a health, &c.

Shout, for BLUE-AND-YELLOW true !

Shout for pure, unmingled BLUE ;

And cheer the blink

Of the Banner pink,

That here so gaily flew !

Then a health, &c.

Then quickly pass the glass, or can,

First I give, OUR ABSENT MAN !

To NOLAN too,

I pledge 'ADIEU,'

And drink the ALDERMAN.

Then a health, &c.

Ye CANDIDATES who heard our call,

We humbly thank you, one and all,

And the Ladies gay,

The victor pray

To treat them with a Ball.

Then a health, &c.

T.

\* Stanbury.

† Quere, Barrels,

‡ Richardson.

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MORTEHOE, and SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY.

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Being Extracts of a Letter from a Tourist in North Devon,

TO HIS FRIEND

ROBERT EWEN ARCHER, Esq.

Barnstaple, July 16th, 1891.

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MY DEAR ARCHER,

FAMILIAR as I have been of late with all that can gratify an idle tourist, I daily regret your not being able to leave town and accompany me in my rambles over this part of Devon. I have punctually obeyed your injunction about keeping a *Descriptive Journal* of my tour; but if you could see what I have seen, my sketchy record would be thrown aside, as being but a poor substitute for the beautiful and interesting scenery I have on every side encountered in my progress. You were aware by my last, that I proposed making some stay at *Barnstaple*; and, with this pleasant borough for my head-quarters, I have detached myself in various directions, wherever a lion of any importance was to be seen for the looking at. You must wait till you get my journal, for a full and particular account of this town;—it will be sufficient to say, that *Barnstaple* is the metropolis of this district—the queen city\* of North Devon; though it must be allowed she ‘bears a rival very near the throne’ in the neighbouring pretensions of *Bideford*.

It may, perhaps, be invidious in a stranger to decide between them; but I prefer *Barnstaple*. The situation of the town is very beautiful, and offers a completer picture than is often to be met with in the casual association of materials for a landscape. It is singular too, that this fine picture is presented in various combinations on approaching it, by almost every road into the town.

I have made four sketches from different points of view; and must rely on their giving you a clearer idea of this object of my admiration, than any verbal description can possibly present.

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\* Quere? Whether King-city would not have been a better expression, considering that *Barnstaple* was Founded by king *Athelstan*? (No, *Athelstan* only paved and chartered it.)

Ed

Crabbe was quite right in the introduction to his '*borough.*'

Cities and towns, the various haunts of Men  
Require the pencil—they defy the pen.

There are other *agréments* about Barnstaple, which, desirable as they may be to the resident, or the tourist, cannot be very interesting to you. What, for instance, is it to you, that I should add, of this place, that it is by no means dull, as is the general fashion of country towns? Barnstaple, on the contrary, is a very sociable place, and I assure you I have not failed to profit by the civilities and society of its inhabitants, tendered me in the handsomest manner, and far beyond the expectations of so total a stranger. Believe me I have had plenty of relief from the solitary moments that are devoted to my wanderings and my pencil. If the '*indigenous pheasants*' (as the man in the play calls them) stared in dumb-struck astonishment at the solitary drafts-man busied at his morning sketch: the words of the poet have still been verified in my particular person,

He shall again be seen when evening comes,  
And social parties crowd the favorite Rooms.

What, however, is all this to you? it would seem, *my dear Archer*, that the art of letter-writing consisted in avoiding, as much as possible, the real subject of one's letters; my intention was to write you an account of a very different place to *Barnstaple* in every respect.

You must accompany me in my epistolary carriage to a place called *Mortehoe*, where, to say nothing of society, I cannot promise *you*, a fastidious Londoner, so much as a decent house to sit down in; but then, open your antiquarian eyes! there is a very interesting little church, containing, or said to contain, the Monument of Sir *William de Tracy*, one of the murders of *Thomas à Becket*. You remember, of course, our reading together the full account of that memorable transaction in Sharon Turner's *History of England*; and, I believe, we had just finished the reign of Henry the 2d, when this fine Summer weather tempted me away to be studying the book of nature, and broke off our long evening arguments about the character of the Archbishop, and how far King Henry's moral character was involved in the perpetration of the murder.

Who should have thought, that I should, so soon after, have been contemplating the tomb of the murderer? but here it is, for they say, (mind it is an *on dit*) they say, that *De Tracy*, after the bloody deed was perpetrated, came down

into the west of England, concealed himself in the wild obscurity of this district, and died, in penitence, at Wollacombe Tracy, a little hamlet about ~~two~~ miles from the church of Mortehoe, where he was finally buried. I say *finally* buried, for if you could but see what an out-of-the-way place *Morte* is, even at the present day, you would agree with me in supposing that *De Tracy* must have been buried alive during his retirement. If you could live in a stone house, sleep on a stone couch, sit on a stone chair, and dine off a stone table, on rabbits and shell-fish, *Morte* is the place; but if *not* you are much better off in White Lion Court; and yet, the poor, desolate *Mortehoe* will be no bad scrap for your antiquarian, folio. My excursion thither was made under every advantage: which fine weather and pleasant society, and a plentiful basket of provisions could confer. How this happened you shall hear. Soon after my arrival here, I found out your old schoolfellow, the ———. I delivered your letter. He is living very retired, in all the competency of *half-pay*, in nice lodgings at Braunton, a large irregular\* village, about half way between Barnstaple and Morte. I had a very polite reception upon the score of your old acquaintanceship, and found him quite up, as the phrase is, to the object of my researches. Being so far upon my way to the spot in question, he would, on no account, hear of my returning to Barnstaple; but as he could not leave Braunton, from some engagement on the day I called, he invited me to forget, for one night, the Golden Lion† (my *Lion-D'or-meuse*) and join a party he would arrange for the following day, to go and spend it at Barricane. This is the name of a little bay or cove, upon the sea-shore, a little below the village of Mortehoe, and the scene of frequent summer-day excursions, with such of the Braunton gentility as can dispense with a hot dinner—defy the sun—and put up with an occasional shower.

Accordingly the next morning, one as beautiful as ever roused man from his slumbers, called us to an early breakfast, and we departed in grand procession for Barricane. We were three of us on horseback, and three in (say not a word about it to the *Tilbury club*) in a *cart*, otherwise called a Braunton sociable. If your antiquarianship had been with us we would have fastened on a couple of scythes, and reconciled it to you as an ancient British war-chariot; call it, however, what we will, no other vehicle could have traversed

\* Here a word seems to be dropt out of the Manuscript, possibly the writer meant "irregular built."

† The Principal Inn at Barnstaple.



the road we were destined to pursue. On ascending the hill from Branton, we passed a very pretty modern-built house, called St. Branock's (the patron Saint of Branton); and a little further on, at a turn in the road, caught a fine view of Buckland House, and Branton Castle, or Fort, upon a lofty eminence beyond the house, said to have been once a Roman station. Buckland House is the hereditary residence of Major-General Webber, a gentleman not long since returned from active service in India.

Continuing the road which leads to Georgeham for some way up the hill, we met with nothing of particular interest in the shape of the picturesque (excepting a glance at Saunton, Down End, and a fine sea rolling in upon the Branton Burrows) till we came to your own estate, being, my dear Archer, a triangular piece of common, called *No-man's-land*. Here we deviated from the road, and entered a long wearisome lane, which brought us out by a gradual ascent, upon an elevated down; by the by, what Saxon blockhead was it who first called these lofty places *downs*? We found the road over the down much pleasanter, though there was little improvement in the prospect, till we passed a gate upon the common, and began to descend towards the sea-shore, when, all at once, the view becomes very grand, and savage enough in aspect for the taste of any ten *prospecticians* more romantic than myself.

And now, Archer, if you would know my 'whersabout,' you must look at the map of Devon; upon the northern coast of which you will discern an indenture designated as the Bay of Morte, Wollacombe, or Pickwell; for all three of these names are commonly applied to it, and I know not which the surveyor of your chart may have selected. This bay is in the form of an oblong crescent; and we descended to the beach about the centre of the curve, down a steep hill covered with fern, and abounding in rabbits, which your friend's spaniel routed in all directions. Just beyond this foreground, and a little below, is a broad, but pointed, conical elevation, called Potter's-hill; in appearance very like an ancient barrow; but rather too large to qualify the supposition of its being artificial: and beyond it lies a ridge of sand hills adjoining the beach:—landward again, in the bottom, are a few flat fields, upon the border of which, is the hamlet of Wollacombe Tracy:—and, farther in the distance, you perceive the northern boundary of the bay extending in a sort of irregular arc, and gradually diminishing, peak after

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\* What pestilent fellows these punsters are!

peak, towards the extremity (Morte point) which slopes abruptly into the sea. It was about half tide as we came in view of the point, and we could plainly discern a rock out at sea, a little way off the extremity of the land, over and around which, the waves eddied in horrible conflict. It is called Morte stone, and has been the grave of many an unfortunate vessel, unaware of the existence of such a sea-monster, or whose pilot miscalculated his drift-way and distance from the land. At the bottom of the descent we crossed a shallow hill-stream, which seemed to have much ado at this time of year in finding its way into the sea. Just where we crossed it, there grew an abundance of fine water-cresses; such as are brought as a luxury to you in London, from 30 and 40 miles down the great Western road. We now began to ascend again, passing close by the hamlet of Wollacombe Tracy, and soon reached BARRICANE. This latter is a small cove, with a beach of mingled shells and sand, environed by ledgy rocks. It is a pretty place enough for the purposes to which pleasuring parties have adapted it, but wants shelter from sun and shower; however, as you may imagine, no one frequents it except in very fine weather. In fact the whole aspect of this coast is savage and horrible in the extreme, and the only wonder is how *De Tracy*, with so much upon his conscience, managed to live there for twenty-three revolving years. Verily, Archer, if he had been so disposed, there are most tempting suicidal precipices, and Leucadian leaps in abundance. As most of our party had frequently been to Morte-hoe, and as the weather rendered it no luxury to climb the precipitous road that awaited our farther progress; your humble servant, and your Branton friend left the rest of the party behind to prepare the genial board (or rock) against our return.

From Barricane we then wound up a rugged parapet of rock, bordering on steep cliffs next the sea, and having on the land side several peaks of grey, splintery rock, in character and attitude absolutely verging on the sublime; at the end of this Alpine pass, a still steeper road conducted us into the village of Morte-hoe.

The village is built, seemingly, upon certain angular ribs or joints of the world, which protrude through the arable flesh, and its superincumbent green fat: the whole place has, indeed, a very barbarous aspect. On enquiring for the key of the church, we had to wait for some time for the return of the sexton's lady, from her agricultural pursuits, about half a mile, or so, from the place: pardon the pun suggested

by the savage appearance of the spot, when I assure you she was not *tulooing*, but *potatoing*. At length she made her appearance with the key of Morte church, and we were presently beside the soi-disant Monument of Sir *William de Tracy*.

The monument is situated about the centre of the southern aisle, or rather transept of the church. It is in length about eight feet, nearly four feet broad, and rises about two feet from the floor of the transept; the figure of it is therefore a long square, or parallelogram, lying across lengthways from West to East; but rather broader at one end than the other; the West end being the broadest; the northern side of it is occupied by some armorial bearings (consisting of three escutcheons:—one containing three *lions passant gardant*;—a second three *bends*;—and the third a *saltire*—and several plain little gothic arches in relief, enclosing, under each arch, the remains of a sculptured figure, seemingly intended to represent some female Saint. On the opposite, or south side, are several small gothic arches, also in bold relief, and in various patterns of gothic ornament. At the head, or western end of the tomb, is a defaced sculpture of Christ on the cross, between two other figures. The eastern end, or foot of the monument is now plain; perhaps it once had a sculpture which has been entirely defaced. On the top of all is a large oblong slab of grey stone, or marble, bordered on the western and southern sides by an inscription, supposed by your friend to be in Lombardic letters; but we had no alphabet to refer to for accuracy. Many of the letters are totally obliterated; but from the remainder, the reader may pretty plainly trace something about a *De Tracy*: antiquarians read it

“ SYRE WM. DE TRACY,  
“ MAY I FIND MERCY !”

The rest of the slab is covered with what I should call an *in-sculptured* outline (now rather indistinct) of the figure of a man robed, and bearing something in his hand, said to be a chalice, perhaps an hour glass may be as good a supposition. The transept in which the tomb is placed is very small, allowing little more room than enough to walk round the monument. It has a semicircularly arched roof, and is lighted by a small square window, with two divisions, each division arched also in a semicircular form.

Such, in plain terms, as nearly and accurately as I can describe it, is the celebrated monument in Morte church: and,

while in the presence of so venerable a relict, I was fain to presume that it really once contained the ashes of the murderer of Becket. I say *presumed*, because your friend afterwards informed me, that in spite of concurring circumstance and tradition, the fact of *Morte* being the burial-place of the *Sir William de Tracy in question*, has been much debated by modern antiquarians, who generally treat it as an idle rumour. That I may not, however, interrupt the chain of my narrative, I decline inserting their arguments here, but you will find them separately noted on a slip of paper,\* which accom-

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\* As it may better suit the convenience of our readers to have the question of the tomb more immediately laid before them, we prefer throwing the heads of this slip of paper and our friend's remarks into a note at the bottom of the page.

(EDITOR.)

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*Objections to the Monument at Morte being that of Sir William de Tracy, the murderer of Thomas à Becket.*

1. The figure on the monument is that of a priest, and not of a soldier.
2. The aisle of the church, and tomb, are not in a style of architecture so old as the reign of Henry 2d, but of the 14th Century.
3. The Sir Wm. de Tracy who killed Becket is said to have died at Cozenza, in Italy, about three years after the murder. (See Alban Butler's lives of the saints, where the authorities for this fact are quoted.)
4. It appears, from folio 170, Bishop Stapeldon's Register, that a clergyman, Wm. Tracy, died at Morthoe in the winter of 1322; and that the title of Sir or Syre (as on the tomb) was frequently given to the clergy, both before and after the reformation.
5. By an inquisition, ad quod damnum, in the first year of Edward 2d (1307) it appears that one Sir Wm. de Tracy assigned £3: 6s: 1d, and half an acre of land in Morthoe and West-down, for a chantry in Morte church.
6. In Prynne's Papal Usurpations is the following record. "King Edward 1st, Anno 25. Rogers de Mortho, et Ricardus de Sparkwyll, de Comit. Devon: recogn: et oblig: regi pro Wilhelmo de Tracy, persona ecclesie, de Morthoe. Exon Dioces.
7. When the late Dean Milles (says Badcock) saw the tomb and inscription, he at once pronounced the tradition groundless; and said it was not *rxz* Sir Wm. de Tracy, but a clergyman of that name, who had his title of *Syaz*, as a matter of course, inscribed upon his monument.

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OBSERVATIONS.

These objections are, at first sight, formidable enough; but, I would ask, how is it the TRADITION exists at all? for the EXISTENCE of such a tradition ought to have some WEIGHT. Historians in general have informed us, that, after the murder, the conspirators against the Archbishop fled for their lives, some into the north of England, and some into the west. The family of De Tracy were lords of Barnstaple, and had possessions in the neighbourhood; it was, therefore, probable that De Tracy should fly, for refuge, into the west of England. A chapel, dedicated to Thomas à Becket, was erected

panies this packet: for on our return to Braunton, it furnished food for much discourse, and we hunted your friend's little historical bookshelf, for some plausible ground on which conjecture might build an ample mansion in honor of Morte-hoe, and the fame of *the De Tracy*. You will peruse our information, and decide for yourself; perhaps your card of *entrée* to the British Museum will enable you to pursue the question still further into its dark and contradictory recesses, and eventually drag it out into the light of truth. H.

\* \* \* \* \*

*We omit the remaining extracts of our Tourist's Epistle, which contain little more than a continued account of his retreat from the Monumental solitude of Morte-hoe, to the festivities of*

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at the end of Barnstaple bridge, as if in expiation of the murder; or, at least, to conciliate the monks, who canonized the Archbishop, and took care to inform the public, that all his murderers died miserably, within three years after the crime was committed, which is not very probable, considering the king (Henry 2d) took no measures against them. Baker says, "They were pardoned by the Pope, but died three years after;" a sort of nonsequitur. Camden says, in his account of the Danmonii, page 41, "To a place not far off, named Mort, Sir Wm. de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas Becket, A. B. of Canterbury, retired 23 years after the fact; which refutes the vulgar chronicles, relating that all concerned in that murder dyed miserably within three years after."

Again, without supposing that Sir Wm. de Tracy doffed his regimentals for a garb of sack-cloth, or a robe of penitence, and so became sculptured as a monk upon his monument, which would accord well with the nature of the inscription, 'Sir Wm. de Tracy, may I find mercy,' it is to me a sufficient argument of his residence at Morte, that, his relations being powerful in the neighbourhood, Morte was a very likely place of refuge; affording besides, such opportunity of further flight into Lundy, Wales, or Ireland, where the king and the priesthood at that time possessed little or no authority. I imagine, therefore, the truth must lie between the extremes of the argument. That Sir William de Tracy really was buried at Morte-hoe, and that succeeding branches of his family have slept in peace, beside their enterprising, but sacriligious ancestor. I am, therefore, inclined to think we must leave Sir William de Tracy in full possession of his monumental immunities at Morte; and agree with the author of a little manuscript poem upon the subject, which your friend obligingly communicated for my perusal. I know you hate poetry, but will for once enjoy the following sly hit at our modern antiquarians.

They'll tell you, tho', 'tis not the same De Tracy  
Lies in the tomb, the knight that murdered Becket;  
And with a lengthened argument out face ye,  
Because a priestly form is seen to deck it;  
Of all such idle faith would they unlace ye;  
Morte struts in borrowed plumes, so bare they peck it.  
But tho' TRADITION much is given to fly sense,  
I'd rather take her word than that of LYSON'S.

*Barricane, where ample justice was done, it appears, to several real pies, cold fowls, and a highly flavored ham ; to say nothing of sundry copious libations of wine, ale, and porter, that were poured out to the Nereids of Barricane, and Wollacombe sands ;—after which the party were duly transferred again to their lodgings in \* \* \* \* St. Braunton.*

*Such 'further particulars' would not be, we imagine, very interesting to our readers generally ; and, indeed, the only use we proposed making of the letter which our London friend has so kindly permitted us to plunder, has been fully answered ; being simply that of laying before our readers a fuller account than has ever before been published concerning the traditional Monument of Sir William de Tracy ; and pointing out to those who may be curious in such old-fashioned matters, the pleasantest ride by which they may reach the object of their rescarches.*

(EDITOR.)

Modernized from the Original in Mortehoe Registry ;

(Signed)

SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY,

Morte, 1173.

Blow, blow, ye angry winter winds,

Roar on ye angry seas ;

Ye ministers whom nature binds

To work her stern decrees.

Your fury spent, the frightened shore

Is strewed with death and wreck no more ;

And winter winds, their anger wild,

Exchange for western breezes mild ;

The roaring waves the rock forsake,

And imitate the peaceful lake ;

And days of darkness, nights of fear,

Are chased by skies serenely clear ;

And nature doffs her angry mood,

And all is peaceful, gay, and good.

Not so the slaves of earthly power,

Tools of a tyrant's angry hour,

Agents of his felon thought,

That fears the deed it wishes wrought,

Yet profits by the crime ;

Their *havock-work* is dearly prized,  
 But *they* are scouted and despised,  
 Given o'er to punishment and shame,  
 To bear a monk-rid monarch's blame  
 To all succeeding time :  
 Nor thank'd, nor shielded—but pursued,  
 Thanks to a king's ingratitude,  
 By bigot zeal, and priestly hate—  
 Ye cheerless wilds that round me spread,  
 And guard your master's hunted head,  
 Bear witness to my fate—  
 Here, like the friendless stag at bay,  
 Of every venom'd fang the prey,  
 No peace is mine, no mild repose,  
 No evening calms the storm-day close,  
 But hope, and fame, and honor crost,  
 In never-ending storm are lost.  
 For ah ! 'tis not in man's controul  
 To still the tempest of the soul—  
 The dream by night, the dread by day,  
 And life in exile worn away,  
 Might well a MAN-ward sin atone ;  
 But lore that comes with lengthen'd time,  
 And THAT STILL VOICE, declare the crime  
 Not against MAN *alone*.

Ah ! could I change the hideous sight  
 That floats before my view at night ;  
 And in the day on sky or flood,  
 On mountain side or castle wall,  
 Shews still in characters of blood,  
 The unarmed church-man's fall.  
 I think if in that vision bright  
 The unarmed priest were changed for knight,  
 In warrior guise arrayed,

That lighter were my load of pain,  
 And slighter were the bloody stain  
 That dims De Tracy's blade.  
 But oh! the hopeless, fell remorse,  
 That weighs me down with endless force!  
 God's servant in His house to slay,  
 Whom vesper bells had called to pray!  
 Helpless—almost friendless *there*—  
 His neck out-stretch'd to meet the blow,  
 And *mine* the hand that laid him low—  
 The old man spreads his hands in prayer.  
 Another blow---and on his face,  
 Before his Saviour's cross he falls;  
 And on the source of heavenly grace,  
 With dying accent calls.  
 ONE LOOK—one word—his *parting breath*—  
 They will be with me till my death.

G.

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### TO A FAIR ASTRONOMER.

By woodland path reposing,  
 The violets have their birth,  
 And primroses, disclosing  
 A milky-way on earth.  
 Come to that path an hour yet,  
 Ere noon-day dim the show  
 Of tears, that on each flow'ret,  
 Enhance the starry glow:  
 O'er midnight meditations,  
 A thousand years, have shone  
 Far brighter constellations,  
 But, ~~THESE~~ *these* are all our own!

H.



## PERIODICALS.

These little things are great to little men.

FIVE years ago, certainly ten years ago, had any man predicated of the town of Barnstaple, that in the year 1824 it would have to boast of three periodical publications, amounting to eight sheets of letter-press or thereabouts, in the month, such predicating biped would have been classed, by the great Naturalists of the place among the *blank* fools of travellers. WE care not what becomes of the Medley, or the Miscellany, or even of ourselves. Thank heaven! Mrs. Bates, and the ingenious Mr. Sanders, carry on roaring and thumping trades, and we never can be at a loss what to do with the North Devon Magazine, Cave, Sibyl's Portfolio, and Critical Revolving Light; but we really think that the by-standing politicians who watch the straws that their heedless neighbours fling abroad, might draw a pleasing augury, if their ill temper would let them. A love for writing and reading, reciprocal endearments, even in our humble rank of life and literature (if it be not presumption in us to apply the word) tells of improvement in the general feelings of society. The worst Cave *we* have written, is better than gin-twist; the flattest Medley is more excellent than muddy beer; and the Miscellany is always superior to Granger's port. We do not wish to extend our criticism beyond the county, nor to compare (others may do it for us, we fear not) our provincial press with the Metropolitan; but we must say, that our London parcel is often *heavy*; and the number of *good things* more in proportion to the number of sheets printed in Barum, than exported from London; while, on the other hand——but let us remember that we have forsworn comparisons.

In the course of the last seven or eight years, three or four schemers have, at various times, planned a newspaper; but we do not think it will answer here for many a long day;—among many reasons for thinking so, we may just mention one, which is, that, whatever people may think, it is somewhat essential, that a *newspaper* should contain, pretty often, something *new*: and we consider that geography and navigation have both set themselves against Barnstaple in this particular. If private accounts of his Majesty's podagra, or his Christian Majesty's last perigord pie, or such a *new case*, as Sandy Ross issuing an *UKASE* for the benefit of English and Russian commerce, were to arrive, like a barrel of

oysters\* by Ashby's coach, on Saturday night, the news would no more keep than the oysters till the publication of the next Syle's Souvenir, or the Friday Courant.

It is high time for Barnstaple to come forward and rescue the character of periodicals:—London and Edinburgh are gone by—all the old ones are become mothery, flat, and sour, like stale ale; the new ones are going off in froth, like bottled small beer; there is no plain sense in them as there is in the Miscellany; there is no good nonsense in them as there is in the Cave; there are no sterling jokes in them (warranted copies from the antique) as there are in the Madley. Who is not tired of the rival Spanish ballad-mongers in Blackwood, and the London? If we thought ballads would amuse, there are none in any language so good as our own old English, and we shall think it a sign of improving taste, when we get a hint to select one or two. Allan Cunningham has kept up the London with some finely (though over) drawn tales; but one brain is not infinite, nor can one hand spin for ever. It is all down hill work with all of them; Knight's Quarterly began like a sky rocket, and to judge by the last number, is coming down like one; there was a tale even in their first number, that we dared not to have inserted in the N. D. M., nor *would* we if we dared. It is enough to say, that it was framed on the popular abusive story told in Hume's History of England, about Colonel Kirke, now known to be a slanderous falsehood; so that it had not even the unsubstantial merit of being "founded in fact," to atone for its abominable bad taste. There is another in the last Blackwood, about an old miser, his young wife, and a young man who helps her to murder him. Is this to be tolerated? are the eyes and ears of decency to be thus offended, and the mind to be stained by the admission of such ideas clothed in energetic, rather, say inflated language—description carried to the loathsome minuteness of Maturin, and Monk Lewis? ~~who~~ surely it is enough that we submit to have the STAGE made the vehicle of instruction to the gallery, by dramatising the Newgate Calendar, and the lives of highwaymen, in George Barnwell, Fatal Curiosity, School for Reform, Adelgitha, Bertram, &c.;—let us not, on any account, admit the contagion to our closets in the sheets of periodicals, which every woman and child must look upon as permitted ground. No, here we take our stand for our own

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\* C. Q.'s favorite fish; he loves them en coquille, or as sauce to his "fried sole," or other flat fish.

numbers. If there be in them *wit*, it is decent; *information*, it is admissible in every meaning; *imagination*, it is subdued; *sense*, it is unaffected; *nonsense*, it is innocent and laughable. On good humour, candour, and kindheartedness; on these three (speaking of course for ourselves) as in more serious moments on Faith, Hope, and Charity, we let go the sheet anchor of our pretensions.

*Evil be to him whose heart suggests the evil application.*

#### LUNDY ISLAND, and SIR LEWIS STUKELEY.

The reviewer of the Article on Lundy, in the second number, has omitted a little historical incident connected with the history of that Island, and the fortunes of the great Sir Walter Raleigh. In the year 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh, seeing the influence of his enemies at court, had contrived his escape into France, but was betrayed by Sir Lewis Stukely, vice-admiral of the coasts of Devon. The fate of traitors, however, finally awaited Sir Lewis. "Well did that faithless cunning knight, who betrayed Sir W. Raleigh in his intended escape, being come ashore, fall to that contemptible end, as to die a poor distracted beggar in the Isle of Lundy, having, for a bag of money, falsified his faith, confirmed by the tie of the holy sacrament; as also before the year came about, to be found clipping the same coin, in the king's own house at Whitehall, which he had received as a reward for his perfidiousness; for which, being condemned to be hanged, he was driven to sell himself to his shirt, to purchase his pardon of two knights."

HOWEL'S FAMILIAR LETTERS, p. 387.

#### IMPROMPTU,

*On a line or two in the London Gazette, of February 27th, 1824.*

"The name of the Hospital Assistant who resigned, as stated in the Gazette of the 21st instant, is Alexander Munkittrick, and not Munk Wick."

How often are we called to bless  
The freedom of the daily press;  
But then it deals in personalities,  
And has, no doubt, its own venalities;  
What shall debase it lower yet?  
See! Monkey-tricks in the Gazette.

*Since closing the article on Morte, a friend has very kindly obtained us a perusal of the Poem referred to by our North Devon Tourist; with permission to extract the following stanzas, eminently descriptive of the scenery about Morte, and sufficiently piquant on the tradition concerning De Tracy. It is only necessary to premise, that the author supposes the spectator to be present with him in a voyage at sea, in the course of which the vessel that conveys them is wafted, by a gentle breeze, into the bay of Morte.*

MORTE BAY—WOLLACOMBE TRACY—THOMAS A BECKET—  
THE BAY DESCRIBED—MORTE-STONE—DIGRESSION TO  
ROCKHAM BAY—PICKWELL HOUSE—BARRICANE—  
CROYDEHOE AND BAGGY.

\* \* \* \* \*

You sail into the moony bay of MORTE;  
Some call it Pickwell bay—tis not a point  
Of moment what's the name; some charts report  
It Wollacombe bay: when times were out of joint.  
It was De Tracy's refuge and resort  
From ire catholic, after he laid low  
Thomas à Becket, by a deadly blow.

A deadly blow—because he called him 'pimp!'  
Excuse the word—be history my excuse,  
So here in mantle, trimmed with silken gimp,  
Sometimes he wandered on the beach to muse;  
Sometimes he fished for lobster, prawn, or shrimp,  
Or rabbits shot, or culled the sea's refuse;  
In short, it is impossible to say  
What he might do to pass the time away.

Only consider what was on his mind,  
There was the weight of an archbishop killed;  
But as the king, with policy refined,  
Hinted that he would have his Becket milled,  
That is, well boxed, (or confined) I'm inclined  
To think De Tracy blood by order spilled;  
King Henry said he did not mean so much;—  
But some will take who're only told to touch.

The King affirmed that he had never bid  
 De 'Tracy and his comrades kill the bishop ;  
 But only, one day as his courtiers did  
 Old grievances benevolently fish up,  
 He simply muttered, "*Is their none will rid  
 Their king of this proud priest ?*"—they filled his wish up !  
 Men should be cautious, how and where they lay  
 Their orders down.—But I forget the *Bay*

Morte, Wollacombe, or Pickwell, by what name  
 Bright Bay ! may be thy personal address,  
 I fain would wake my harp to notes of flame,  
 Like Walter Scott, thy beauties to express ;  
 Thy sands, they are the very place to tame  
 My Pegasus upon, but such excess  
 Of lounging, stays the muse, and we shall never  
 Finish our voyage, but sail and sing for ever.

Deep is the bay, and sharp its northern horn,  
 With sudden slope, sinks down into the wave ;  
 A space beyond, at sea, by tempest worn,  
 Memorial of the mariner's deep-grave,  
 Uprears the *Stone of Morte*, its form forlorn :  
 Betimes, below its breast the billows rave,  
 Anon, the tide-swell o'er its back doth sweep,  
 So likening it to monster of the deep.

Landward the promontory climbs on high,  
 In many a precipice and lessening peak,  
 Behind whose ridge concealed, Morthoe doth lie—  
 Wan, wild, and comfortless, and cold, and bleak ;  
 Yet hath she won renown from history,  
 And thence her *tale* tradition loves to speak ;  
 For, in the trausept of her church, a tomb  
 Prisons De Tracy, till the day of doom.

Yet cold and comfortless as Morte may be,  
 When you have traversed her barbarian street,  
 You'll find a narrow Combe, that to the sea  
 Slopes beautiful with sward, for fairy meet,  
 To weave a moon-light dance :—then follow free  
 A path that leads you to the breakers'-beat  
 On Rockham's pebbly bay ; brave spot for those  
 Who love their time by ocean's verge to lose !

But ah ye ~~sea~~ ~~beaux~~ / ye wanderers fair!  
 While you ~~search~~ ~~bright~~ pebbles from the beach,  
 Or weed, or shell, take more especial care  
 To keep out of the waves returning reach.  
 The billow seldom stays to cry, "beware!"  
 But gives its blow before you hear its speech.  
 I saw a lady, once surprized, and rueful,  
 From wave that splashed both petticoat and shoe full.

Now the ~~retire~~ ~~with~~ ~~hate~~ Pickwell Bay,  
 And, while our shallop thro' the water moves,  
 The midland coast of the shores surveys.  
 Long is the line of ~~er~~ which the eye might rove;  
 Skyward a lofty ~~down~~, where ocean spreads  
 Is tossed ~~down~~ below, and rugged coasts,  
 Foe pitiless of bow that belted the suite  
 Of Pickwell married, gleaming far and bright, blue W

Below, the ~~warren~~ and the sand-hills red  
 Wavy with fern, and gay with golden turf;  
 There the grey rabbit sits with glancing eye,  
 And ears erect for every noise that stirs;  
 Then darts into its burrow, wild and shy,  
 At vain alarm from yelp of distant cur,  
 Or faint report of gun from Putters Hill,  
 Where time, at least, the man of sport may kill.

Broad is the beach; and on its long extent,  
 With murmuring voice, the summer waves are flowing;  
 Gently they fall, one after one—o'er-spent—  
 The sands a welcome give, and bosom glowing;  
 So warm from heaven the noon-day beam's descent,  
 On shady cover ~~a~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~blond~~ bestowing;

And some have not been beautiful in vain.  
 Witness, the pleasure-haunted Barricans!

Nymphs of the shelly beach and Wedgy path;  
 Mermaids of Barinane! too swift for

Our coils, our tentacles have received a shock

From pleasure's spell, and laughing here

At our own beauty, only with you lock,

To those who undervalue waves for beer?

Who talk of rocks and sands in rapture's tone,

Then bolt veal-pie, or pick their chicken bone.

And yet, perhaps, 'tis better you should wink  
 At such discrepancies, and human failings;  
 For men, and women too, must eat and drink,  
 They are not stocks, or stones, or posts, or railings;  
 Whatever novelists may write for chink,  
 As if this life were bought but smiles and wailings:  
 But I digress on man's too sensual mouth,  
 When I should paint *Morte Bay* unto the south.

For, far away, where beach and sand-hills end,  
 The southern barrier of the bay to keep,  
 With cliffs, that to the wave at once descend,  
 Juts out Croyde-hoe into the western deep;  
 A scarcely broken wall the rocks extend  
 Until their range is closed o'er Baggy-leap;  
 So that the bay, if seen from a balloon,  
 Would yield some semblance to the crescent moon.

Mind me!—that's not a simile, *de verve*,  
 Which closer observation may eclipse;  
 I say the Bay of Morte, you will observe,  
 Is like that friend of tides, and stranded ships;  
 A crescent moon, the Rickwell beach its curve,  
 With Morte and Baggy, to supply the tips;  
 But hark! the gale is up; the billows heave,  
 And far astern its deep recess we leave.

# CALENDAR.

April 19th. *Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury*, was descended from a noble Saxon family. Previously to his elevation to the Archiepiscopate, he had been, successively, Abbot of Bath, and Bishop of Winchester. In the year 1012, the Danes, being disappointed of a certain tribute which they claimed as their due, attacked and burnt Canterbury, killed nine-tenths of its inhabitants, and carried the Archbishop to Greenwich, where, after seven months' imprisonment, they

\* *Verve*, caprice, fancy. As, very like a whale—yes, and a weazle—yes—very like a mole.

stoned him to death. Not long after, he was canonized for a saint and martyr.

23d. *St. George, Martyr.* The history of this saint, who has been termed "The patron Saint of England," is involved in the profoundest obscurity. Some writers identify him with an Arian Bishop, in the reigns of Constantius and Julian, who is said to have expiated, by martyrdom, a life of error and cruelty; while others assert him to have been a native of Cappadocia, and an officer of rank in the army of Dioclesian; and who, professing christianity, suffered martyrdom, A.D. 290. The cause of his being considered the patron Saint of England is said to be his having miraculously appeared at the head of a numerous army, clothed in white, with a red cross for their banner, and putting the Saracens to flight at the celebrated siege of Antioch, during the first crusade in Palestine. St. George is the tutelar saint of various military orders, of which the British Order of the Garter is most distinguished for its antiquity, and the nobility of its knights companions.

May 3d. *Invention of the Cross.* The third day of May is celebrated by the Romish church, as a feast, to commemorate the *invention*, or finding (from *invenio*, I find) of the cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified. It is said that on this day Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, found the *true cross*, deeply buried in the ground, on Calvary. Three crosses, indeed, were discovered; but the genuine one was distinguished from those of the thieves, by its restoring a dead person to life. The custody of the cross was committed to the bishop of Jerusalem; every Easter Sunday it was exposed to view, and pilgrims, of all countries, were indulged with little pieces of it, incased in gold or gems. What was most astonishing, the sacred wood possessed a secret power of vegetation, for it never appeared to be lessened, although it was perpetually diminished!

6th. *St. John Evang. ante Port. Lat.* On this day the ancient Christian church celebrated the miraculous deliverance of the Apostle and Evangelist John, from a cauldron of boiling oil, into which he had been thrown, at Rome, by order of Domitian, and from which he came forth unhurt. This transaction happening before, or near, the *Porta Latina*, one of the gates of the city, gave name to the festival.



## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF

## Rook-shooting.

*Preparatory to the month of May.**Good for the lady to the Sagittarius.**A fool's bolt is soon shot.**Hit or miss.**MODERN FABLE.**The rook builds his nest in the pie.**The rook builds his nest for the pie.*

There is something altogether barbarous and hateful in this kind of sport—the mode also in which it is practised renders it still more so. A number of persons ask leave of your Honor to come a rook-shooting in your Honor's wood:—leave given, they assemble with a number of indifferent firelocks, and, perhaps, a captain of a double-barrel, under the branches of a few low fir-trees, which the prevailing winds have stunted in their growth. Thus the weapon and the birds literally become near neighbours, and very bad ones too—until the discharge puts an end to their momentary acquaintanceship.

The rook, therefore, has little or no chance; his enemy may fire at him from close under the tree, or obliquely, from a convenient distance; or take advantage of any rising ground.

The spray on which he perches might probably divert a broad arrow from its aim, and afford him time to retire into his exalted castle; but what shall escape a good pipe-full of shot, and then the bird that has escaped death upon the branch, is liable to be killed upon the wing.

All this affords no amusement to the rook, and very little to the sportsman. The thing altogether is got up in very bad taste (whatever the pies may be afterwards) and too much resembles the celebrated butchery of the Mamelukes, by Djézzar Pashaw.

Let me tell you how these things are managed in another part of England—in Essex, and the neighbouring counties to the north-east of London. There the season of rook-shoot-

\* In North Devon.

ing is a real season of amusement; little inferior in attraction, and superior in sociality to the beginning of September. But then the gun was not in spring fashion; you had not the opportunity and circumstance of pleasant sport without the noise and smoke. The cross and pellet-bow were your only weapons, and had the advantage of preserving, or renewing, dear old historical recollections, since they were weapons borrowed from the offensive armory of a nation often vanquished by the expert long-bow of our ancestry.

I have said it was a social time—the season of rock-shooting. It was, indeed, a sort of holiday time with the younger branches of the Landed Interest; and such of their refined London cousins as might condescend a visit at the particular period. The youths and maidens were as gregarious as the rocks themselves. In fact, I believe the gathering together of the feathered bipeds was merely a signal of prelude for the assembly of those who (barring their bonnets) were otherwise devoid of proper plumage. It might be pleasant to dangle a cross-bow over your shoulder to the field allotted for the sport, and to bring down your bird with dexterity; but it was pleasanter so far, to deprecate the reproach which was afterwards vented from two beautiful lips, upon your barbarous amusement, and to argue that there were other sports and sports quite as destructive to the peace of individuals and families, as those you had just shot up at the inhabitants of the venerable oak.

To furnish you with a better idea upon the subject, you must understand, that at the time I was conversant with the sport in question, I was residing at a house in the county of Devonshire. It was an old-fashioned building, somewhat in the form of a letter H, situated centrally at the upper end of a large square, which was moated all round.

On approaching this residence from the road, you passed through a large front court, and over a bridge of two stones, into a smaller court formed by two of the extremities of the letter referred to, and the inside line of the moat. The cross-bar of the letter was occupied by a kitchen and entrance-hall; with a hall-door exactly opposite the front, and opening upon the garden behind the house. This garden was bounded on all sides by the moat, and beyond it were fields of various dimensions upon every side. These fields it was evident, had once been a wood, if not a forest; for, besides several imperfect avenues, consisting of oaks, ash, and yew, the trees were here and there the remains of its original wood to guide you.

But in a meadow, at the foot of the garden, were some noble oaks, whose branches in particular were annually occupied by a sable feathered colony.

These birds, moreover, finding themselves duly respected in their efforts at edification, now and then extended their dependencies, even to certain lofty firs, which were ingeniously planted at each corner of the garden before mentioned, and were, perhaps, intended as *points d'appui* for the eye, by some former proprietor, who indulged a fear, lest the appearance of the place might not be sufficiently square and formal.

These avenues and detached trees, afforded you may conceive, ample harbour for such birds as were loftily possessed with *la folie de bâtir*. Rooks, jackdaws, magpies, and wood-pigeons, were plentiful; and besides these, the wood was famous all the country round, for the melody of its nightingales.

Such, during the season of rook-shooting, was one of our theatres of war, and this was the mode of conducting it; invitations were issued for a certain expected fine afternoon; and, in due course, the party assembled at the wood. The gentlemen armed with cross-bows, bird-bolts, and bullets; and the Dulcineas of the vicinity with far more fatal weapons, of the possession of which some were really ignorant; and many more ostensibly conscious, *mais n'importe*.

While the rooks cawed, Cupid was awed; in other words, upon the principle, I suppose, of reserving the *bonne bouche* for the last, the rooks were first attended to.

If the reader cannot handle a cross-bow, he can, at least, follow to the field, whither we must now repair to look at the sport; for the sportsmen, as you see, are already assembled in the meadow; some of them immediately under, and others at a little distance from the trees; and you may at once measure the proficiency and ambition of every one, besides the quality of their several weapons.

The uncertain arrow, the damaged bow, and the limited power of using them to advantage, have determined the station of many under the lowlier branches of the wood; and many a jeering exclamation is poured out upon the clumsy Bowman who has so repeatedly failed in striking the object that is so closely presented to his aim; but step this way and we shall have better amusement. Look up into that lofty oak and you may observe a pretty sprinkling of black game

perched upon almost every bough, and evidently unconscious of their approaching fall; for the noise and uproar that rises from the meadow below, though it has alarmed the elders of the colony, has not yet begun to startle the stupidity of the young rooks. There is one of them in particular, near the top of the tree, balancing upon a spray, in the primal gloss of his youthful sables, and apparently fearful only of wandering too far from the strong hold of his birth. This is the last of his afternoons for sleeking his plumage, in the sun. The archer has already marked him for a most beautiful shot—drawn up the bow-string to its revolving catch—laid the fatal bolt in the groove of the stock, and taken his station for the work of death.

You see him now not far from the root of the oak tree, looking up into its boughs to detect an opening through which his bolt may ascend, unimpeded, to the mark. The bow is now raised perpendicularly upon his shoulder—his aim taken, and there is a cry to the bye-standers to look out for the direction of the arrow, lest it should be lost. Then in a moment as the trigger is touched, the bolt leaps with a dull whirr from its resting place, and, chucking the young rook under the chin, tumbles him headlong from his high estate, to fall from branch to branch, with a dying flutter and a dead weight at the very feet of the sportsman! Immediately there is a shout of applause, mingled with a cry of 'HEADS!' for the arrow is coming down almost as straight as it went up, drops in the meadow just beyond the widest bough of the oak, and is picked up and returned to the owner.

This, however, is not the case with such of our archers as have been less cautious and provident of their missiles; for many a bolt has erred from its object, or glancing from a bough above the mark it had struck, has passed into the air obliquely, to fall at last in the almost unsearchable underwood of the neighbouring grove; a few also are left sticking on the cross branches of the oak tree; and half-a-dozen others are irrecoverably buried in the mud of the garden-moat.

Such is the amusing process of rook-shooting with the cross-bow and bolt, and it is much the same with the pellet-bow, the only difference being this, that a small bullet is substituted for the blunt arrow, or bolt, and that the sportsman takes his aim in a slanting direction, at any convenient distance from the tree. I may add by the way, that the former weapon is the best on all accounts; for, although the aim is almost infallible with the pellet-bow, because the sportsman

has a double direction of sight to guide him, yet the bolt, or blunt arrow, is more certain to kill the rook outright, and put an end to his misery.

All farther variety in the sport can only arise from the particular position of the birds upon the tree, and the skill or ineptness of the marksman. If the company be tolerable shots, they will soon thin the rookery of ten or fifteen dozen of rooks, which are mostly given away to servants, or dependants; for the men of the East have not that exquisite receipt for rook-pot, which the men of the West are given to manufacture, and of which scalded cream is so vital an ingredient.

And now having told you all about the sport out of doors, shall I re-arse to you our indoor amusement? shall I describe to you the pleasures of the tea-party, or enlarge upon the creamy richness of the milk-syllabub, in our best china bowl; or ask you to share in the joviality of the supper-table, or to escort one or more of the ladies home by moon-light? For we in the East honored the directions of Othello, and never omitted sending for the ladies to the Sagittary.

Yet, nevertheless, it would be useless for me to expatiate upon the profusion of roses and lilies, blondes and brunettes, and blue and amber heads (both fat and transparent) that civilized by their amiable presence, the barbarous amusement, and professed purpose of our Parties-to-shoot-rooks. Neither shall I stop to pick you up all those arrowy glances that fell short of their mark, or were blunted by insensibility, and were, I suppose, restored to their proper and beautiful owners; still less do I feel myself qualified to pluck out for your amusement, any of those barbed arrows that struck and stuck fast in the hearts of the intended victims. All these curious particulars are included in your fashions of the West, and are more interesting in practice, than description. Besides which, I am no poet of the melting mood, to dangle the lyre of amatory feeling; but betake me to sentiments that are made up of sterner stuff. — Listen, in conclusion, to a political character of *The Rook*.

Little birds may carry little tales, and be conversant in the mere bagatelles of ordinary intercourse and social order; but the rook, graver in his ideas and habiliments, is given to a more exalted system of news-mongery.

He resembles the greatest politicians in many eminent respects, in the ordinary routine of his occupations, and the ups-and-downs of his fate.

The rook, for instance, likes high-living, and builds his

castles in the air, so do the politicians; he wears black, and so he generally looks; thus do politicians, very often, especially those that are out of place. He builds his nest as strong as he can, and feathers it as warmly as possible; he endeavours to establish his little family to the best advantage looks very sharp to his own interest, picking up carefully all the crumbs in his way, fleeces and flies at others, flatters himself and his friends upon his aerial security, concludes, as a matter of course, that sheep's backs were made for him alone; that he has wings, and the worm has not, simply that it should not be able to escape his beak. He is very nervous, and dislikes, and dreads, any pistol, bow, or fowling-piece that comes too near him; but has no objection to see every other bird shot upon the face of the earth. He is very stupid, silly, and unguarded in his youth, leaving his home without proper caution, and is pleased with the vibration of a spray; but he is very curious, cunning, and cautious in his old age, and smells powder twenty miles off, and all this are, and do politicians. He is a Lord-keeper, for he keeps all he can get; but then, like Lord-keepers and other politicians of all classes, he now and then has traps set for him, and very often gets more than he likes. For instance, he gets his neck wrung, or his head chopped off, or a bullet through his body, or a limb dislocated, or his feathers plucked and scattered down the wind, perhaps the worst evil of all that can befall him! and now and then, when dead, he gets nailed for a scarecrow against a barn wall; by the side of his fellow politician, the Bar. Witness the great stall of Historical Record which reaches from Babylon to Barmy!! (1)

Dear Sonny, Bunny & Dave.

LE BEAU DESCONNU IN THE DUMPS.

**Enter diesen Brauchere:**

LEB'D. Ha, ha, my old boy ! what, safe back ! not old  
Beau in his Dry Den, for you see, my dear fellow, bad ma-  
nagement, bad look out—there are cracks in the casements,  
slits in the ceiling, rents in the roof—ah ! my fine fellow, I  
lost my bower anchor when you went to Oystermouth—why,  
man, I was a host in myself while you were near me, but no  
sooner were you gone, than, man alive ! I was howled at by  
every mousing owl in the parish—aye ! and in the next three  
parishes.

D. B. When the cat's away you know—

B. D. Yes, I know that very well, but that's no comfort. I have led the life of a toad under a harrow, since the first number came out.

D. B. I told you it was a foolish scheme at best.

B. D. Do you mean that for comfort? If you *meant* what you said, it was the first prudent thing you ever said; and if it had been said to *you*, you wouldn't have minded it any more than I did.

D. B. I did? yes, I'd have eye'd it, quizzed it, and so forth.

B. D. I'll tell you what, Beauclerc, I borrowed the Cave Frown, but more fool I! the name was the first thing found fault with.

D. B. But not the last, I'll engage.

B. D. Come come old Beau, don't make yourself disagreeable—did I ever do so when *you* were landlord of Beau Sejour, and I your guest?

D. B. How *can* you call pleasantry disagreeable?

B. D. I'll change your note for you; your reputation is gone with your occupation, or to look after it, I don't know which; your introductory letter is not believed, and every bit of dullness in the Cave is laid to you.

D. B. Better to me than to you, young Beau; *you* couldn't stand it—I can.

B. D. Then my associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame—as Rolla has it—

D. B. What Rolla? the prince of Newfoundland?

B. D. NO! pho, stuff—not but I've a good enough story about that too, bye and bye, after supper; but really those fellows—there's B. that you praised to the skies—not a line; I suppose his wits are on half-pay as well as his purse.

D. B. He engaged for love and war, did he not?

B. D. Yes, *sure*; and how do you think we can get on without 'em? young ladies don't care for Horace in Braunton, unless we were to manage the selection better; I had some hopes of Ovid in Saunton, to match, but *he* says he always understood that "L' Euvoy" was the last thing expected of a writer, and so he began with it to save trouble.

D. B. Come, that's not bad, I wish I had said it myself; but as far as writing is concerned, you know its neither here nor there, and if *I* were *you* I'd insist upon it.

B. D. Insist! my good fellow, contributors are particular about your vocabulary; you may as well try to hurry a printer as to *insist* upon any thing with a contributor. I did

but drop a hint to my Paris tourist not to be *lengthy*, and see how short the 'pressmen above' have cut him this month; I expect he'll be in a fine taking, and I shall be blamed instead of them.

D. B. Better to be blamed for their faults than your own, you know.

B. D. I'll trouble you for longer sentences, just to recover my breath.

D. B. Well then, to expand: Don't you find it hard work to furnish *copy to fit* in so confined a work? are the printer's devils expert at trimming and dovetailing? don't you find postage expensive? how do you measure your page and your prose?

B. D. There again! when I go expecting a proof, all is at a stand; and though I have copy enough for three sheets in my pocket, if I don't happen to have articles of all shapes and sizes, oh we can't get on, sir, for want of copy.

D. B. Why not try a blank page now and then? it might be very effective.

B. D. Not to enquire whether that's a joke or a sneer, I've had enough of blanks already; that blank in the first number dammed up the current of my riddle-writer's fancy.

D. B. No great loss, to judge from the sample. A'm riddles beneath you?

B. D. A'm riddles *above* you? that you ask such a question. What would the girls do at Christmas without the riddles in the new pocket books? and they like a little of it all the year round. See who will answer my prize Anagram, in this number.

D. B. Not I, for one. But don't you think it time for the tray? I was plaguy sea-sick in the Swansea Packet, and my walk from Ilfracombe has settled my stomach, and given me an appetite.

B. D. —and you're a nasty fellow to talk of sea-sickness, so hear the *Cave*.

*Enter the Tray, pork chops en tortye, sauce Probart. Anguilles à la Tartare, and cold round of Ox Beef salted, and cured.*

(Conversation at and after Supper in No. 5.)

### CHARADE.

*Ma premiere partie n'est jamais mauvaise;*

*Ma seconde n'est jamais malpropre*

*Et mon tout est souvent l'un et l'autre.*

C.



has a journal of his journey, and you of his journey, and  
 A TRIP TO SWITZERLAND.

Written on being offered the benefit of  
 a journey by a contributor, who is about  
 to undertake the tour of that country.

Will he go to Switzerland?  
 Of the tripping Tourist  
 Far on foreign bits o' land  
 Will he homely shoe rest  
 Far on foreign bits o' land  
 Of the tripping Tourist  
 Will he go to Switzerland?

Will he pass the grand Simplon,  
 St Bernard, or St Gothard,  
 Mountains where Napoleon  
 Once was nearly battered?

Will he have a moonlight launch,  
 From Geneva making  
 Will he list the Avalanche  
 From the Glacier breaking?

Will he, like the great Saussure,  
 Venture on subliming  
 With a guide, and pole so sure,  
 To the Glaciers climbing?

Will he on the tall Mont-Blanc  
 Many a freezing jest cut;  
 And o'er the mount of lofty rank,  
 That wears so white a waistcoat?

Will he dizzy and distract,  
 On all-fours crawling,  
 Peep upon the cataract,  
 In liquid thunder falling

Will he wandering in the valleys,  
 Learn a fast and tight  
 On his return, at eve, to tell his  
 Cattle from the marsh?

Philosophical to dare  
 Pilgrim will he journey  
 To the relics of Voltaire,  
 In his house at Ferney?

Will he, recollection rich,  
 View the house of Gibbon  
 Or front the glass in front of which  
 Corinna sat her maid on?

For Clarendon will he go to Rousseau  
 To question Chateaubriand  
 If Angers may on a map be placed  
 Confabulate, or no?

Will he, charmed by freedom's spell,  
 Worship her at Orin  
 Where the cunning archer Tell  
 Balked a tyrant's fury?

Will he, on the day of leaving,  
 Ere he cross the Bernese pond,  
 (The crime of absence half remedying)  
 Promise true to correspond?

And paint for us on letter-page  
 While he's on no graphy  
 The people met at every stage,  
 Their manners, customs, traffic all

Then, far on foreign bits o' land  
 Let his homely shoe rest  
 Our pleasant guide to Switzerland,  
 Our most obliging Tourist!

Corinna, Madame de Stael.

+ I shall not ask Rousseau

If dogs confabulate or no—COWPER.

It was one of the speculations of the  
 fanciful philosopher Rousseau, that chil-  
 dren ought not to be allowed to read fa-  
 bles in which the words are conveyed by  
 the mouth of animals that cannot really  
 speak any human language.

\* See history of the Campaign of  
 1800.

### External Refocusing Light

**ABDALLAH, an Oriental Poem, with other Pieces. By**

**HORACE GWYNNE.**

We have great pleasure in being able to make so early a call on the attention of the public, to a volume of such promise and performance as *Abdullah*. We owe this power to the taste and judgment of a young and distant friend, who little thought that in sending out to us the fruits of a new and brilliant star in our poetical hemisphere, he was furnishing a subject for our reviewing department. Were we to delay for another month, some other critic might step in and deprive us of the credit of being the first to notice a young bard, great in merit now, and greater in promise for hereafter.

It is a standing rule, with us, not to dull the edge of appetite by giving a minute detail of the plot or marks of imagination, when the works are really good. We shall, therefore, only state in general terms, that the scene of Abdallah is laid in Arabia, and that we give full credit to the author's statement in the preface (dated about a month ago) that his fondness for the Arabian Nights, and the histories of the Saracens, led to his choice of readers and subject. Halfway critics who are always more willing to censure than to praise, will be ready to hint at the force and nature of the book; but our reading is pretty extensive, and we are sincerely, that there are no traces of imitation, or mannerism, about this writer. The following extracts are given not as favorable specimens, by any means, but as involving nothing of the story. The time is supposed to be during Mahomet's early career as a Prophet:—

TO THE MORNING STAR.

\* We object to Orientalism in our Eastern literature, as much as to both : unless, indeed, the author will promise ~~us~~ <sup>to pay for</sup> the copies we shall send to our friends in Calcutta, and Ceylon ; it will then become an Occidental Tale.

+ Having mentioned the words "lost" and "underground," we feel reminded of our great lack of the latter in buying such an article as the present into the number for this month. We have, living by the many "finds" and observations which we purposed to weave into an extended form of the small and defects of the modern schools of poetry, and no better opportunity could have offered than the publication of this volume; but, like the *Book of the Dead*, it is too late now.

Reclined, his head supported on his hand,  
In meditative mood,—the ebbing sand  
Stealing through crystal, that the lapse of time  
Silently told beside the page sublime,—  
The Prophet sate, but when his holy eye  
Descried his guests, he rose, and moving sigh  
To where they stood,—

—he stretched his sacred hand,  
And blessed them in the name of God.

“Sit,” he said,  
“Mohammed’s simple house hath ever been  
The stranger’s resting place. I have not seen  
A face so like, this many a year, to one  
Who was my friend: His brilliant eyes, too, shone  
With such a fire as strikes thy features bright,  
But much I fear my death hath quenched their light.  
He dwelt at Tayef. In the days gone by,—  
And as the Prophet spoke, a heart-drawn sigh  
Heaved in his breast,—“my days of ignorance,  
I brake bread with him; and should any chance,  
Or, rather God’s best providence, ordain  
In mercy that we are might meet again,  
Though now of differing faiths, that day should be  
A day of happy jubilee to me.”

Onar sat near them: fierce and brave,  
And firm and faithful to his lord;  
The Kewan’s boldest, blindest slayer,  
With ready arm and reeking sword.  
In his worst days the Prophet found,  
When foes and snares entwined him round;  
When fortunes sun-burned weak and faint;  
A reckless, fearless friend in him.  
Next to his God the Prophet dwelt  
Enshrined within his burning soul;  
And when to heaven the warrior knelt,  
Mingling with every hope he felt  
The prophet’s image.—

Of the Miscellaneous Pieces at the end of the volume we  
offer the following specimen:—

#### TO THE MORNING STAR.

While all, as yet, is hushed and still,  
I see thee rising o’er the hill,  
Along the cool and quiet sky  
To meet the fierce Orion’s eye.  
Let others greet the Star of Eve  
Twinkling above the ocean wave,  
And shedding light on lovers’ feet;  
Delighting, north his ray to meet.

To me, thou sober watcher, thou  
 Dost shed a holier lustre now,  
 While all alone well pleased I tread  
 The deep grey, dew-besprinkled mead.  
 The little nations of the wood  
 Sleep fast, despite this tumbling flood.  
 Rolling his restless waters by,  
 No lark as yet hath pierced the sky.  
 Bright star! what lovely peace around,  
 Through heaven and earth, and sea is found  
 Beneath thy beam; nor shining day,  
 Nor night beginning! ever sway  
 Our souls so placidly, to give  
 So full, what makes it bliss to live.  
 How due the pious Grecian\* stole  
 To feel thy influence on his soul,  
 From early couch, and woud his way  
 Along the cool Munychian bay!  
 Thus, too, be mine the freshening breeze  
 Soft wafted from the curling seas—  
 Be mine the sound of dripping oar,  
 And boat's wake rippling from the shore,  
 And slender billow breaking in  
 Some distant CAVE with murmuring din,  
 And venturous sea-man screaming far,  
 Beneath the cold bright Morning star.

The reader must not misunderstand us so far as to think that we are holding up this volume as a specimen of perfection. We could find many little faults—in the use of epithets for instance; of auxiliary verbs, tho' rarely, and so on; but this is not what we delight in: besides, this is the fault of the age; the *nonum prematur in annum* of Horace is quite out of fashion; and modern bards are content to have a speck here and there on the bright surface of their repûte; but *they* are so content, because their *readers* are so content. Nor is this taste confined to poetry: many amateurs, and connoisseurs too, preferring a bold and masterly sketch, to the subdued tone of a more finished painting. Of such faults the bard we have now introduced to our North Devon friends, is less guilty than most of the poets of the present time; and the day is fast approaching, when his volumes will range on the shelf with the works of Scott, and Byron; nay, we know not what place in our library we may not be willing to give up to him, if he will hold those two eminent authors as landmarks to steer by; as Critical Lights to guide him in the precarious shoals of the one's careless profusion,

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See Plate's Dictionary.

and among the sunken rocks in the sea-depths of the other's wild and ill-regulated imagination.

For this brief and imperfect notice of what we praise so highly, our apology, in addition to what we have said before, must be that we only received the book yesterday, and are hopeless of dinner to-day, unless these sheets be in the hands of the printer.

We had almost forgotten to mention, that Horace Gwynne is not the author's name. This is pardonable, but somewhat "redolent of youth." We don't like to be Barry Cornwall'd out of our opinions. We say to our Neophyte, "awake from such trifling—leave all meaner things to low ambition," and put your *own* name in the title-page of the second edition of *Abdallah*.

## Sibyl's Portfolio.

### TO THE EDITOR.

Joy to the Hundred! joy to thee—all hail!  
 We clasp our hands, we wave our beaver hats;  
 Thou butter-boat for many a classic whale,  
 Thou frying-pan for editorial sprats.  
 Such work in prose and verse beyond all measure,  
 Must harmonize with every Birkow's roar,  
 With squall of cat, piano, grief, or pleasure,  
 That thrills the martinet when he comes on shore.  
 Art little known—and dost thou so far deign  
 Our taste to guide, our literature to dull  
 And put the wreath of eloquence on  
 And wine it with the sea-weed round thy skull,  
 And might I once—but once—obtain thy praise,  
 Fame! thou wert conquered (*taking it for granted*)  
 Cut from the branch of these, and such-like lays,  
 My sprigs of immortality were planted.

*A general Answer to the Charades and Riddle in No. 2 of the Cave.*

In troth, my dear sir, when I read your Charade

I own that its style is imposing ;

But to please and perplex you thought might be hard,

So solved yourself at its closing.

Your friend, Mr Beauclerc, thinks a LEG-END a foot,

Tis true it may dance to that measure ;

But even if FOOT BALL, or FOOTSTEP should suit,

You may send them to GEORGEHAM at pleasure.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

(From the Philosophical Transactions, 1823.)

In a man's ear what is called, commonly, the *drum*, is circular, and has little muscular fibres running from the centre to the circumference, of course of equal length. In the Elephant this drum is *oval*, and Sir E. Home thinks that the fibres the long way of the oval enable this animal (whose tail seems to be where his nose should come, as Mrs Ramsbottom says in John Bull) to hear very minute sounds. To ascertain this a Piano Forte was sent to Exeter 'Change, (*risum teneatis Amici*) and the higher (meaning *treble*, we suppose,) notes hardly attracted the big beast's notice, but the low (meaning *bass*) ones roused his attention. The great Lion attended to the higher notes very earnestly, but remained silent and motionless, but at the bass notes he sprang up, attempted to break loose, lashed his tail, (his sides with his tail, perhaps) and—frightened the ladies! This was attended with (by) the deepest yells, which ceased with the music. (music!)

Sir E. Home has found this inequality of the fibres of the drum of the ear in neat cattle—the horse, deer, the hare, and the cat. We *have* heard of a neat horse, but never before of neat deer, neat hares, or neat cats.\*

### A NEW FITTE FROM AN OLD SUIT.

"Three Poets in three distant ages born."

Two little books at one printer's put forth,  
Convinced all the town of their wit and their worth;  
The first in its morals majestic surpasses,  
The next like an amaranth nosegay would last;  
But nature had now run the length of her tether,  
And stitched up a *third* from the two put together.

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\* Perhaps neat cats may be short for neat cattles. P. D.

## PRIZE \* ENIGMA.

Why should Handy Jo put you in mind of A Ragman ?

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR late friend, Christopher Quotewell, whose early demise none regret more than ourselves, remonstrated with us, a little before he breathed his last, on our heedless use of the epithets attached to his name in our third number, and complained that there were too many in the world ready to put a bad construction on every thing, and who might understand the word as implying, that in the Medley, or his other works, he disseminated immoral principles. We, seriously, assure the public, that we meant no such thing, and only used the word in a ludicrous sense. We shall be obliged to his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, if, in any posthumous correspondence they will inform his *shade* of this our recantation. *Requiescat in pace.*

We have to apologize to Fletcher Beaumont, Esquire, of the Beau monde, Stratford le Bow, Essex, for the omission of his designations and address in the article on Rook-shooting; in fact the printer could not decypher them in time: perhaps our friend's hand *quivered* at the end of so long an article.

We really cannot *stop* the effusions of our contributors S. T. and A. Y.—nor can we *stay* the press, this number, for the promised effusions of S. T. and O. P.

We hope we have made up in this number for the deficiencies of the last.

We are *extremely* sorry that two articles of great temporary interest must, for want of room, be postponed to the number for May; if we had received them sooner the interest we ourselves take in the proposed North Devon Infirmary would have insured their admission.

## LE BEAU DESCONNU DISTRAIT.

## SYMPATHISING PUBLIC,

IF you consider that revolving ages have always agreed in taking part with disappointed lovers, you will excuse the brevity of this address, albeit the first number on our extended plan seems to require that something more should be said, rather than something less. Little did I

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\* THE PRIZE—a Copy of the Cave from the commencement.

think while I was penning that insinuating paragraph in the last number, that ere another moon could wane—but *varium et mutabile semper fœmina*—after a short courtship the Lady Miscellany was last Friday married to Mr. Quotewell.

And has she then failed in her truth,  
The beautiful maid I adore;  
Must I lose the fond hopes of my youth,  
Nor see Lady Miscellany more.

Oh, no, no, no, I shall never see her more, &c.

She has chosen the man who can quote  
Well a-day my lost hopes I deplore!  
She forgot the fond stanzas I wrote,  
The false jilt! I will see her no more.

The false jilt I will, &c. D.C.

Oh shall I on Sauntou's wild shore  
Seek a lonely retreat in the CAVE;  
A while her sad falsehood deplore,  
Then bury my woes in the wave?

Then bury, &c. D.C.

#### THE RIVAL FLOWERS UNITED.

Two Flowers in the very same Garden\* there grew,  
The one a light yellow, the other light blue;  
But the Gardeners one day, when their cups they had quafft,  
Sought on one single stem all their beauties to graft.  
So now in this Garden whenever you'll walk,  
You may see them both blooming upon the same stalk;  
What advantage is that? why you ignorant dunce!  
Where you had to pull twice you may now PLUCK at once.

## L'Envoy

(THE SECOND.)

*Illic et mare transit.*

HOR. DE ARTE POET. 345—6.

I.

DEAR CHILD OF MY BRAIN! for a journey prepare—  
And when thou hast parted from me;  
I but ask for thy weal, that the wise and the fair  
Thy correctors and guardians may be.  
For the sake of the reader I wish thee endowed  
With an air of still greater pretension;  
That thy wit were a heaven as unshadowed by cloud  
As the brightest of mortal intention.

\* Syle's Garden of Literature, High Street, Barum.



## II.

Contempt on the critic who tears thee to tatters,  
 Unskilled in the art he indites of;  
 Who can scarce pluck an hour from the world, and its  
 matters,  
 To skim thro' the poem he writes of.  
 But, credit me, far is my soul set apart  
 From the poet's irascible mood ;\*—  
 Here's a right hand of honor—a pulse from the heart,  
 For the censor that offers us good !

## III.

On the faults of my book deeply darken thy frown,  
 Stern critic ! I seek no indulgence ;  
 But, never the blind of dark malice let down,  
 On the poet's true beam of effulgence :  
 Acknowledge his beauties—or warm at his fire,  
 Be alive to the point of his jest,  
 And there is not INHERITOR-BORN of the LYRE,  
 But will pardon thy scorn of the rest.

## IV.

'Tis all that I aim at—'tis all that I ask—  
 In my moments of mirth, or dejection,  
 That my Muse, unambitious of honor, may bask  
 In the moonlight of glory's reflection.  
 Let THE SUN OF ETERNAL RENOWN fully blaze  
 Upon those who have worship'd his beams ;  
 But on me, and my Muse, fall the silvery rays  
 That are dear to the hour of my dreams !

To Le Beau Desconnu,  
 Editor of the Cave,  
 favored by Troubadour Beauclerc  
 on his voyage from Oystermouth.

## ERRATA IN NO. II.

Page 42 for 'Eave' read Cave.  
 64 for 'compass' or quadruped' read  
 compass on quadruped.  
 66 for 'Rohen's' read Ronan's.  
 68 for 'stop a little' read stoop a  
 little.  
 79 for 'genealogical' read genea-  
 logical.

## NO. III.

Page 88 for 'clouded vestry' read  
 crowded vestry.  
 note, for 'wells' read well.

## NO. IV.

140 for 'murders' read murtherers.  
 144 for 'be' read by.  
 146 note, line 23, sacrilegious.

\* Genus irritabile vatium.

# The Cave.

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MAY, 1824.

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## THE ROSE TREE, THE SHEEP, AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

I HAD the happiness of knowing, in his old age, the celebrated V——; author of many excellent Moral Treatises, and professor of Philosophy, and Belles Lettres, in one of the most celebrated German Universities.

I was frequently a welcomed guest at his table, when only surrounded by his amiable family; it was then (after being animated by a few glasses of Rhenish wine) he loved to recount to us anecdotes of his youth, which were given with a gaiety, and *naïveté*, that rendered them highly entertaining. Neither his age, his wisdom, nor his great celebrity hindered him from laughing as heartily as any of the party, whilst relating the little anecdote which forms the substance of this story. It had the greatest influence upon his life, and was the one which he retraced and recounted with the most pleasure. Even if I could remember sufficiently well to give it in the same words as this amiable old man, though I could not fail of pleasing, and interesting; yet there would still be wanting the expression of his fine countenance, his hair white as snow, curling around his head, his blue eyes, though a little dimmed by age, yet announcing still his vast genius and depth of thought; his forehead furrowed with wrinkles, yet open, raised, and remarkably beautiful; his smile so full of sweetness, and frankness, "I was a very fine young man," he would sometimes say to us (which it was impossible to doubt) "but I was not agreeable, for good scholars," added

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he, laughing, "are rarely so;" we would not believe him, so to prove it to us he related the following story:—

"I was not thirty when I obtained the chair of a professor of philosophy in this university—I will not tell you, but that my self-love was highly flattered by this distinction, so rare at my age, perhaps (whispering to me) I had merited it by my application, and my works; but I must allow I deserved it but little at the time it was accorded to me. Another sort of philosophy than that in which I was destined to instruct my pupils, occupied me entirely, and I should have been much better pleased to have known what was then passing in one heart, than in analyzing the human mind in general. In a word, my friends, I was passionately in love, and now you know all. When love gets into a young head, adieu to every thing else, there is no longer room for any other thought; my table was covered with a folio book of all colors, loose sheets of paper of all sizes, journals of all kinds, catalogues of books, in short, every thing which ought to be found upon Professors' tables; but with all this science I studied more the article, "Rose Tree," than any thing else, in all the Encyclopedias, Botanical Works, and Gardener's Books, that I was able to discover. You will soon learn what gave me so much taste for this study, and what made my window always remain open, let the weather be ever so severe; it was all in consequence of the love with which I was possessed, and which was become my only thought. I am sure many times I must have mentioned the word *Amelia*, instead of philosophy. This was the name of my beautiful mistress, who was certainly the finest girl in ..... Her father a military man of a high character, died in the field of honor; she dwelt with her mother in a large handsome house, the same side, but at some distance, of the street where I lived; her mother, clever and prudent, obliged by circumstances to live in a town filled with young students from all countries, and having so lovely a daughter, never for a moment lost sight of her, by permitting her to go any where unaccompanied by herself; but the good woman loved the pleasures of the world, and to reconcile her tastes, and her maternal duties, she took the young *Amelia* to the houses of all the old dowagers, professors, &c., where the poor child ennuied to death, was obliged to sew, or knit stockings by her side, at the card table;—I must tell you that no student, or, in fact, any man was admitted at those parties, who was not passed fifty:—I had, consequently, but few ways of shewing my love to its object; I was pretty sure, however, that

no other person had more ; but I was a novice in gallantry, and till the moment when I caught from Amelia's fine black eyes, the love that enchanted and tormented me, mine had been always fixed upon folios of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. &c., and understood nothing of the language of the heart. It was at the house of an old lady to whom I had been recommended, that I first saw Amelia ; she was one of the intimates of Madam de B., and my destiny conducted me to her house the day she held an assembly. The old lady from the recommendation she had received, permitted me to join her company. I saw Amelia, and from that day, she was fixed in characters of fire on my heart. Her mother frowned at the sight of a handsome young man ; but my timid air, and serious, and perhaps a little pedantic conversation re-assured her. There were some other young girls, daughters and nieces of the lady of the house : it was in the summer season, and they obtained permission to walk in the garden under the windows of the saloon, within sight of their careful parents ; I followed them, and without daring to speak to the charming Amelia, I attended to every syllable she uttered. Her conversation appeared as delightful to me as her person ; she spoke on various subjects with an intelligence above her age ; she showed a character the most amiable, sweet, good, and polite ; she united all that must please and attach. The conversation turning upon the common defects of the mind ; she said, that above all others, one should endeavor to guard against violence, anger, and passion, by always checking the first movement towards either. I was naturally cool enough, like the generality of people who have consecrated their lives to study, and that of philosophy had not been lost upon me : I wished for the courage to boast of it ; but I contented myself with speaking of the bad effects of passion in a manner which shewed I was not myself inclined to it, and I was recompensed by an approving smile ; it gave me encouragement enough to converse in a style which I had thought impossible in company with so many ladies. Amelia appeared to listen to me with pleasure ; but I was electrified when they began to talk of their dress, and their fine works ; I was silent, as it seemed almost a new language to me : Amelia spoke but little on those subjects ; at length the discourse turning upon flowers, each lady boasted of the one to which she gave the preference, and I eagerly listened when it came to Amelia's turn to mention one ; she decided in favor of the rose, and spoke with great animation of this her favorite flower ; I was almost tempted to hint its

great resemblance to herself, and from that moment the rose became to me the queen of flowers. "Amelia, how many roses did you lose last winter?" said one of her friends with an arch laugh, "none," replied she, "I have entirely given up endeavouring to rear them, it is too ungrateful and painful a task; without doubt I understand nothing of it, for which I am truly sorry, and should consider myself under the greatest obligation to any one who would give me some instruction on the subject." I took courage to request an explanation of what she last said, which she gave me in these words, "You must know, sir, that I am passionately fond of roses, it is a family taste, mamma loves them still better than I do. Since I have been capable of thinking of any thing, I have had the ambition and desire to present her with a japan rose tree in full bloom; but I have been disappointed in rearing them every year; I put a great quantity in vases; but they almost all perished the first commencement of the cold weather, and I have never been able to give this pleasure to my dear mamma." I was so entirely ignorant of the culture of flowers, that I knew nothing of the manner in which roses were preserved through the winter; but I was determined, whatever trouble it cost me, that the first of January should not again pass without Amelia's having a rose to give to her mother. We returned into the saloon; I was so intent on every thing Amelia said, that I heard her ask one of her companions, in a low tone, who I was;—when she mentioned my name, "ah!" cried she, "I know him by reputation; they say he is an author, and that he is so clever as to be already a professor; I should not have thought it; he has neither a proud nor pedantic air." Ah, how proud I was of my science, since it made Amelia speak of me!

The next morning early, I adjourned to the house of a gardener who had fifty sorts of roses, in vases. It will be very unfortunate, thought I, if amongst such a number, *one* cannot be preserved. I took instructions from the gardener, and when returned from his house, I passed to that of my librarian, where I purchased several books on the cultivation of trees and flowers, and went home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose with a fine letter, in which I should ask to be admitted to visit at the house of Madame de B., to teach her daughter the art of preserving roses during the winter; this was my reason for endeavouring to rear one myself, and the pretty lesson, the charming scholar, would be sure to please me much better than a course of philosophy.

I built immediately the structure of a delightful romance,

and doubted not of success; *my* pan of milk was not even so far advanced as that of Perrette; she held it on her head, whilst *my* rose was not even transplanted into its vase; but I foresaw it all in flower, and ready to be offered to Amelia. In the mean time I was happy only in imagination, for I saw no more of Amelia, no one invited me to the old lady's parties, and she was not permitted to mix with the young people in general. I was obliged then, perforce, to wait till my introducer was in a state to precede me; but I caught a glimpse of her every evening as she passed with her mother to their evening parties. Luckily for me Madame de B. was nervous in a carriage, therefore preferred walking. I knew the hour they always went, and soon learnt to distinguish the particular clock nearest their residence; my window was always open, and as soon as ever I heard them come out, I took up, by chance, a book, a pamphlet, or manuscript, and established myself close to the window, with the air of one profoundly occupied with my book, which frequently was turned the wrong side upward; and I saw then nearly every day, the lovely Amelia, and this momentary view served to attach me to her more fervently: the elegant simplicity of her dress, her fine black hair braided round her head, and falling into curls upon her forehead; her easy figure; her step at once light and noble; the pretty foot, which the care of not soiling the white robe, allowed to become visible, altogether inflamed my imagination; whilst her composed and steady mien, her attention to her mother, and the affable air with which she saluted the people of a rank inferior to herself, always touched my heart with a sentiment more tender. I made some other remarks, which, notwithstanding my modesty, shewed her having paid some attention to my movements, and made me hope I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, she always chose the side of the street to walk opposite my window, for if she had passed under she would not have seen me, or I her; though I had always the appearance of being absorbed in my book, she knew well enough that I saw her, and when she came near my house she had always a word to say to her mother, loud enough for me to hear, such as "take care mamma, lean more on me, do you feel cold?" &c. I left my book, then looked out and bowed, and generally met a glance from Amelia, who blushed and looked down while returning my salute; her mother, enveloped in her hood, saw nothing of it; as to me I saw all, and delivered myself up to the sweetest hopes. A little circumstance augmented it more: I had written a work en-

titled "An Abridgement of Practical Philosophy," which had had some success, and all the edition was sold; my librarian who knew that I had some copies of it, came to me to beg I would let him have one, for some customers of his who ardently wished for it, and he named Madame and Mademoiselle de B. I felt myself blush with pleasure, and to hide it I asked him, laughing, with an indifferent air, if any young person could wish to read so serious a work. "Sir," replied he, "without doubt Mademoiselle Amelia is not like the generality of young women, she reads few romances, and prefers more useful books;" he named many much estimated, which he had furnished her with, and which gave me a high opinion of her taste, and the excellent judgment of her instructress. "She is all impatience to have yours, and I can answer for its giving her much pleasure, she has been ten times to my house for it, I have promised she shall have it to-morrow, and I hope you will put me in a way to keep my word." I trembled with joy and emotion, while giving the volumes to him, at the idea of Amelia's reading my thoughts, and approving them; that she would, by this means, learn to know me; and my love and hope acquired fresh strength.

The month of October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose plants, for which I payed enormously, but I received them with an avidity equal to a miser on the receipt of a sum of gold; they looked rather in a languishing state; I had read many publications on the culture of the rose, and found this science to be like every other, with no fixed rule; each writer boasting of his system as the best, because diametrically opposite to the others. One of the authors wished the roses to be exposed as much as possible to the air, another recommended their being carefully shut up; one ordered frequent waterings, which another would have entirely deprived them of. "This is like the education of men," said I, shutting my books in a pet, "always in extremes, always peculiar systems; let me endeavour to adopt, with my roses, a middle plan, without adhering to any of theirs." I established a good thermometer in my room, and following its indications, I shut them up or exposed them, and you may judge, that removing fifty vases three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, left me but little time for any other occupation. Ah, the celebrated Professor of twenty-eight would have been properly served if his chair had been taken from him, and given to the youngest of his pupils; I contented myself with giving them, hastily, a few lessons a

day, and devoted the remainder of it to thinking on Amelia and arranging my flowers. The death of the chief part of my roses however, soon diminished my occupation; one quarter of them still lived, but many of them threw out their leaves from the top of a long stem, so yellow and discoloured as to give but little hopes of their ever arriving to perfection; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds, but they all came out with a little yellow circle, which florists say is a mortal malady; their stems were so long that after some days hanging their heads, they fell on the earth of the vase, and soon not a single one was left on the tree. I saw all my hopes on the point of being extinguished; the more care I took in removing my invalids from window to window, the worse they became. At length one of them, a single one, payed me for all my cares, it was well furnished with leaves, and formed a beautiful bush; a vigorous branch elevated itself in the middle, crowned with six fine buds, not at all yellow; large, full, and through their transparent cups a slight tint of the colour of the rose could be discerned. It was still six weeks to the new year, and certainly four, at least, of my dear buds would be by that time in blow; behold me recompensed for all my troubles! consoling hope returned to my heart! I regarded every instant my beautiful ambassador with joy, with acknowledgment. On the 27th of November, memorable day for me, and which I shall never forget, the sun shone out so warm, that I took my cherished plant and his comrades which yet survived into a court of my lodgings, where, after watering and admiring them, I left them till I had given my pupils their lessons and taken my dinner, after which I drank to the health of my roses, and established myself near my window with a beating heart. Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed, and for eight days she had not been out of the house, consequently I had seen nothing of Amelia all that time; the first day I saw a physician go into their house, alarmed for my Amelia, I laid in wait for him as he came out, and by questioning him was re-assured. I had since learnt from him, that the old lady's health was re-established, and that this evening, the 27th of November, she was going to attend an assembly at the house of a Baroness who resided in the same street; I was then sure of seeing Amelia pass, and eight days of privation rendered me extremely impatient for the pleasure.

Certainly Madame de B. was as anxious for the assembly as myself; the clock had but just struck five, when I heard their door open; I seized a book, flew to my post, and soon



Amelia appeared, dazzling in dress and beauty, giving her arm to her parent. Never had her figure so much struck me; this time she had no occasion to speak louder to draw my regards, they were fixed upon her, and spoke no doubtful language; but hers were lowered; she divined, however, what was passing, and walked so slow as to prolong my happiness: I followed her with my eyes till she had entered the house where she was to spend the evening, when, after slowly turning her head towards me, the door shut, and she disappeared; but remained still present to my heart: I could not close my window, or cease regarding the residence of the baroness, as if I saw Amelia through the walls; I remained till the light was obscured; the days of winter are very short; the approach of night, and a colder air, reminded me that my roses were still in the court; never had they been so precious to me: I hastened to take them in, and hardly was I in the antichamber, when I heard——

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### DIRGE,

*Sung by ORPHEUS and Chorus of Thracian Virgins over the Tomb of LINUS.*

"To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,  
Whose tender lay the fate of LINUS sings."

POPE'S TRANSL. OF THE ILIAD.

WAIL, wail, ye virgin throng!

The Sire of song \*

On earth's dark breast for ever silent lies:

No more his cheerful pipe

Its numbers rich and ripe

Shall pour at evening to the listening skies.

No more shall nymph or fawn

O'er dewy lawn,

Listening, on tip-toe through the moonlight come;

Nor shall the shepherd haste

His evening short repast,

Leaving for thy sweet strain the joys of home.

---

\* Linus was the inventor of Poetry, and the first who introduced the Phœnician Letters into Greece. Some say he was a native of Eubœa.

No more shall sylvan maid  
 Her ringlets braid,  
 Like morning's golden clouds to meet thine eye;  
 Or with enamoured cheek  
 Her growing passion speak,  
 Or downcast modest look, or chastened sigh.

Nor shall the summer eve  
 Fantastic weave  
 Her pall of vapour, and slow-fading light,  
 To tempt thy steps abroad,  
 Alone, enrapt, o'erawed,  
 Watching unfold the starry robe of night.

The slow, far-dying roar  
 Of ocean hoar,  
 Tumbling 'his billows round some distant isle,  
 Is henceforth dumb to thee,  
 Dear shade! tho' wont to be  
 Parent of sweet response, or radiant smile.

And even the gods will want  
 Thy mystic chant,  
 Wont still at morn or dusky eve to swell  
 Along the answering shore,  
 Or o'er the ocean floor,  
 Or through the forest wild or lonely dell.

How can the lofty soul  
 The dull control,  
 The mystic leaden sleep of Pluto brook?  
 Cannot it wear away  
 Its clogging chains of clay,  
 And yet enjoy earth's ever-cheerful look?  
 Alas, alas! we mourn  
 That no return,  
 When o'er the Stygian bank the spirit goes,  
 The gods severe allow  
 But all our bitter woe,  
 Like streams in deserts lost, unheeded flows.

Yet to this sylvan grave,  
 And crystal wave,  
 That murmurs music thro' the mournful grass,  
 These laurels ever green  
 Shall tempt, as oft as seen,  
 The feet of heedful travellers as they pass.

And oh ! if wakening fame  
 A right may claim ! :  
 To cheer a shade on Pluto's gloomy shore,  
 Thee, thee, the choral lay  
 Of bards and virgins gay  
 Shall chant, O LINDUS ! now and evermore.

For thou hast oped a spring  
 Which, murmuring,  
 Deepening, and widening, shall, to latest days,  
 Where'er the passions be,  
 Float wild, and sweet, and free,  
 And in its cadenced flow, re-echo with thy praise.

Farewell, loved bard ! farewell :  
 I may not tell  
 How thou dost govern still thy Orpheus' breast ;  
 But every solemn year  
 The Gods permit me here,  
 My songs shall soothe thee in thy golden rest.

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EXTRACT OF AN  
 AMERICAN INDIAN LETTER

TO THE EDITOR,

*Received by the last Vessel from Miramichi.*

" When two years ago I exchanged with thee in thy chamber of papers, the calumet of peace, thou didst give me sound advice....Thanks!....Nor was thy kindness cast to the winds, like the leaves in the forests of Miramichi, or the mists on the waters of the St. Laurence....I have tried to imitate thee....and I shall be remembered, as thou wilt....The great dragon of the seas hath imported a printing-press from Bideford....*Tinisquata* is illumined. The spirits that breathe from the lungs of thy poets and philosophers, now sojourn upon the borders of our Lake...The *Pepechasinagans* have reformed their morals....There runs not a drop of Indian blood in the veins of our foemen....The *Manacowagans*\* are vaccinated!....Send me thy Caves by bearer, who will deposit with thee the sufficient mamon of payment....."

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\* See Map of Canada.

# OVID IN SAUNTON.

*To the Editor of the North Devon Magazine.*

DEAR BEAU DESOON.

How can you allow your translator of dead languages to bore your readers with his \* Horace in Braunton, as he calls it? Horace is no bad standing dish at any periodical table; but really the contributor I allude to is but a heavy cook, and overloads the digestion of your readers. I enclose you something of a puff-paste, rather lighter. At the same time I allow I am not a great classic, and cannot set up for a pedantic prig fresh from the cloister. (My duty to C. Q. for that shell-fish phrase.) By the by, I have sent him of the N. D. MISCELL. sundry 'quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles,' aimed at your honor's periodical panoply; but he does not seem up to the *quid bellicosus*, and has only inserted one indifferent epigram that I can claim:—more's the pity—and less the obligation. I perceive, nevertheless, you treat him tenderly. *Dic, per omnes! cur properes amando perdere?* You will do as you like about noting the Latin; \* but I think I have driven my tilbury as close as Milton † and Francis, or any other translator who has paid the same turnpike. I forget that perhaps you will not even insert the English: but print or burn, as you please ‡. My conceit, as a contributor to the North Devon Magazine, will not die of despair, though you should reject my

## HORACE IN BRAUNTON,

ODE V. BOOK I.

*Quis multâ gracilis.*

What slender youth, pretty Flambeau! § I crave,  
With lavender sprinkled, courts you in the Cave?  
For whom are those ringlets tucked under your cap,  
Like a young quaker beauty, concealing her trap?  
Ah! how he will stare and lament his mishap!

\* Of course we shall. (NOTED.)

† Among the minor works of Milton may be found a pretty serious translation of Horace, ODE V. BOOK I.

‡ Very civil. (NOTED.)

§ In the original, the lady is called PYRRA; meaning (in Greek) A FLAME, or something of the sort.

He who now safely whispers soft love in your ear,  
 To whom, for the present, pure gold you appear,  
 While he hopes, thus at leisure, you'll ever be dear :  
 Little thinking the wind is an emblem of thee :  
 Yes—wretched of all men the lovers must be  
 Whom your beauty-baits tempt yet untried, as for Me  
 In my almanac marked, is the day I got free,  
 And flung all your false billets-doux into the sea.

You see by this how closely I can stick to the skirts of  
 your friend *Quintus Horatius*.—Now then for adopting your  
 hint about *Ovid in Sauntton*. The original is rather a loose  
 writer, and I treat him accordingly—paraphrasing and ex-  
 panding his two lines into sixteen English.

*Inveni portum. Spes et fortuna valete !  
 Sal me lustratis,—ludite nunc ultro.*

OVID :

I.

The cares and joys of life were mine,  
 Thro' many a rolling year ;  
 At length retired, I now recline,  
 Th' harbour all too dear !  
 Ye ardent hopes, a last farewell !  
 No more I rear my sail,  
 To tempt your waves' exulting swell—  
 Or, fortune's flattering gale.

II.

No more I love the freshening tide,  
 The billow's dance no more ;  
 But linger thus, my bark beside,  
 Upon a waveless shore :  
 Far o'er the waters long gone by,  
 That bark hath been your sport ;—  
 Then, ah ! ye bright illusions, ply  
 Where fresh adventurers court.

I wish you could hear my *Dulcinea del Wildersmouth* sing  
 the above to the tune of 'Sul Margine.' Some day, perhaps,  
 I shall ask you out to Mullacott :—meanwhile believe me to  
 be yours affectionately,

G. C.

## NORTH DEVON INFIRMARY.

It would be an easy matter for us to fill many pages with fine writing about suffering humanity, feeling hearts, and so forth; but what we cannot bear to read when others write it, we cannot imagine that others will bear even when written by ourselves; moreover, we do not like to rob the school-boys of their common places; nor do we think it at all our province to furnish hints for future charity sermons; all we purpose from the heading of this article is, to unload a few of the ponderings that have accumulated in our minds since the proposal of the above named Institution. With these ponderings we, perhaps, might never have been troubled, but for two or three odd circumstances that have occurred, partly to ourselves, and partly within the limits of our own knowledge. It so chances, that we are acquainted with a great many people who assure us, that the notion of an hospital has been familiar to them for many years; that they have mentioned the subject to medical men, (we dislike printing names, but we *could* do it) who admit, that many cases occur fit for hospital practice, if an hospital were at hand; and, we believe, that with few, very few exceptions, the proposal has met with ready approbation; we do not consider among those exceptions, the misgivings of those who, friendly enough in wishes and contributions, have hitherto taken their ideas of hospitals from magnificent brick fronts, spacious court-yards, and physicians' chariots; and think of nothing less than 10,000*l.*, 3 *per cents*, and two or three thousand a-year in subscriptions, with contested elections, ballots, and quarterly committees; to use a homely illustration, we must cut our coat according to our cloth, and rest satisfied for many years to come, if we can do three or four hundred pounds worth of good *per annum*; but in one or two instances we have absolutely heard the idea scouted, the proposal laughed at, and the feasibility and utility equally turned to ridicule. We cannot say that we sympathize with the minds of those who are so hasty and sweeping in their censure—decision we cannot call it. The proposal of relief to those who cannot of themselves command it, surely deserves to be treated with good tempered, candid, and patient enquiry; and if it appears that *good can* be done, it surely *should* be done; provided it be, however little in extent, yet always in proportion to the subsidies levied on the public to pay for it.

There are not wanting instances of such institutions

flourishing in ample resources *now*, which originally had not greater funds to begin with than have already been offered to the North Devon Infirmary, and we wish particularly to instance the Worcester Infirmary, the expenditure of which, we believe, in its first year, did not much exceed 300*l*. Wherever hospitals have failed, we believe that, in addition to bad management in the detail, there has always been a radical error in the original construction of the scale. The sin of building, which so easily begets individuals in private life, follows them into their public associations; and thus thousands are sunk in mortar, the interest of which would, in after days, have sufficed to secure the success of a more humble establishment.

Of a very different character is an objection founded on laudable feelings, maintained with good sense, and good temper, meeting the subject in a fair, candid, and manly way, and existing from sincere, but we trust mistaken conviction. It is said that the Hospital in Exeter will be injured, by the withdrawing of subscriptions from the North of Devon. Now every man sees a subject in a light peculiar to himself perhaps, and answers an objection by that argument which he feels strongest in his own view; but it may not appear to be conclusive to another person. It may be asked, is the North of Devon bound not to do a great good to itself, for fear of doing a trifling injury to the Exeter Hospital? But we would prefer to adopt as much matter of fact as possible into the argument, and to have the possible amount of loss to the Exeter Hospital estimated, if it *can* be done. The amount of subscriptions in the latest list we have seen, was a good deal under a hundred pounds. Now we must consider that many noble and wealthy families connected with both parts of the county will, of course, subscribe to both institutions: those individuals more especially, who have taken a lead in the proceedings at Barnstaple, will consider it incumbent on them to continue their subscriptions to the Exeter Hospital (we speak with authority) and knowing the character of this part of Devon for ready and unbounded charity, we do think, that hardly any who now subscribe to the Old Establishment, will cease to do so in favor of the New. But let us go a little further; the subscriptions cannot be clear gain to the Exeter Hospital; for, of course, where subscriptions go, patients follow. Now considering that Barnstaple is forty miles from Exeter, and the country to the North and West much further, the probability is, that those cases are sent to Exeter which have resisted all attempts at cure for a

long period, which have become inveterate, and which, when sent to an Hospital, require the longest residence that can, according to the rules, be allowed, before any benefit can be derived—cases of such a chronic form, that the person can move about, or be moved about:—surely such patients are likely *ceteris paribus* to cost an Hospital more to keep and to cure, than those who are admitted in earlier stages of disease, and who are returned cured by low diet, and medical attendance for a fortnight.

Now to bring the argument to a point, let us suppose that the amount of North Devon subscriptions to the Exeter Hospital is 100*l.*, and for a moment state the loss by the institution of an Infirmary in Barnstaple at one half; is it unreasonable to say, that the expense of patients from the North of Devon must always have equalled this half, if not much more? where then is the loss? We really wish this view of the argument to be distinguished more by its ingenueness than its ingenuity.. On our statement of it we will go one step farther, and say, that the expense of North Devon patients might only be half of what we surmise; then, of the 100*l.* subscriptions we have 50*l.* retained, and 50*l.* lost, out of which loss let us take half for the expense of patients, and it leaves 25*l.*\* to operate as an injury to the Exeter Hospital. We have examined this statement again and again, and cannot find any fallacy in it, except that it is too favorably put for—no, let us not say adversaries—those who do not yet see the thing in the same light we do. Our own opinion is, that balancing the loss of subscriptions (if their should be such a loss to balance) by the loss of patients, the Exeter Hospital will be, decidedly, a gainer. And here we should leave the subject, but that the novelty of it induces us to bestow a little more of our tediousness upon our readers.

From the increasing population and wealth of this place and its neighbourhood, it is *right* that there should be such an institution, if it were only for the reception of accidents: and it will also meet the ideas of many people as to the utility of a Dispensary; for the out-patients of an Infirmary are, in fact, Dispensary patients. With those who argue against the *utility* of the proposal, we confess that we do not know how to grapple: they must be confounding utility with practicability. It is all very well for wealthy individuals, who

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\* If this be all the damage, perhaps the North Devon Infirmary will make it up to the Exeter Hospital by way of subscription; if not, perhaps WE will.

EDITOR.



in proportion to the failure of their health, lay out their money in contrivances for personal comfort, to say, that *they* can see no call for an hospital, or any thing of the sort; but we can appeal to better judges, and assure our readers, that the aggravation of disease from bad nursing, bad food, scanty clothing, miserable lodgings, and the impossibility of maintaining any thing like a uniform temperature, is, in almost every case, more fatal than the disease itself—these difficulties the proposed Infirmary will obviate. We have not enumerated the many other advantages that might be derived from the existence of such an Institution to the town and neighbourhood: the improvement in the early education of young medical men, and various other topics might be insisted on were we exactly masters of that part of the subject, or could we trust to our memory for repeating the convincing arguments we have heard, in conversation with our medical friends. To us it seems a work of needful charity, by which the memory of the present generation will be endeared to a grateful posterity.

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#### HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF

### BARNSTAPLE.

NO. I.

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Describe the Borthegh—though our idle tribe  
May love description—can we so describe?

CRABBE.

By those who feel a pride in the well-authenticated antiquity of their native town, or indulge a laudable curiosity respecting the traditions attached to what may be merely their casual and convenient place of residence, no apology will be required for the length to which this article may probably extend; while to others who have but little curiosity in such matters, the increasing importance of the town of Barnstaple, will suggest the propriety of the writer's having collected, into one point of view, whatever can be traced from record of its origin, and historical appearance.

How far this object will be attained to the satisfaction or amusement of the reader, remains to be determined; it is only asked that justice may be done to the intentions of the first writer who has undertaken the task—who has first endeavoured to encircle, in one frame, those traditional features of the place, which are separately scattered over the

canvass of earlier students in topographical research. The present article professes to be simply a sketch, of which others may probably correct the outline, or fill up the surface on which past events\* have thrown the light and shadow of historical pretension.

It is necessary also to premise, that in completing this design, the modern plan of writing history will not be adopted, by which every popular and 'fond record' is at once branded with the iron of incredulity, and history made to speak less from the abundance of her knowledge, than the severity of her judgment: the natural consequence is, that the reader is still left to wander in a maze of obscurity almost as dark as the original legend: the last very accurate historian is rejected as a mere fabulist by his immediate successor in the same premises and occupation; and history, at length, slips into 'the lean and slippered pantaloon' of feeble disquisition. From all this the reader may divine, that nothing which the writer has been able to discover concerning the history of Barnstaple, will be omitted in this picture of the borough.

First then of its name and situation. According to Leland, BARNSTAPLE was originally called *Abertaw*, which name he derives from the old British tongue, as meaning a *Bar* or harbour on the river *Taw*. It seems doubtful whether the old word *ber*, or *bar*, conveyed that signification we now attach to the word, in referring to the bar which now lessens the utility and importance of that extensive *bay* into which the waters of the *Taw* river are finally received.

The Saxons afterwards changed the name of the place to *Berstaple*, or *Berdenstaple*, still preserving the word *ber*, or *bar*, and uniting it with the word '*staple*', a market.

The name of Barnstaple has, however, been variously spelt in its descent to the present denomination. We find in different records and historical works, first *Abertaw*, then *Berdestaple*, *Berdenstaple*, and *Berdenstable*; afterwards *Bardestaple*, *Bardenestaple*, *Barnstable*, *Barnstaple*, and *Barstaple*; which latter name is still retained in use by many inhabitants of the neighbouring villages.

Barnstaple is a very ancient and respectable borough and market town, in the deanery of the same name, and in the hundred of Braunton. Distant 36 miles N. N. W. of Exeter; 51 W. of Taunton, and 194 S. W. of London. Long. 4. 4. W. lat. 51. 12. N.

The towns are very few that can rival Barnstaple in at-

\* Coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL.

tractiveness of situation, and surrounding scenery. This fact, which cannot escape the eye of the most indifferent of tourists, has been particularly, though briefly alluded to by a traveller of unquestionable authority in the world of taste.

"As we approach Barnstaple," says *Gilpin* in his *Observations on the Western parts of England*, "the view from some of the high grounds is very grand; composed on one side of Barnstaple Bay,\* and on the other, of an extensive vale, the vale of Tawton, carrying the eye far and wide into its rich and ample bosom; although," he adds, "it is one of those views which is too great a subject for painting. The approach to Barnstaple from the lower grounds, is as beautiful as from the higher. The river, the bridge, the hills beyond it, and the estuary in the distance, make, altogether, a good landscape. The town itself also, situated about nine or ten miles from the sea, stands in a pleasant vale, shut in by hills, forming a semi-lunar cove around it. When the tides are high, it is almost insulated:—the flat grounds which lie immediately about it, make an agreeable contrast with the hills.

"Once these grounds were little better than marshes; but by proper draining, they are now become beautiful meadows. In a word, *Barnstaple is the pleasantest town we met with in the West of England.*"†

The antiquity of the town of Barnstaple cannot be disputed, though the exact period of its foundation is involved in some obscurity. "Over the North division of the county," says *Polwhele*, "the glances of the historian should be very rapid, as the remains of antiquity attributable to earlier ages are of a dubious nature. As for Barnstaple—its ancient buildings, as well as its liberties and privileges, have been

\* The following description, from the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, of another Barnstaple, is rather curious from its close resemblance to the subject of this article. The place was probably named by some mariner from Barnstaple, or Bideford.

"Barnstaple, a sea-port town in the County of Barnstaple, United States, in Massachusetts, is situated at the bottom of a large bay, capable of containing 1000 sail of ships, the harbour one mile wide by four in length, in which the tide rises from eight to fourteen feet. It has a Bar (a north-tail) running off N. East from the neck several miles, which prevents the entrance of large ships, but small vessels may pass any part of it at high water; and where it is crossed it has seldom less than 6 or 7 feet at low water."

† Thus *Bladen* also describes it in his quaint and curious manner of writing.—

"Barnstaple, a Borough right ancient, bordereth here upon the east bank of Taw. A town of mart—the foundation of whose walls, could they be traced out, doubtless the town would appear nothing so large, which if now walled, so fair built and populous withal, would prove little inferior to some cities, for it hath liberties and privileges as in a city, and is pleasantly and sweetly situate amidst hills, in form of a semicircle upon the river, as it were a diameter."

attributed to king **ATHELSTAN**, though I should rather refer them to **JUDHAEL DE TOTNES**;—yet its *artificial mound*, to the North West of the town, in which the castle was erected, was surely in existence long before the time of **ATHELSTAN**.”

It would follow from this line of argument, that the artificial mound, which still remains, was thrown up for no purpose at all—which is absurd. It is therefore to be presumed, that there was a castle upon the scite, long before the time of **Judhael de Totnes**. The erection of the mound itself, may reasonably enough be attributed to the Romans, when they had possession of this part of the county; for they were the most likely people to undertake such a work, which might afterwards well serve the purpose of the Saxons in defending this neighbourhood, or at least become a place of retreat when the North of Devon was over-run and plundered by the Danes, and Cornish Britons:—for it was not till the reign of **Athelstan**, that the older inhabitants of Devon were driven beyond the Tamer, and the Saxon dominion firmly established in this part of **Wessex**.

Wherever, then, a place of defence existed, it is only natural to suppose the more peaceable and wealthy part of the inhabitants would assemble, until the vicinity of the castle became a town, requiring the enclosure of walls for ornament, as well as protection. When these had reached a certain extent, and the throng of the inhabitants became numerous and powerful, the place would certainly attract the notice of *royalty*, and become endowed with various *liberties* and *privileges* beyond the rest of the vicinity. There is every foundation, therefore, for believing that **Barnstaple** really obtained the particular notice and regard of king **Athelstan**; who, after recovering the south of Devon from the Danes and Britons in so triumphant a manner, would be anxious to secure also the northern division of the county, which had so distinguished itself in the day of his grandfather **Alfred**.\*

There does not seem, therefore, to be a rational doubt, but what this borough was indebted to king **Athelstan** for patronage and honor, although at a subsequent period his charter could not be found, which we may easily suppose to have been cancelled by the Norman Conqueror, who would, of course, be interested in annihilating every vestige of liberties or privileges of Saxon derivation and authority. They who endeavoured to root out the very language of the

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\* See the Poetical Induction to the first number of the *Cave*, and the note attached to the VI stanza.

people, would have no scruple in forfeiting or destroying the parchment pretensions of a Saxon corporation.

To this may be added another very material circumstance, which is, that Barnstaple, among other places in Devonshire, seems to have had the privilege of *minting*. Exeter, Lidford, and Totnes, undoubtedly possessed that privilege, and it is feasilly conjectured, that Barnstaple may be added to the list; because, before the Conquest, it was the king's demesne, being so held by king Edward the Confessor; and having, at that time, 40 burgesses within the borough, and 9 without, all which paid the king forty shillings by weight, and the bishop of Constance twenty-nine by tale, as appears from the Domesday survey, taken by William the Conqueror. Besides this, the town did no service on any expedition but when Exeter did; and was guildable on all services by sea or land, the same as Totnes, and Lidford; which confirms the probability of its also resembling those places in the possession of a mint.

So much for the Saxon period of the history of Barnstaple, involved certainly in some obscurity, but not sufficient to prevent our perceiving it to have been a place of consequence, far beyond all others in the northern division of the shire.

But, whatever might have been its importance under the Saxon dynasty, it is pretty clear from all concurring accounts, that it was a desirable place in the eye of the Normans; for the Conqueror bestowed the manor of Barnstaple, upon JUDHAEL DE TOTNES, the son of ALURED Earl of Britanny; and, for its defence at this period, various persons held lands in the vicinity, and yielded a custom called castle-guard. On taking possession of his prize, JUDHAEL DE TOTNES re-built the castle upon the Norman model of military architecture, and put the town walls in a state of repair:—for total as had been the defeat of the Saxons at the battle of Hastings, the victors were not allowed to sleep upon a bed of roses,

Neither by day, nor yet by night;\*

They lay down to rest

With corslet laced;

Pillowed on buckler cold and hard,

and now and then had to 'carve at the meal in gloves of steel,' or the remaining spirit of the Saxons, would have shortened their dinners and their lives. The North of Devon must have shared in those revolts which required in the South of the county, all the vigilance and daring of the First Wil-

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\* Lay of the last Minstrel.

liam. "The toune of Berdenestaple," says Leland, "hath been waulled, and the waulle was in compase, by estimation, half a myle; it is now almost cleue fallen: the names of the four gates by east, west, north, and south, yet remain, and manifest tokens of them. I think that the olde name of the toune was, in the Britanne tongue Abertaw, because it stode toward the mouth of the Taw ryver. There be manifest ruines of a great castlle at the north west side of the toune, a little benethe the toune bridge, and a peace of the dungeon yet standith. In the 12th, Henry the 3d, the walls of Barnstaple castle were ordered to be taken down to the height of ten feet."

There are now no remains of the Castle of Barnstaple; but the mound, by the North walk, is, no doubt, the scite of its foundation: the building seems to have lasted at least down to the time of the civil wars, in the reign of Charles 1st.

The same Joel de Totness founded a *Priory of Clugniac monks* at Barnstaple, and consecrated it to *St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Mary Magdelen*; it was subordinate to the *Monastery of St. Martin in the fields, at Paris*. It was, probably, the founder's intention to close his life in retirement at this priory, as he endowed it with lands of considerable value. (The *Priorie of Blacke Monkes* at the north end of the Toune of Barnstaple was founded by Johelus de Totnes, that was Lorde of the Towne and castelle of Barnstaple. LELAND.) It was afterwards made Danison, and valued on the general suppression of monasteries at the yearly revenue of 123*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.*, according to Dugdale; and 129*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* according to Speed. In Risdon's Chorographical Survey of the County of Devon, the value is fixed 'by the year 222*l.*\* 6*s.* 7*d.*' and that author adds 'that one *Robert Thorne* was the last Prior; who for a device bare a roe-buck leaning to a hawthorne, in an escutcheon, with the word *Bert* interposed, and this underwritten, *Caprum cum spina protegat divina potestas*. In the garden of the Priory was lately the proportion of a knight, lying crosslegged, with his sword and shield, seeming to be one of those that had vowed a voyage to the Holy Land, and was removed out of the church, doubtless, at the dissolution.'

The scite of this priory was granted to *William lord Howard*, and *Margaret* his wife. From the Howards it passed to

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\* Possibly a mistake in printing.

*Reginald Portree* : one of the co-heiresses of the last-mentioned family brought this estate to the *Sydenhams*, of whose descendants (the *Northmores*) it was purchased by the grandfather of *R. N. Inledon*, esq., the present proprietor.

(To be continued.)

SIR,

YOUR amusing account of Sir Wm. de Tracey, put me in mind of a little French and English squib, which was current in our part of the world about a Mr. De Oye, or De Egg, therein resident, and which very ludicrously exhibited

THE INCONVENIENCE OF HAVING

A NORMAN DE

*attached to one's name.*

Ah, écoutez couplet bref  
Chez le magnifique De Oye,  
Pauvre garçon franc et naïf,  
Un superbe jour dinoit :  
Jour de fête! jours charmans,  
Que de nobles visitans!  
Quel honneur, quel bonheur  
Ah monsieur, le grand seigneur \*  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Diner sur la table mis,  
Pauvre garçon (quelle horreur!)  
Par hazard étant assis,  
Près de ce superbe sieur)  
Dit, tout haut, monsieur De Oye,  
Du De UNPLING s'il vous plaît—  
Ah quelle horreur, quelle fadeur!  
Ah monsieur le grand seigneur!  
Pardon pour la grande erreur!

.....

IN ENGLISH, THUS :—

Quoth a dandy at dinner, half silly, half sty,  
Our squire's complacency rampling,  
I'll trouble you presently mister De OYE  
For a slice of that Norfolk DE UNPLING.

Stratford le Bow,  
Essex.

Yours, &c.  
F. B.

\*. Meaning a squire-point de Tute.

## CALENDAR.

(Continued from page 187.)

MAY 19.

**DUNSTAN, ARCHBISHOP**, was born at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, in 924, and was eminent for his learning and various acquirements, which being of extremely rare occurrence in that barbarous age, procured him the appellation of a conjuror while living, and that of a Saint after his death. He was successively Abbot of Glastonbury, Bishop of Worcester, Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died A. D. 988, and many absurd miracles were ascribed to him by the superstition of the age.

**26th. AUGUSTINE**, first ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, was sent by Gregory bishop of Rome, together with forty monks, to convert the Anglo-Saxons, whence he acquired the appellation of the "Apostle of the English." He was appointed to the See of Canterbury, and died May 26, about the year 610, and was afterwards canonized.

**27th. VENERABLE BEDE**, was born at Jarron, in Northumberland, and made great proficiency in learning. He was ordained a deacon at nineteen, and eleven years after a presbyter. He was the author of many works; but the most distinguished in his Ecclesiastical History of the Saxons; a history which comprises the whole body of knowledge that his time afforded. This great and good man, who died A. D. 737, was never canonized: the appellation of "Venerable," he obtained by the voluntary homage of his contemporaries.

**June 1st. NICHOLAS, MARTYR**, is related to have been a scholar of the Apostle Peter, who was discovered to be a Christian by his honorably burying one Felicula, a martyr. He is said to have been beaten to death with leaden plummets, in the reign of Domitian.

**5th. BONIFACE, BISHOP of MENTZ, and MARTYR**, was a Saxon presbyter, born in England, and at first called Winfred. He was sent as a missionary into Germany, by Pope Gregory XI, who changed his name to Boniface. He preached the gospel in Friesland, and Germany, where he made so many converts, that he was honored with the title of the 'Apostle of the Germans.' He was appointed bishop of Mentz in 745, and, ten years after, was murdered by the heathen populace near Utrecht, while preaching to some Christian converts.

## EPIGRAMME.

D'une Pauvrette enflé d'Egoïsme.

"Elle est folle de soi!"

"Mon cher! me crois tu fou?"

"Cependant ça est vrai!—ma foi!"

"Qu' elle a le mauvais goût!"—

## TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

"She is in love with herself!"—"My dear, do you think me fool, or mad?"  
 "Nevertheless it is very true,"—"Then her taste is very bad!"



THE

## Sibyl's Portfolio.

*Antrum Sibyllæ non extra templum sed in intimo templi loco  
fuit, multos in recessus naturaliter defossum.*

De Sibyllis confusa obscuraque omnia : hæc mihi certiora occurrunt.

NOTES TO VIRGIL. 6th ENEID.

*The Sibyl at home ——— Evening the First*

Present,

THE LADY DAPHNE DEMOPHILE SIBYL.

SIR JASON PENDRAGON,

Knight of the Golden Fleece,  
and Grand Cross of the order  
of the Derby Ram.

JEFFREY ALADDIN BENSON,

Editor of *The Lundy Review*.

VIRGINIA BENSON,

His Niece.

DRYDEN BEAUCLERC,

Late Editor of *The Cave*.

TROUBADOUR BEAUCLERC,

His Nephew.

SHADOWFORTH PENCIL, esq.

An Artist.

HORACE O'CONSTRUE,

Captain of the Argonaut Lundy Packet, translator of live and dead languages, also of live passengers, and dry and damp goods, to and from the Main-land of Devon.

Le Beau Descommu,

Editor of THE NORTH DEVON MAGAZINE.

The above parties being duly assembled, as per note in margin,\* on the evening of 21st of April, 1824, were indulged in tea, coffee, scandal, and cards (not to mention a very interesting scrap-book) until a late hour in the evening, when the LADY SIBYL, in a turbaned head-dress and embroidered robe, (after the manner of her Cumæan Ancestress, as painted by Domenichino) summoned her guests to what may be called the second Scene of the Evening's Entertainment, being—

\* The Lady D. D. Sibyl's compliments to Sir J. Pendragon and Friends, and requests the honor of their company on the 23d of April, 1824, to TEA — AND EVENING.

*A Supper apartment. The BELL CAVERN of The Cave draped from the ceiling to the floor with sea-green silk, and lit with Chinese lamps. In the centre of the room a circular table, with supper set out for ten, consisting of every delicacy of the season, including porpoise black puddings,\* and a variety of wines supplied by Charles Wright, of the Opera Colonnade, London. The party become seated, and ample justice is done to the Lady Sibyl's preparation.*

JEFF. BENSON. Ah! my lady Sibyl, I see that your 'evening' differs from that evening of our visiting notes in Lundy;—there is no temptation to back the invite with an epigram.

LADY SIBYL. Epigram on a note of invitation! what epigram?

JEFF. BENSON. O, did you never hear how O'Construe got an invite to my Lady Pinchpuff's; and how poetically he indorsed the note back to her.

LADY SIBYL. (*To O'Construe.*) I did not know Captain, that you were epigrammatist as well as interpreter.

O'CONSTRUE. Och! an' please your ladyship's turban, and the pretty face under it—the epigram itself was a translation to time—at your ladyship's service. [*Hands a card from his pocket-book to Lady Sibyl.*]

LADY SIBYL. May I read out?

O'CONSTRUE. As your ladyship pleases—its no secret—that little squib—

LADY SIBYL (*reads the card.*)

At length profusion's powerful spells

Enchant my lady, who would think it;

She gives us tea; but nothing else?

O yes—she gives us time to drink it.

DRY. BEAU. That's really pretty satire upon the unintelligible, and uninviting word 'evening'; but talking of epigrams, let the company take their change of these. (*Hands a paper to Beau Desconnu.*) These Miscellany people are determined to consider me as Editor in spite of all proclamation to the contrary.

---

\* This dish affords 'a solid conviction' that there is great advantage in the study of Natural History, without which, it might have remained food for the mermaids of the Severn Sea. Our cavern Leonarda's obligations are, therefore, most bounden to a writer in the first No. of THE NORTH DEVON MISCELLANY of the MUSE. "Porpoises," says the entertaining naturalist, "porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog!"—See pages 12 and 13, N. D. Miscellany.

DESCONNU (*reading aloud.*)

CON.

Rest, stranger, here  
You've nought to fear,  
All danger you defy;  
Within this Cave  
Comes not a wave;  
The Cave is always dry!

PRO.

Let the critic, soft and sly,  
Insinuate the Cave is dry,  
'Tis that we take a pride in;  
No MIZBLEY ours of wave and wood,  
Dash'd from the rock to bid you speed,  
So, welcome to our Dry Dea!

SIR JASON. Prefacing an impertinent question by the pleasure of taking wine with your ladyship, (*They take wine.*) might I ask you where your ladyship procured these *beautiful constellations* you have suspended from the ceiling?

LADY SIBYL. That, Sir Jason, is a secret; but as I have not promised to keep it, I will, for once, indulge you. They are a present from a new and valued acquaintance in the Island of Lundy.

SIR JASON. Indeed! from Lundy! I should not have thought it:—I am bound to take your ladyship's word; but I saw nothing of the sort when I was there.

JEFF. BENSON. Allow me to explain. The lamps are not the manufacture of our island; but some months ago a *stray East Indiaman mistook the channel in a fog*, and, instead of being off *Torbay*, found herself, one fine morning, close under *Castleton batteries*. She was soon boarded by our islanders; and, among others, I became acquainted with the more luminous portion of her cargo. QUANG HONG's *patent lamps* were the admiration of all who saw them, and were speedily forwarded to THE CAVE, as the first earnest of my esteem for *Lady Daphne*.

DRY. BEAU. Talking of QUANG HONG and the Chinese—can any of you ladies or gentlemen tell me *what Chinese article in England, is an English article in French?*

O'CONSTABLE. (*Whispering D. B.*) *Mutato nomine D. T. fabula narratur.*

SIR JASON. Barring your ingenuity, let us leave riddles to the Miscellany, and the Holy Alliance; and, as I see you have all singing faces, perhaps her ladyship will nominate some candidate for the musical honors of the evening.

LADY SIBYL. I take you at your word. Sir Jason, will you favor the company with a song?

SIR JASON. Why my lady since you are so pressing, as the wits of Braunton say; but I have such a hoarse in my throat, that my D in alt will scarcely be able to canter past him. What will you have? an old song, or a new one?

**DRY. BEAU.** Oh any thing but Italian; let us have no small song work, no Cianchettini, or Pucitta; \* plain English, and a substantial air for this evening, at least.

**SIR JASON.** Sir, I bow implicitly to your taste in music.

*(Sir Jason sings.)*

Oetes was a king of old,  
Who lived on his farm, like yeoman bold,  
In a house across the water;  
But he had two things it would not hold,—  
Being a ramekin full of gold,—  
And a very handsome daughter!

Some Springalds living then in Greece,  
Resolved his golden ram to fleece.

\* \* \* \*

**LADY SIBYL.** O Sir Jason! pardon my interruption; but consider now how late it is getting; I positively cannot allow you to pull through that long ballad about your great ancestor; any thing else in the world;—you forget Chevy Chase, in 3 parts, is gone out of fashion.

**SIR JASON.** Well my lady 'I obey,' as Broadbrim says in Paul and Virginia, 'I-o-bey:' and while I hunt up another song among the 1000 melodies of my Everlasting Songster, perhaps Mr. Benson will oblige us with a stave,

**JEFF. BENSON.** With pleasure; but remember the screaming of the Reviewer is not so sweet as the melody of the poet.

*(Benson sings.)*

(AIR.—"O! for the swords of former times."

IRISH MELODIES, NO. 7.

Oh for the pens of former time!  
Oh for the bards who bore them,  
When all unknown was jingling rhyme,  
And blank verse crouched before them!  
When free, pre tyrants yet began  
Reviewing to enslave him,  
The best honors worn by man  
Were these his goosequill gave him.  
Oh for the pens, &c.

\* Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!  
The admirations and the speculations;  
The "Mamma Mia's!" and the "Amor Mia's!"  
The "Tanti Palpiti's", on such occasions;  
The "Lasciami's," and quavering "Addio's!"  
Amongst our own most musical of nations;  
With "Tu mi chamas's" from Portingale,  
To sooth our ears, lest Italy should fail.

Oh for the critics living then !  
 Oh for the bays that crowned them,  
 When truth and candour held the pen,  
 And genius gathered round them !  
 When safe built on judgment true,  
 Their court was but the centre,  
 Round which taste a circle drew,  
 That malice durst not enter.

Oh for the critics, &c.

O'CONSTRUE. Well now Pendragon.

SIR JASON. No; I appeal to the chair; Benson should call upon a lady.

BENSON. Would your ladyship then oblige us with 'Cease your Funning.'

LADY SIBYL. What? challenge a lady and fix on the song too? is that the fashion in Lundy? but for once—give me the guitar.

*(Troubadour Beauclerc hands over a Spanish Guitar, and Lady Sibyl sings 'Cease your funning.')*

O'CONSTRUE. Your ladyship's health and song. Oh by the powers! but it will be a dull world with us when you cease your funning; if a man now could seize your talents for funning, what a fine—

DRY. BEAU. Cease your punning captain, for there is no fun in a bad pun; why not cease your punning, as well as your funning. *(Sings.)*

*(AIR.—"Cease your Punning, &c.")*

Cease your punning,  
 Wordly cunning,  
 Never shall my sense trepan:  
 All your sallies,  
 Are but malice,  
 To mislead a serious man.

'Tis most certain,  
 Wit, put pert in,  
 Has its spite to reason shewn;  
 Pleased to ruin,  
 Plain arguing,—  
 Never sensible in its own.\*

O'CONSTRUE. Well, if parody is better than punning, I'm no judge; but if you will call on Miss Benson, I know she has a sweet little parody of her own.

DRY. BEAU. Oh! Miss Benson, surely you'll favor us.

SIR JASON. Oh! Miss Benson.

LADY SIBYL. Oh! Miss Benson.

\* Cease your funning,  
 Force or cunning,  
 Never shall my heart trepan:  
 All these sallies  
 Are but malice,  
 To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain,  
 By their flirting,  
 Women oft have envy shewn:  
 Pleased to ruin  
 Others' wooing,  
 Never happy in their own!

OMNES. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Miss Benson.

MISS B. Really I'm overpowered—never sing without my grand --- patent --- six-octave --- Broadwood --- never try—steam packet—cave—lamps—Quang Hong.

OMNES. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Miss Benson.

MISS B. Well—a hem—but indeed—well.

(AIR.—“*Mermaid's Song.*”)

Now the smoking steam boats play  
On the green and glassy sea;  
Come, and I will lead the way  
Where our island beauties be:  
Come with me and I will shew  
Where Lundy lights Revolving go:  
Follow, follow, follow me, &c.

Come, behold what treasures lie  
On shelves above the rolling waves;  
Bird's nests hid from landsman's eye;  
Shoulster's eggs in ocean's caves:  
Ebbing tides bear no delay,  
Lundy ile's three leagues away;  
Come with me, &c.\*

OMNES TOGETHER. Oh! beautiful—delightful—what a sweet voice—so obliging—no affectation—all nature—no art—genius—wild—insular—continental—Lundy.

MISS B. O! Sir Jason; O! my lady; Captain O!

LADY SIBYL. Miss Benson you will name a swain  
To echo that sweet strain.

MISS B. O! my lady; how poetic—M. Le Beau.

LE B. D. Miss Benson O! impossible! O!

LADY SIBYL. Oh! Mr. Le Beau! I am quite unhappy to see you so out of spirits; I can't have my *cher éditeur* teased to sing against his will: the ladies, my dear sir, will always sympathize with tender disappointments.

MR. BENSON. Why my lady, I fancy the little gentleman in the Mask, and Domino, is disappointed more ways than one: in my haste and anxiety to avail myself of your polite invitation, I left behind me the last number of the Lundy Review; captain O'Construe was, indeed, so good

\* Now the dancing sun-beams play  
On the green and glassy sea,  
Come, and I will lead the way,  
Where the pearly treasures be:  
Come with me and we will go  
Where the rocks of coral grow:  
Follow, follow, follow me, &c.

Come, behold what treasures lie  
Far below the rolling waves;  
Riches hid from human eye,  
Dimly shine in ocean's caves:  
Ebbing tides bear no delay,  
Stormy winds are far away:  
Come with me, &c.

as to send back the packet immediately with his Mate, to remedy the evil, but I fear the weather—

**DRY. BEAU.** Captain O'Construe, I beg in the most friendly manner, to wish you all joy and happiness in the holy state you have entered.

**O'CONSTRUE.** Mr. BUCKLER, that drawcansir wit of yours will get you into a scrape one of these days; I know you have made a bad pun now; but for the life of me, I can't tell what, nor where.

**DRY. BEAU.** Pun! my dear fellow, no such thing; didn't Mr. Benson say your wife was gone to Lundy to fetch the Review.

**O'CONSTRUE.** There's a fetch with a vengeance; man! you know its my first *lifenant* that commands the Argonaut in my absence.

**DRY. BEAU.** Well, well, no offence---only I see Lady D. persuading my nephew to sing, and I know he has a nice little honey-moon stave or two, that might have pleased you, if you had been in that way.

**O'CONSTRUE.** We'll have the young gentleman's song, at all events; and after that, I'll read you a review of my own, that I wrote to comfort the Editor for the loss of the Lundy article: poor fellow, he trusted to it for the best third of his May number.

#### TROUBADOUR'S Song.

To-morrow I sail; but again we shall meet,  
With the cliff over head, and the wave at our feet;  
And our voices, again intermingling, will teach  
This cavern the tale of our *love on the beach*.

I sought thee not dearest, like Lord of the Crook,  
To sigh by the murmur of summer's dull brook;  
To thee the deep vow of allegiance I swore,  
When the billow broke loudest in foam on the shore.

Loud roiled the surge; but the accents of love  
Were heard in that moment its thunder above,  
As I bore thee unharmed from the fast flowing wave,  
**LIKE A PEARL OF THE SEA, TO THE SCREEN OF THE  
Cave.**

And, often, since then, while the moon in her pride  
Listened coldly from heaven, to the sighs of the tide;  
O'er its ripple scarce heard, was repeated the vow,  
That again---and for ever! I pledge to thee now,

O'CONSTRUE. Ah! my young friend, a very good song, and very well sung; but I'm sorry to see the editor still lower and lower; we must drown the love song in a glass, and I'll read you my review of a neat little article called the *Skullery*.

THE prevalent gales from the north-east having prevented the arrival of the Lundy Steam Packet, we are obliged to defer our usual allowance of critical discussion borrowed from that illustrious luminary, in lieu of which we offer our judicial recollections of a new farce, performed, for the first (and hitherto only) time, last season, by his Majesty's humble servants the Barum company of deep tragedians. It struck us at the time that there was some merit in the *idea* of the farce, little in the management of the plot, and none at all in the performance; in fact, that it was a good sketch from which a good farce might be made. The title was taking and promising; craniology is a study so generally admired or laughed at, that we augured well of

### THE CRANIOLOGIST,

A new Farce,

*By a Gentleman of Barnstaple.*

A farce may be defined a concoction for the stage, in which there must be a young lady and her father, or uncle, and two young gentlemen, one of whom *she* wishes to marry, while her father or uncle wishes to marry her to the other. Or we may dispense with one of the young gentlemen by substituting a guardian for a relation, in which case, of course, the old gentleman wishes to appropriate the lady to himself, as an *aliquid honorarium* for his trouble during her wardship.

This, as Mr. Simeon says of his 500 sermons, constitutes the skeleton of a farce; and the difference between (not a good and bad, but) a successful and an unsuccessful farce, lies in the writer's luck in having a favorite actor for whom he can hitch in a slang part, say LISTON'S *beau ideal* of a cockney, CHAPLIN'S Jeremy Didler, or Tag, or our long and well-remembered friend LEE'S Caleb Quotem; or, in his tact in hitting off a prevailing taste, rage, fashion, &c., &c. Here we thought the Barnstaple Gentleman had them—hollow—and we think so still, if he would make the most of it. His first difficulty lies with the gallery—

The Gods take care of Cato,

ergal, per contra (as Cocker says) Cato should take care of the gods.



If, then, in the *telling* part of the subject, there be any thing not *very* commonly known to gallery company, it becomes necessary for the author to exert his skill and pains so to explain it as to bring it down to the level of the meanest capacity; and this is what our author has not exactly done; the preliminary conversation between Miss Emma and the maid-servant, is enough for the boxes, but not for the gallery; this fault is easily remedied. If our memory is correct, Mr. Cranium, a determined disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, has just been putting his speculations to the test of practice, by discharging his domestic establishment upon Cranioscopical principles, and resolving to hire no other servants than such as possessed developments of the most unsuspecting nature; and here again the author has not made the most of his subject; for Larry O'Leary is the only candidate whose head is submitted to inspection: but from the cleverness shewn in the scene of *his* trial, we feel satisfied that the writer could have extended his plan without producing any sameness, or failure. We suspect Miss Emma to have proceeded upon Lavater's principles, in preferring captain Heartly as a lover, to her uncle's favorite Mr. Fribble, an ultra dandy; the *denouement* is brought about by a practical refutation, if not of the principles of Craniology, at any rate of Mr. Cranium's proficiency in the study: for the poor gentleman and Mr. Fribble, getting into jeopardy by a rencounter with some foot-pads, the *dandy* (whose organ of combativeness Mr. Cranium thought strongly developed) had recourse to sundry evasive arguments, after the manner of Demosthenes, while the old gentleman owes his safety to the stout heart, and sturdy fistic persuaders of the captain. Brief as this sketch is, we think it shews merit in the CRANIOLOGIST. If the author can be convinced that first conceptions may be improved upon; and if he will but believe that the manager of a company is the best hand at casting a piece, he will soon produce a good and successful farce.

We venture to add half a scene between Cranium and Fribble, and believe our memory to be pretty trustworthy. The extract is by no means a *particularly* favorable one, but eligible, as all our extracts are, from being intelligible of itself, and distinct from the plot.

SCENE V.—*Mr. Cranium. Mr. Theophilus Fribble.*

*Mr. Cranium.* Yes, Mr. Fribble, craniology is, of all sciences, the most noble and serviceable to mankind! do

you know that my life has been saved from having studied its mysteries ;

*Mr. T. Fribble.* Pon honor my *deah* friend you electrify me ! how did it arrive ?

*Mr. Cranium.* Why in my late excursion through the principality of Wales, I engaged a guide to conduct me to the summit of *Caer Idris* ; after excessive fatigue I had nearly reached the top of it, when stopping for an instant to wipe the perspiration from my brows, I attentively regarded my guide who was emulating my example, when, to my terror and surprise, I observed an astonishing development of the organ of destructiveness. Believe me, *Mr. Fribble*, I did not stop to survey the beauties of the surrounding scenery, but hurried down the mountain, and did not cease running until I had reached the inn, in the centre of the neighbouring town.

*Mr. T. Fribble.* Pon honor, how surprising are the effects of fear ! why really *Mr. Cranium* it made you forget how horridly vulgah it was to be seen running in the streets ! How unfortunate that the inn was not in the suburbs. I hope you escaped observation.

*Mr. Cranium.* Pho ! the vulgarity ! Only reflect, *Mr. Fribble*, that my bones, instead of honorably crumbling to decay in the vault of my ancestors, would have been bleaching on the top of a confounded Welch mountain. It was certainly a marvellous deliverance, though my limbs have ached ever since for it.

*Mr. T. Fribble.* It would really have been very horrid to have had your mortal remains exposed like a sheep that had died of the rot. Positively *Mr. Cranium* I am exquisitely delectified at your escape.

*Mr. Cranium.* It is not the only rock I have avoided through my knowledge of this profound science ; as I discovered the same dangerous developments in my Apothecary, who had been killing me by inches with his infernal drugs, but the rascal shall never dose any more of my family.

---

LADY SIBYL. Pretty well, captain, very well, indeed : pray what was it about ? though to be sure *that's* no matter (as you were going to say) if our dear Editor is run for a page or two to fill up a gap ; but as he seems quite inattentive to what's going on, may I just ask if there's any foundation for this story about his being crossed in love ? I thought what he printed in the *Cate* was all *badinage* and make-believe, as naughty children say.

**O'CONSTRUE.** Why, my lady, it was, and it wasn't. I don't think he meant much at first, but the lady got sweet upon it; and your ladyship knows, and I know, to my cost, that the dear creatures are irresistible; but she went off in a fit (of inconstancy) and the coroner brought it in *Chance MEDLEY*.

**LADY SIBYL.** Well, all's for the best, and I'm sure they're better matched than—in fact, I was quite shocked when I heard that dear Beau had given in to such a black-stock-ing notion, but now its all over and our “bleu” is unstained. Mr. Beauclerk I wish we could get your nephew's friend, Mr. Pencil, to feel at home, he has not spoke a word to night; I hope he sings.

**SHAD. P.** Madam! words are too weak to paint the vivid colours in which your hospitality is impressed upon the canvass of my mind; I never speak; I cannot sing; but I lately lodged with a friend who kept a journal, an occurrence in which I can repeat, as recorded:—

Mr. and Mrs. Payne  
 Married in vain  
 Increase of joy to gain :  
 So Mr. Payne  
 Resolved to tempt the main ;  
 And Mrs. Payne  
 Shed tears, on shore, like rain,—  
 All for the loss of Mr. Payne,  
 Who, as a merchant, sailed for Spain.

Mrs. Payne  
 Was in hopes, he would go to Spain,  
 And then,  
 In the twinkling of an underwriter's pen,  
 Duly come home again :  
 But her hope was vain :—  
 For Mr. Payne  
 Instead of going to Spain  
 And coming home again,  
 When he once was got away,  
 Went to—*America!*

Poor Mistress Payne!  
 She looked in vain  
 For Mr. Payne  
 'S return from Spain :

For, once away,  
He went, *with the declining day,*  
*About as far as—America.*

Some,  
(Who living at home  
Quite comfortably, never roam)  
Have taken it on themselves to say,  
'He will come home one day;'

But some say

'Nay:'

For, being married to Mrs. Payne,  
With whom, 'tis plain,  
He sought for happiness in vain,  
And having got away,  
He ne'er will anchor more at \*\*\*mouth quay:  
But moor the vessel of his hopes,  
(With twenty-six inch ropes,  
That never will give way)  
In *Delaware* or *Chesapeakian* bay,  
Across the Atlantic—in America.

And I by myself I  
Say (and I defy  
Any one to say I lie  
Under a mistake) I say in vain  
Will Mrs. Payne  
Expect her husband home again!

*Da. Capo*

LE B. D. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! *oh!*

O'CONSTRUE. Come Mr. Editor, I'm glad to see you enjoy something besides your supper and that long-necked bottle, which may be salt water, or pure whiskey, for all that you let any body know; will you just let a man taste your bottle, Mr. Editor.

LE B. D. Certainly captain, you're welcome to the bottle; the bottle's nothing the worse for my acquaintance; a bottle's a bottle you know, full or empty: I'm sorry I have filled the last glass of it to Mr. Payne's return; and I never let a toast stand.

O'CONSTRUE. Well, I'm easy; I hope your ladyship will excuse my making free with this white brandy, for really some how, I don't know, but the black puddings—

LADY SIBYL, Oh my dear sir, for heaven's sake remember the

things may be well enough to eat, but not to mention ; indeed I'm rather shocked at the dish ; but I've a new cook who reads the North Devon Miscellany, and he *would* shew his skill in a new dish.

SIR JASON. Your ladyship puts me in mind of a little *jeu d'esprit* that I picked up in France ; allow me the honor, its not *very* long.

### CAVE ADSUM :

*Its high time to venture my EPEA PTEROENTA.*

#### LE CUISINIER.

Un quidam, dont la grande affaire  
 Etait de faire bonne chère,  
 Perdit, ce fut un grand malheur,  
 Un cuisinier selon son coeur.  
 Celui qu' à sa place on amène  
 En ces mots, sans reprendre haleine,  
 Fait sa harangue ainsi ; Monsieur,  
 Je ne suis pas un grand parleur,  
 Mais bien le plus grand Algèbriste,  
 Le plus curieux Botaniste,  
 Le plus subtil Logicien,  
 Le plus profond Physicien,  
 Le plus habile Politique  
 Le plus fin, le plus chaud critique  
 Qui soit de Paris à Nankin,  
 Je suis excellent Arlequin,  
 Je suis versé dans la magie  
 J' excelle dans l' astrologie ;  
 Je sais manier le burin  
 Tant sur le bois, que sur l'airain.  
 J'ai du gout pour l'architecture  
 Je sculpte, je fais la peinture.  
 Je fais les horloges à l'eau,  
 Je fais des vers comme Boileau  
 Je rase, je chant, je danse  
 Je suis fort en jurisprudence ;  
 Je m'escrime comme un lutin,  
 Je suis Grec, surtout en Latin,  
 Je parle, et j'écis en dix langues,  
 Je fais des sermons, des harangues,  
 Des lunettes, des instrumens,  
 Toutes sortes d'habillemens  
 A l'usage d'hommes et de femme ;

J'ai fait une nouvelle gamme.  
 J'ai trouve la pondre à canon ;  
 Vous voulez me dire que non !  
 N'ai-je pas trouvé la Boussole ?  
 Vous haussez l'une et l'autre épaule !  
 Que direz vous d'un alphabet  
 Dont je m'en vais vous mettre au fait--  
 Au fait, au fait, à la marmite,  
 Dit le quidam, langue maudite,  
 Qu'on devrait excommunier !  
 Vous verrez que ce cuisinier  
 Ajouta-t-il, tournant l'échine  
 Saura tout faire hors la cuisine.

DRY. BEAU. I think your French cook would have made an excellent Editor, of the North Devon Miscellany, for instance.

LADY SIBYL. Come, ~~Cher~~ Le Beau, tell us about the Barnstaple novelties ; what are we to have in the ~~Cave~~ next month ?

LE B. D. The North Devon Magazine your ladyship would say ; why really my lady that is more than I can tell-- I have no idea of what's coming in the last sheet ; I think I remember in the first, a story about something, and a sweet little poem that should have been given in the review of Abdallah, in the last number, only there was no room. I don't know what to do about the Lundy ; I counted upon O'Construe's critique upon the STEAM BOAT, filling half a sheet, and now we shan't have it till June ; and I expected a Scottish contributor from Aberdeen, George Buchanan ; yes, I know what you are going to say Sir Jason ; a lineal descendant I assure you, from the poet ; no poet himself though, rather a matter of fact fellow ; but we want something of that sort ; we're said to be too much *in nubibus* ; its well we changed the name, they were always at us ; some said we called it the CAVE, because it would beat every thing hollow.

DRY. BEAU. I said that, and so said the Lady Sibyl.

LE B. D. Others said, because there would be nothing in it ; a mere hollow thing, empty at best--CAVE at Emptor say I.

DRY. BEAU. Well, come, that's as bad a pun as if I had made it myself. What says C. Q. to it now ?

LE B. D. Mute as his friend the flat fish ; I called upon him just before he died, and he said a decent thing enough. Quoth he,

"With all its wit and pert pretence,  
The CAVE is very void of sense ;  
Calls itself a PERIODICAL."  
Spell it right, man ! *Peery Oddical*.

O'CONSTRUE. I say, Mr. Editor, is there not an extraordinary confusion in your ideas about C. Q. ; at one time he is spoken of as dead, and in the next page you say he is married.

LE B. D. I see no inconsistency at all ; where's the difference ?

MISS BENSON. Oh ! Mr. Editor, think of the ladies, Oh !

LE B. D. Think of the ladies Miss Benson ! what *can* I think of the ladies after being cajoled—bamboozled—jilted—

MISS BENSON. Dear me, Mr. Editor, there are more ladies in the world than Lady Miscellany.

O'CONSTRUE. (*apart*) Oh ! by the powers, now my dear Lady Daphne, if your long-necked bottle had'nt left a cork in the Editor's optics, he would soon see the road to a little consolation in Lundy.

LADY SIBYL. Oh fie captain ! for shame ! only think of the base insinuation ; do you think Miss Benson, the daughter of your friend's friend so genteel, so well-bred, oh fie !

O'CONSTRUE. My lady I meant no harm ; only see if Miss Benson is Miss Benson "to Barnstaple Fair." However, my lady, as Miss Benson's first call for a song was unsuccessful, suppose you ask her to make another ; the gentleman seems *up*.

MISS BENSON. Oh sir ! I'm sure M. Le Beau wants no entreaty from me.

LE B. D. Well, if I must be vocal—

'And has she then failed in her truth,  
The beautiful maid I adore,  
Must I-----'

O'CONSTRUE. Ooh ! now my dear little Editor, and are you going to pipe your eye about that hussy any longer ? O man, pluck up your heart and bid her good luck with her precious bargain, and take your glass, and sing, like a man.

LE B. D. O'Construe you're right, hang care and drowp sorrow,

'Richard's himself again.'

I'll exert a proper spirit ; I'll take to drinking ; I'll make

Searle's lodgings ring again when I go to correct the next proof. I'll sing you the song I mean to sing at Barnstaple to-morrow night.

(AIR.—“ *Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen.*”)

There's nothing like brandy and water at night,  
With a little tobacco to boot, sir ;  
The brandy may be Cogniac or Nantz right,  
The tobacco Chigar or Cheroot, sir.  
Fill up your glass,  
The man's but an ass  
That while he has liquor would whine for a lass.

If brandy's too dear, then close to this spot  
Mr. Randall's home-brew'd's pretty good, sir ;  
And as good too you'll buy of my friend Michael Nott  
Oronoco as ever was chew'd, sir.  
Then fill up your glass, &c.

Then puff away sorrow, and swallow a sip,  
Be it brandy and water or beer, sir ;  
My glass brim is sweeter than beauty's false lip,  
And its liquor is far more sincere, sir.  
Then fill up your glass, &c.

OMNES. Water ! salts ! my lady's maid !  
Hartshorn ! drops !---

SIR JASON. (*dignified*) —too long we've staid !  
Shame on thy mask, but, unknown varlet ! know  
Thy Desconnu shall not avail Le Beau.  
Beer ! brandy !! pipes !!! and in a lady's *Cave* ;  
Straight waistcoat for him straight, the man must rave !

(*Exit Dryden Beauclerk disconsolate, leading away Le Beau Desconnu distrait*)

MISS B. Oh ! my lady, Oh ! Sir Jason, you're surely too severe, I'm sure the Gentleman did not mean to be rude.  
LADY SIBYL. My dear young lady I'm quite recovered, but I own the shocking sound of the pipes was a little too powerful for my weak nerves ; but all's forgotten, and I hope some evening next month to see the same party, in health and spirits, assembled at the *Cave*.



## POSTSCRIPT.

*WE beg to explain the apparent absurdity of a print of Braunton Church being given, without the Braunton article accompanying it; the fact is, that some letters crossed on the road; and while our letter travelled to town to say that the Morte account was in the printer's hands, and required a Morte print to be given in the May number, our correspondent's letter came to say that the plate of Braunton Church was in hand and would be first done; it can be of no consequence to the reader, as the topographical account of BRAUNTON will follow in due course, and the Prints can be removed to their proper places.*

*We have also to mention the unavoidable postponement of the continuation of the TRIP TO PARIS till our next, when it shall certainly appear.*

*The review of the STEAM BOAT in the Number for June.*

*Also, BARNSTAPLE FAIR, "and," as Mr. Essery says, "other things too numerous to mention."*

*In the Number for June, will begin a series of papers under the name of FARRAGO LIBELLI.*

*BOB SHORT is very obliging with his advice; he is not aware of the difficulty of contriving to keep articles of a sufficient, and not redundant length. We wish for nothing under four lines, nor over four pages.*

*Cloudeuckooborough, May 1st, 1824.*

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 ERRATUM IN No. IV.

Page 174, last line of 2d Stanza, for "us" read *as*.

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 ERRATA TO No. V.

Page 189, line 28, for "their" read *there*.

Page 198, in the note, for "April 21st," read April 23d.

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Searle, Printer, Barnstaple.

# The Cave.

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JUNE, 1824.

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## THE ROSE TREE, THE SHEEP, AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

(Concluded from Page 182.)

WHAT I *heard* was a singular noise from the court, as if some animal were browsing there with a bell about its neck. I ran out groaning, and had the misery to find a sheep near my roses greedily making his evening meal upon them. I snatched up a pair of tongs (the first thing I could lay my hands on) and flew to drive away the gluttonous beast. Alas! it was too late, he had broken the finest branch and swallowed the buds, and notwithstanding the obscurity, I could see them in his mouth; the most advanced of all being crushed and swallowed like the rest. I swear to you my friends, I was not passionate, or headstrong; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself; without knowing what I did, I aimed a stroke with the tongs at this peaceable animal, who had destroyed my hopes, and stretched it at my feet. I no sooner saw that it was dead, than I repented having killed the poor brute, who was not conscious of doing ill; it was an action unworthy of a Professor of Philosophy, and the lover of Amelia; but to have eaten my rose, my only hope of being ever admitted to her home, when I thought of this, I could not allow myself to be so culpable. The night was dark, I heard an old woman pass in the under court, and I called to her. "Catherine" cried I,

bring your lantern, you have left the doors all open, and one of your sheep has got in and eaten my roses, and I fear I have killed it. She soon arrived with a light; it is not one of our sheep, said she, I am just come from shutting them up, and there is none missing. "Good heavens, good heavens, what do I see?" she exclaimed as she drew near, it is the pet lamb of our neighbour Mademoiselle de B., which was so pretty, and so good; poor Robin! what has befallen thee? how sorry she will be!" What became of me, my friends, at these words? by the same stroke Amelia had nearly lost her rose-tree, her sheep, and her philosophical lover. I fell down by the side of Robin; "of Mademoiselle de B.," said I, in a trembling voice, "what! has she a sheep? Ah! my God, no, she has none at present; how she will weep for this poor thing, it is the only pleasure her mother allows her, she loves it as her eyes; see the pretty collar she embroidered with her own hands." I kissed it; it was of red morocco, garnished with bells; she had embroidered it with gold thread, "Robin belongs to Mademoiselle de B., she loves him, and begs he may be returned to her;" ah God, she loves it, and I have killed it, she begs it may be returned to her, and here it lies stretched upon the ground without life; how barbarous to kill it in a moment of passion! she has reason to detest the vice that she has discovered in me, since it has been so fatal to her; she will look with horror on the murderer of Robin, and I have merited it; but if it should not be dead, if it should only be stunned with the blow, run, Catherine, run to the Apothecary, run quickly! Gracious me, sir, I cannot ask him to come to a sheep. Say nothing of sheep, tell him some one has swooned, and you wish him to give you something to re-animate them. Catherine went, and I remained stretched on the ground beside Amelia's sheep, which I tried to persuade myself was not dead; I endeavoured to raise it, but it fell again immediately; I tried to open its mouth, part of the rose bud still remained between its teeth; the collar perhaps might squeeze its throat; I took it off with care; something fell at my feet, which I mechanically put into my pocket, without further examination, so much was I absorbed in the endeavor to re-animate poor Robin; I rubbed it with all my strength; I was impatient for Catherine's return; she soon arrived with a small bottle in her hand, exclaiming all the way, as her custom was, "here sir, here is a drug, but the apothecary says it will be of no use to a fainting sheep." How, chatterer, have you dared—"Holy Mother, sir, I could not say it was a swooning person; but I am no chatterer,

certainly none, I have not said a word of it to poor Mademoiselle Amelia, she is too much to be pitied, one may not afflict the afflicted, as the holy Bible says."

What is it you say Catherine, have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia, and is she afflicted? what can have afflicted her, if she knows nothing of the death of her sheep? speak, speak. "Oh sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady, and this is worse than the sheep; she is looking up and down through the street for a ring she has lost, one of great value, it is a ring the Emperor gave to her father, and they say worth more *louis* than the hairs upon one's head; her mother lent it to her when she went out to-day, and she, the careless child, has lost it, she knows not when, nor where, she perceived her loss on taking off her glove to eat; you may judge whether she eat any thing or not, poor soul; she hastily put on her glove again, that her mother might not miss the ring, and ran directly to seek it, but can see nothing of it; if you had seen her grief, it cut me to the heart; I must return, said she, to look for it elsewhere; my good friend, I will give you all I have, if you find it for me, and my friendship as well (you may judge sir, whether I will not seek for it carefully) if you should re-animate the sheep, and I should find the ring, how delighted the poor child will be with us both." When she quitted me after all this volubility, I recollected that what I had carelessly picked up, when I undid the collar from the neck of the poor sheep, appeared to have the form of a ring. Could it be possible, I had it in my pocket! I took it out; I looked at it, and guess my joy; it was, no doubt, the lost ring of Madam de B., certainly of great price. A secret presentiment seemed to tell me it was a better way of presenting myself, than the rose tree, and that Amelia would pardon, perhaps, the murderer of her sheep; I pressed the precious ring to my heart, to my lips. After having assured myself that the poor animal was indeed dead, I left it stretched out by the side of the roses it had destroyed, and ran into the street; I saw the people uselessly employed in looking for the ring, and took my station at my door, to wait the return of my neighbours. I saw the lantern coming which preceded them, and soon distinguished their voices, and I comprehended that the poor Amelia had confessed her unfortunate loss. Her mother was scolding her while she was weeping, and saying, dear mama, it may, perhaps, be found again; "very likely, indeed!" said the old lady, "it is too valuable to be brought to us if it should; the emperor gave it to your father for saving his

life in battle, and your father valued it more than any thing he possessed, and you have lost it; to be sure it was my own fault for lending it to you; for sometime past you have known nothing that has passed, or attended to any one thing but your own sheep, so I have lost my ring, and it is impossible I can ever forgive you." I heard all this as I followed their steps at some little distance; they arrived at home, and I had the cruelty to prolong the distress Amelia was in; I wished to be admitted into the house; therefore waited till they had gone up stairs, when I announced myself as bringing them some good news; I was introduced, and respectfully gave Madam de B. her ring, at the same time stealing a look at her daughter; good heavens, what delight shone in her countenance, she knew not which gave her the most pleasure, the ring being found, or my being the finder of it. How much her joy and her emotion embellished her beauty; she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and turning to me with eyes full of tears, she joined her hands and exclaimed, "Oh sir, what an obligation! how can I thank you?"

Ah Mademoiselle (said I) you know not who you thank, he who gives you a great pleasure, must likewise be the cause of great pain to you; I am the murderer of poor Robin, I have killed your sheep, "you sir, it is impossible, you can never have caused me this misfortune, I am sure you cannot have been so wicked;" "no, but I have been unfortunate; Robin came to my house, poor Robin, the victim of a moment of anger, exists no more. In detaching the collar from his neck, your ring fell from it, you have promised a great reward to whoever should bring it. I dare to solicit it, grant me your pardon for the death of Robin.

"As to me, sir, I am much obliged to you," cried her mother, "I did not like Robin, he occupied Amelia's attention too much, and tired me with his bleatings; and if you had not killed him, God knows how I should have regained my diamond; but how could it be under his collar, Amelia? explain it to me." Poor Amelia's heart was rather full, she was much hurt that I should have killed Robin, more, perhaps, than that he was dead. "Poor Robin," said she, drying her tears, "he did love to run about a little to be sure, so I attached a collar to him to explain whom he belonged to, and he has always been brought back to me when the embroidery was read, but this time he was not returned, the ring must have slipped under his collar and been detained there by the wool, you called me, mamma, and I put on my gloves in haste, to attend you to the assembly; and what

shocking moments I have passed there ; but poor Robin has been more unfortunate than me." Some more tears flowed then, they fell in burning drops upon my heart. "How lucky he happened to go to a neighbour's house;" "Yes for you," replied Amelia, "but not for him, he was most cruelly received, he was much in the wrong, sir, to go to *your* house; without doubt I am very happy you found mamma's diamond; but it was very cruel, however, to be so violent as to kill a poor sheep because he happened to pay you an unwelcome visit; you spoke once very strongly against the passion of anger; you have deceived me greatly, I should never have believed it of you Mr. Professor." "And myself still less, Mademoiselle; I would have saved the animal's life with my own, had I known him to be yours; it was dark, and I could not see the collar, if I had, I should have pardoned him all he did. But then, Mademoiselle, he devoured my only hope, my happiness, a superb Rose, just ready to blow, which I had been particularly careful of a long time, and which I meant, on new-year's day, to offer to—somebody whom I love." Amelia smiled, blushed, and gave me her beautiful hand, saying in a low voice "all is pardoned." "He has eaten a rose ready to blow," cried madam de B., he merited a thousand deaths, I would give you twenty sheep for a rose in flower." "And I am much deceived mamma," said Amelia, with an adorable *saupé*, "if this rose was not destined for you." "For me, how ridiculous child, I had not the honor of this gentleman's acquaintance, how could he divine my taste for roses, I never spoke of them in his presence." "But I did, mamma, the only time I ever saw him; but was ignorant then he knew any thing about the cultivation of those flowers: is it not true, sir, that the wicked Robin has eaten mamma's rose?" I soon convinced them it was really so, and re-counted the education of my fifty vases, all my cares, all my misfortunes, and my only hope destroyed in an instant, my fury, my despair, with my useless efforts for the poor Robin's recovery. Madam de B. laughed a good deal, and said she had a double obligation to me. "Mademoiselle has bestowed on me her recompense for the restoration of the ring, and now, madam, I shall claim one from you, the permission of sometimes being allowed to pay my respects to you." "Granted," said she with gaiety, I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter more tenderly, and took my leave, but I returned the next day, in fact, every day. I was received with a kindness which augmented every hour; they looked on me as one of the family; it was I who gave an

arm to madam de B. when she went to her assemblies, where she presented me as her friend, and her daughter found them no longer so very tiresome. The first day of the new year arrived, and I had been the evening before to a neighbouring farm to purchase a sheep, as like as possible to the one I killed; I had applied to all the gardeners for what roses they had in bloom; the most beautiful was destined for the dear mamma, and the remainder formed a garland round the white throat of the sheep. The 1st of January I went to my neighbours with my fine vase and pretty sheep! "Robin and the Rose tree are re-animated," said I, presenting them to my friends; they were received with thanks and tenderness. "I wished also to give you a new-year's gift," said Madam de B., casting a look at her daughter, "but I knew not what you love." "What I love! ah if I dared tell you," and I also looked towards Amelia. "Should it be my daughter perchance,—" I fell at her feet, Amelia threw herself beside me. "Well," said the amiable parent, "your new-year's gifts are found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand." She detached the garland from the neck of the sheep, and entwined it round our united hands. "And my Amelia," concluded the old Professor, passing an arm around his venerable companion by his side, "is still as beautiful in my eyes, and as dear to my heart, as on that day when our hands were united by a chain of flowers.

## JUNE 17th.

ST. ALBAN, MARTYR, the first christian martyr in this island, suffered in 303. He was converted to christianity by Amphialus, a priest of Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, to whom he had given an assylum from his pursuers, at Verulam, in Hertfordshire, now called, from him, St. Albans. Amphialus, being closely pursued, made his escape dressed in Alban's clothes; which, being discovered, exposed him to the fury of the pagans; by whom, as he refused to sacrifice to their gods, he was first miserably tortured, and then put to death.

20th. TRANSLATION OF EDWARD, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS. On the assassination of Edward (noticed under March 18th) his remains were first buried at Wareham, in Sussex, without any solemnity; but after three years they were translated to Shaftesbury, or, according to some accounts, to Salisbury, or Shrewsbury; where they were interred with great pomp and magnificence.

July 2d. VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. This feast was first instituted about the year 1388; by Pope Urban VI, in commemoration of the visit made by the mother of Jesus Christ, to the mother of John the Baptist, and also to implore her intercession for the removal of the schism and other evils which then afflicted the Romish Church. It was not universally observed until it was confirmed, first by a decree of Pope Boniface IX, and by the Council of Basil, in 1441.

4th. TRANSLATION OF ST. MARTIN, BISHOP and CONFESSOR. Martin was a native of Pannonia, and for some years served in the army. Being converted to Christianity, he embraced a religious life, and in 374 he was made bishop of Tours. He died A. D. 400, and this day was instituted in honour of the translation of his remains from the place where they had been deposited, to a more magnificent tomb, which was done by Perpetuus, one of his successors in the See of Tours.

### BARNSTAPLE FAIR.

Oh! Devonshire's a noble county, full of lovely views, miss!  
And full of gallant gentlemen for you to pick and choose, miss!  
But search the towns all round about there's nothing can  
compare, miss!

In measurement of merriment, with *Barnstaple Fair*, miss!

Then sing of Barum, merry town, and Barum's  
merry mayor too,

I know no place in all the world old Barum to  
compare to!

There's nothing happens in the year but happens at our  
fair,\* sir!

'Tis then that every thing abounds that's either new or rare,  
sir!

The Misses make their start in life † its gaieties to share, sir!  
And ladies look for beaux and balls to *Barnstaple Fair*, ‡ sir!

Then sing of Barum, merry town, and Barum's  
worthy mayor too,

I know no place in all the world old Barum to  
compare to!

The little boys and girls at school their nicest clothes pre-  
pare, ma'am!

To walk the streets and buy sweetmeats and gingerbread so  
rare, ma'am!

\* Foreigners will take notice that, after the fashion of an Epocha, Barnstaple Fair furnishes a chronological resting place for inaccurate conjecture.

† When young ladies are to come out (a phrase borrowed from Tatterson's sale days) notice is given by their appearance at the Fair Ball. Formerly the Exeter 'size ball was included in the notice (to shew they were big enough) but this, we believe, is obsolete.

‡ DONANTA SYNETOISIN, says Peter Pindar's great uncle. To the uninitiated we must explain that, in our Devonshire parlance "to Barnstaple Fair" means just about Fair time; "to," in fact, meaning "at." Sept. 19th.



Their prime delight's to see the sights that ornament our square, ma'am!

When Powell brings his spangled troop to *Barnstaple Fair*, ma'am!

Then sing of Barum, merry town, and our indulgent mayor too,

I know no place in all the world old Barum to compare to!

If milk be scarce tho' grass be plenty, don't complain too soon, dame!

For that will very often happen in the month of June, dame! Tho' cows run dry while grass runs high, you never need despair, dame!

The cows will calve, and milk you'll have, to *Barnstaple Fair*, dame!

Then sing of Barum, wealthy town, and its productive Fair too,

And drink 'the corporation, and the head of it, the Mayor too.'

If pigeon's wings are plucked, and peacock's tails refuse to grow, friend!

In spring; you may depend upon't in autumn they will shew, friend!

If feathers hang about your fowls in drooping stile and spare, friend!

Both cocks and hens will get their pens to *Barnstaple Fair*, friend!

Then, friend, leave off your wig, and Barum's privileges share too,

Where every thing grows once a year, wing-feathers, tails, and hair too.

If winter wear and summer dust call out for paint and putty, sir!

And Newport coals in open grates make paper-hangings smutty, sir!

And rusty shops and houses fronts most sadly want repair, sir!

Both shops and houses will be smart to *Barnstaple Fair*, sir!

And Barum is a handsome town, and every day improving, sir!

Then drink to all who study its improvement to keep moving, sir!

King George the third rode out to Staines, the hounds to lay  
the stag on;

But that was no great things of sport for mighty kings to  
brag on;

The French, alas! go *à la chasse* in *veste* to stay and pair;

But what's all that to Button Hill, to *Barnstaple Fair*.

For we will all a hunting go, on horse, or mule, or  
mare, sir!

For every thing is in the field to *Barnstaple Fair*, sir!

To Button Hill, whose name to all the sporting world sure  
known is,

Go bits of blood, and hunters, hacks, and little Exmoor  
ponies;

When lords, and ladies, doctors, parsons, farmers, squires,  
prepare

To hunt the stag, with hound and horn, to *Barnstaple Fair*.

Then up and ride for Chilton Bridge, or on to  
Bratton Town, sir!

To view the rouse, or watch the Yeo, to see the  
stag come down, sir!

There's nothing else in jollity, and hospitable fare, sir!

That ever can with Barnstaple, in Fair time compare, sir!

And guests are very welcome hospitality to share, sir!

For beer is brew'd, and beef is bought, to *Barnstaple Fair*,  
sir!

Then sing of merry England, and roast beef, old  
English fare, sir!

A bumper to 'the town and trade of Barum and  
its mayor,' sir!

Boiled beef, roast beef, squab pie, pear pie, and figgy pud-  
ding plenty,

When eight of nine sit down to dine, they'll find enough for  
twenty;

And after dinner, for desert, the choicest fruits you'll share,  
sir!

E'en walnuts come from Somerset, to *Barnstaple Fair*, sir!

Then sing of Barum, jolly town, and Barum's jolly  
mayor too,

No town in England can be found, old Barum to  
compare to.

I will not sing of Bullock Fair, and brutes whose horrid  
trade is,  
To make us shut our window blinds, and block up all the  
ladies :  
Nor of the North Walk rush and crush, where fools at  
horses stare, sir !  
When Mister Murray brings his nags to *Barnstaple Fair*,  
sir !

But sing of Barum, jolly town, and Barum's jolly  
mayor too !  
No town in England can be found, old Barum to  
compare to.

The ball one night, the play the next, with private parties  
numerous ;  
Prove Barnstaple people's endless efforts sir, to humour us ;  
And endless too, would be my song, if I should now de-  
clare  
All the gaieties, and rarities, of **BARNSTAPLE FAIR.**

Then loudly sing, God save the King, and long  
may Barum thrive, O !  
May we all live to see the Fair, and then be all  
alive, O !

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#### HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF

### BARNSTAPLE.

NO. II.

(Continued from Page 196.)

WE have seen that the Conqueror just contrived to keep under the spirit of revolt among the Saxon portion of his subjects ; but he was no sooner dead, than the impolicy of his successor William Rufus, drove even the Norman barons into confederacy with the natives ; and the authority of the crown was not preserved without many forfeitures of estates and titles, the consequence of open rebellion.

It seems probable that Judhael de Totness was engaged in some of these troubles, for his possessions were seized by William Rufus, and remained in the hands of the crown during the reign of Henry 1st. In the reign of Stephen, Henry de Tracy held this honor by gift of that king. On

the accession of Henry 2d, William de Braose (a great-grandson of Judhael de Totnes) obtained a purparty of the honor of Barnstaple; and in the seventh year of Richard 1st, the same William de Braose came to an agreement with Oliver de Tracy (the son and heir of Henry de Tracy, who held it in the reign of king Stephen) by which accord Oliver de Tracy passed his share of the barony to William de Braose, on certain conditions, among the rest an annuity of 20*l*. It seems also, that William de Braose married his daughter to Robert Fitzpernell, Earl of Leicester, who thus obtained some portion of the barony.

Not long after, king John having banished William de Braose, the estate came to the crown, and a portion was then given to Henry de Tracy.

In the reign of Henry the 3d, the son of William de Braose had restitution of his father's property, or at least a portion of it, which portion fell to the crown again about the end of that reign.

The other moiety of the borough—viz. that belonging to the Tracys—passed, after the death of Oliver de Tracy (which occurred in the 2d year of Edward the 1st) in marriage with his only daughter Eve, to Guy de Brierme, who, leaving issue a daughter named Maud, married first to Nicholas Lord Martyn, and afterwards to Sir Jeffrey de Camvill, both her husbands enjoyed the manor in her right, and after her demise and the death of Sir Jeff. de Camvill, about the 2d year of King Edward 2d, it descended on William Lord Martyn, of Dartington and Ceamoys, son of Lord Nicholas Martyn, and the said Lady Maud. William Lord Martyn married Elinor daughter of Reginald Fitzpiers, the widow of John Lord Mohun, of Dunster, and had issue William, Elinor, and Joan. Elinor was married, but died without issue; Joan was married to Nicas Lord Audleigh, of Heleigh, and died in the 16th year of Edward 2d. William Lord Martyn, of Ceamoys, Dartington, and Barnstaple, succeeded his father in his honors, and married Margaret daughter of John Lord Hastings, but died without issue, about the 19th year of Edward the 2d. The barony was then conveyed by the elder co-heiress of the last Lord Martin, to Philip de Columbers, who died without issue, and thus it passed, in consequence, to the Lords Audley, descended from the other co-heiress.

James Lord Audleigh, of Heleigh, and Rougemont, possessing the barony in right of his mother, is said to have resided in the castle of Barnstaple.

It is, perhaps, worth while to turn a moment from the dry aspect of mere genealogical detail, and contemplate the character of this 'Right Honorable' Lord, one of the *preux chevaliers* of his age.

-----no carpet knight so trim,  
But in close fight a champion grim;  
In camps, a leader sage-----

He particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers, where he had like to have paid the penalty of his valour; for, being carried away in the ardour of the charge, he was cut off and surrounded by the French, and owed his rescue entirely to the desperate exertions of four of his attendant followers. On his return to England, besides other honorable attentions, the Black Prince acknowledged his services by a considerable gift in money; which present he, Lord Audley, immediately divided among the four attendants who had so serviceably followed him to the field of battle. The Prince afterwards calling him to account for the disposal of the money, was so pleased with his generosity, that he renewed his gift to the same amount, with an increase of his patronage and favour.

He was twice married, first to Joan, daughter of Roger Mortimer, and secondly to Isabel, daughter of Lord Strange. By his first wife he had issue Nicholas, Roger, and Joan; by his second only a daughter, named Margaret. Roger died in his father's life-time (who also died in the 9th year of Richard the 2d); and in the 13th year of the same reign, died Nicholas Lord Audleigh, leaving no issue, by which means the entire manor and honor of Barnstaple fell to the king, by virtue of an entail made by James Lord Audleigh to his heirs male, with a remainder in the crown.

It was next granted to Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford, for the purpose of defraying the expense of the Conquest of Ireland, to be held only till that purpose should be accomplished. King Richard the 2d afterwards gave it to his half brother John Holland, Duke of Exeter, and his heirs male; which failing, it again reverted to the crown. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, had a grant of it for life, in 1487; indeed the manor was re-granted several times; but apparently only for terms of years, till the reign of queen Mary, when that Princess bestowed it on Thomas Marrow, esq., of the county of Warwick, and ancestor of Sir Arthur Chichester, baronet, the present proprietor; under whom the Castle Manor is held by the Corporation of Barnstaple, at an annual rent of 14*l.* 18*s.*

Barnstaple is one of the several towns which sent members to Parliament with little or no interruption, from the reign of Edward the 3d. In the second volume of Lord Somers's Tracts, is an entry of Devonshire Boroughs, which returned members before the year 1488. Barnstaple is fourth on the list, dating from the 26th year of the reign of Edward the first. Other accounts state the 23d year of the same reign to be the period of its first representation in Parliament.

Riedon says, that Barnstaple was incorporated by king Henry the first, and that king John enlarged its privileges. Among the records in the Tower of London, are some inquisitions taken in the reign of Edward the 3d, in consequence of a dispute then subsisting between the Lord of the town, and the burgesses. The evidence on these inquisitions, was much at variance; it was sworn on the one hand, that the burgesses had the power of disposing of their tenements by will, of sending two burgesses to Parliament \*, a right they derived from a charter of king Athelstan (though, on enquiry, it was by no means proved that any such charter ever existed) of electing a mayor and coroner; of returning writs, and being taxed by themselves; of being free of pontage, murage, &c., of the assize of bread and beer; of keeping a ducking-stool and pillory; of holding a fair for four days at the festival of St. Mary Magdalen, &c., &c. On the other hand, all this was denied on oath; and, it was said, "that the burgesses did not choose a mayor, but by the consent of the lord of the town (at that period James Lord Audley) and that it would be much to the prejudice of the lord, of the king, and of the abbot of Clive, and others, if the king should confirm the claims of the burgesses." The result of the dispute is not known; but it seems that the petition of the burgesses was not granted at the time in question. King Edward the 4th, by a charter given in the 17th year of his reign, repeats and confirms a charter of king John, who had extended the privileges and customs originally conferred upon the borough by Henry the first. By this means it appears, that the right of sending two burgesses to Parliament was conceded to the borough upon the ground of ancient usage, or prescription; as was also the right of choosing a mayor, with exemption from tolls, &c., &c.; consequently, down to the time of queen Mary, it was governed by a mayor, and bailiffs: but,

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\* It is rather curious, that at the same time, the burgesses of Torrington were exerting themselves, with might and main, to be delivered from the burthen of sending burgesses to Parliament.

under a charter granted by that queen, the corporation consists of a mayor, and twenty-four capital burgesses, of whom the two senior are to be aldermen, and assist the mayor. The charter of James the first added a high-steward and recorder. The right of Election is vested in the mayor, aldermen, and common burgesses, the present number of whom is about 600. The mayor is the returning officer.

Risdon's brief notice of the foregoing particulars is very quaintly expressed. "It was incorporate by king Henry the first, who endowed the place with many privileges, and king John with more. A mayor and two bailiffs for a long time it had, but queen Mary ordained two aldermen, and a council of twenty-four. This borough maintaineth two burgesses in Parliament, hath a Friday's market, for frequency of people, and choice of all commodities, the cheapest in this tract. The inhabitants profess merchandize, and through traffic, have much enriched themselves."

It does not appear when the market at Barnstaple was granted; but there is a record in the Tower of London, which states, that the lords of the manor had, from an early period, claimed a fair at the festival of the nativity of the Virgin Mary; and it appears in the inquisition before alluded to in the reign of Edward the 3d, that the inhabitants claimed a market on Wednesdays, and Fridays. Queen Mary's charter also granted, or confirmed to the burgesses their market on Fridays, and a fair for several days, beginning from the eve of the festivity of the Virgin Mary. The market days, in 1759, continued to be on Wednesday, and Friday, when there is a great supply of provisions of all kinds. The fair is now annually held on the 19th of September, and following days, for cattle and horses; and there are great markets for cattle, &c., on the Friday before April 21st, and on the second Friday in December.\*

In the reign of Edward the 4th, the neighbourhood of Barnstaple was supported by the manufacture of cloth.

About the year 1750, and for many years after, Barnstaple carried on a considerable trade with Wales, Ireland, Bristol, and Newfoundland, to which last, many vessels were fitted out. Great quantities of wool were imported from Ireland, which the merchants sold to manufacturers in various of the county towns. Most of the poorer class of females were

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\* Although the market is still kept in the High Street of the town, great accommodation has been afforded by a very handsome meat-market, which was erected in the year 1814, during the Mayoralty of W. Slocombe, esq.

employed in spinning yarn, which was principally bought up by the people of Exeter and Tiverton.

"The woollen trade formerly carried on here," observes Mr. Warner (in his *Walk through the Western Counties*) "with considerable spirit, threw a large sum of money into the town, and enabled its inhabitants to beautify it with many very respectable houses; this trade has of late failed." One reason for the decline of these branches of commerce, is the present state of the harbour, and the difficulty of navigation up to the town, the westerly winds having accumulated a bar of sand across the harbour; and the channel of the river itself frequently changing from the same, or a similar cause; so that vessels of heavy burthen cannot enter. The difficulties, however, of such vessels as can come over the bar, have been, of late, much lessened, and shipwrecks have materially decreased in frequency, since the erection of a light-house upon the Braunton Burrows, where a light is burned by night, and a signal flag is hoisted by day, whenever, according to the state of tide, there is sufficient water to accommodate vessels in their passage over the bar. No wool is now imported; but there is a considerable coasting trade, for the importation of coals and culm from Wales, and merchandize from Bristol and other ports. There is likewise a considerable exportation of timber and bark.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## AERONAUTICS.

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Mr. Green's ascent in his Balloon from the Piece hall, in Halifax, on Monday last, was peculiarly magnificent. PROVINCIAL PAPERS, MAY, 1824.

He happened to meet with an Almanac in which the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac were delineated; these he looked for in the heavens, 'till at last he imagined that he actually traced such figures there.

KEYLER'S TRAVELS, vol. 4. p. 385.

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SIR GREEN, the knights of the spur,\* to-day,  
Beholding thy route as thou fliest,  
Must own, tho' they travel the king's highway,  
That your high-way is the highest.

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\* Travellers, Riders, and Bagmen.



Up in the sky you'll have every thing nice,—  
 You may travel until you fare harder :  
 And, allow me say, 'tis the *traveller's* vice  
 To pay too much respect to the *larder*.

Flesh and fowl to the sky-market never came slack,  
 For you're sure to meet *Sinbad the sailor*,  
 Sailing along with a joint at his back,  
 Or riding his roc like a tailor.  
 And it's little you'll need Mother Glasse's old book,  
 With her sly 'first a hare catch' quirkery,  
 The man in the Moon\* is a very good cook,  
 And there's plenty of pepper in Mercury.†

Don't imagine I'm hoaxing you, Green-horn and soft,  
 For the meat in the sky is no sham ;  
 Should you happen to meet them careering aloft,  
 You may cheapen with eagles for lamb.  
 Few dishes, at present, are better you know,  
 Than tender young lamb and asparagus,  
 And the' rather green upon earth here below,  
 There's the milky-way surely can spare a goose.‡

Yet concerning your dinner chance shall not decide,  
 Tho' your commons run short at the moon,  
 I'll rehearse you the Inns on the road, that provide  
 'Entertainment for Man and Balloon.'  
 At the Sign of the RAM is a house to your mind,  
 The first in old *Zodiac town* ;  
 But beware of the landlord in drink, or you'll find  
 He'll be just after knocking you down.

Sir Turret O'Wall, in a mettlesome year,  
 Felt the force of his fist and his scull ;  
 So perhaps of the *Ram* you had better steer clear,  
 And pass on, to call in at the BULL.  
 It is kept by an Irishman, Corny O'Sprig,  
 Waiter once at the old *Bull and Mouth* ;  
 When his bar is once clear of his cow and his pig,  
 You may pleasantly moisten your drowth.

\* There is a popular fancy, that one can sometimes see this old gentleman peering his lunar eye.

† The warmest of the Planets.

‡ Anser, the Goose, a small star of the 5th or 6th magnitude, in the Milky Way.

I should rather the *Bull* than the *Twins* recommend,  
 For the *Twins* is a house full of trouble;  
 The landlord, they say, is the mariners' friend,\*  
 But you'll find him deceitful—and *double*,  
 Ere you enter the *Cave*, I advise you to pause,  
 If your purse does not equal your pride,  
 For the landlady's known by the length of her claws,  
 And the *bill* is cast up on one side.

Of the *Lion*—who knows not its Innkeeping glories?  
 Its 'good entertainment' all hail;  
 But you must not rely on the landlord's *long stories*,  
 He knocks people down with his tale (tail.)  
 The sign of the *Virgin* all over the world,  
 For its *beautiful bar-maid* is known;  
 Like the *hop* and the *vine* are her dark tresses curled,  
 And she blushes—a rose-bud unblown.

The *Scales* is a house of request at *Arise*,  
 When the Judge trims the balance of fate;  
 And the Landlady, seen, we may fairly surmise  
 From her form, is a woman of weight.  
 The *Scorpion* is famed for provoking a quarrel  
 With *sings*, that saddens men's brains;  
 And the *Arch* is famous for *butt* and for barrel,  
 Unmingled with Paradise grains.

Yet, if paradise be for our pleasures a name,  
 In drinking, good ale has no fellow;  
 And perhaps for this cause *Sagittarius* became  
 The lodging of Mistress Othello.†  
 Again, if on leeks and *Welch-rabbit* you doat,  
 Or a cup of *Welch ale* can entice;  
 You may have them in style at the *CAPERING-GOAT*,‡  
 Kept by *Morgan-ap-Shenkin-ap-Rice*.

\* Sic Fratres Heleus, lucida sidera. Castor and Pollux, the twin-twinklers that are favorable to navigation.

† Capricorn.

‡ 'Send for the Lady to the Sagittary.' (OTHELLO.)

The Sagittary means the sign of the scilicet creature so called; that is, an animal compounded of man and horse, armed with a bow and quiver.

STEVENS ON SHAKESPEARE.

Then should you, exposed to the heat of the day,  
 Find the sun, or the ale too caressing,  
 There's the *pump* of *AQUARIUS* just over the way,  
 For abstemious people a blessing !  
 O'er the landlord, a gard'ner once active and brisk,  
 His old wat'ring-pot habits prevail ;  
 But men are not plants, and his custom he'll risk,  
 Should he water his spirits, or ale.

To the *FISHES* at last, tho' by no means the least  
 Of hotels on the road, you may stroll ;  
 There, at least, you'll enjoy a Pescarian feast,  
 For the landlord's a jolly old *sole*.  
 'Tis the house where 'Zaac Walton, and Cotton, his friend,  
 Keen anglers, were frequent arrivers ;  
 And thither, for *bait*, would bold *Nicholas* \* bend,  
 The first of all swimmers and divers !

There, as great as a warrior in victory's car,  
 Crowd the lads of the rod and the net ;  
 In the snug little parlour adjoining the bar  
 Jemmy Hook wrote his *Fishing Duett*.  
 There so sweetly he sung of the tempting young bait †  
 Thro' the wave of the world glowing fair,—  
 And the lover, just like your *BALLOONSHIP* elate,  
 Lifted up to a region of air.

But wherever you wander—wherever you stray,  
 May your *gas* be the lightest of light ;  
 And your *orb*, in its silken adorning so gay,  
 Be expanded the tightest of tight !  
 May your *car* of descent, from all accident free,  
 Come down where good help is at hand ;—  
 And your grapple hold fast in her sturdy oak-tree,  
 As you anchor again in England !

BURROWS RUSH.

\* *Nicholas*, surnamed 'The Fish,' the celebrated Italian diver, immortalized in the verses of *Pentamus*.—

" Ille autem irato sese committere ponto

" Andet ; Nefreldum et thalamos intrare repostos."

† " Thus for men the women fair

" Lay the cunning, cunning anare."

HOOK'S FISHING DUETT.

# THE LUNDY REVIEW,

OR

## Critical Kitchening Light.

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**ART. I.—***The Economy of the Eyes: precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight. Plain rules which will enable all to judge exactly when, and what Spectacles are best calculated for their Eyes: observations on Opera Glasses and Theatres, and an account of the Pancratic Magnifier, for Double Stars, and Day Telescopes. "Qui visum, vitam dat."* By WILLIAM KITCHENER, M.D. *Author of the Cook's Oracle; the Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life; the Pleasure of making a Will; observations on Singing, &c. &c., and Editor of the Loyal, National, and Sea Songs of England.* LONDON, Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co., Cheapside: and Archibald Constable, and Co., Edinburgh. 1824.

WE take up another work of our late acquaintance Dr. Kitchener, with double satisfaction, convinced that our own taste is sanctioned by that of the public. Of the Doctor's private history we know nothing; we are plain straight-forward folks ourselves, and always believe what we are told with an amiable and complacent simplicity. Some of our over ingenious friends think, that like C. Q., Miss Benson, Aliquis, and Sir Jason, Dr. Kitchener has no bodily, but only an imaginary existence; that he is not a doctor, but a didactic author; no waiter, but a knight templar; and that Kitchener is a mere *nom de guerre*, or, as we would say, a *nom de cuisine*, suited to the COOK'S ORACLE. This suspicion never entered our own heads, and we really think it overstrained, generated by weak tea and novel reading; for, however well Dr. Kitchener's name may symphonize with Kitchenary learning, it can have no weight in the title-page of an Essay on Spectacles, still less in the advertisement of volumes of NATIONAL SONGS, and DIBDIN'S SEA SONGS, all of which are come, or coming from the press. Since the publication of the number in which we reviewed the Cookery book, we, or our housekeeper, have seldom had it out of our hands, (before dinner) and the natural consequence is, that

we require, what shall we say? Cheltenham or the sea-side? our purse and leisure are against them; early hours and abstinence? late hours and hard work forbid them; peristaltic persuaders! no—throw physic to the dogs, we'll none on't, we'll lay by the Cook's Oracle, and take up *The Economy of the Eyes*.

And now for two lines (more or less) we will be a little serious, for our readers with spectacles may fairly expect that we are sometimes to lay aside our playfulness, our cap and bells they call it, *n'importe*. The book now offered to us by our very ingenious and scientific friend, contains the essence of his own experience, as well as of that of all the first opticians, and medical men who have written on the subject; it forms a small volume of a reasonable price; the information is conveyed in a form intelligible to any capacity, and a vein of good humour, and a ready power of amusing anecdote, distinguish it throughout. When you take it up, good reader, in calm thankfulness for advice to strengthen your failing eyesight, you will be agreeably surprised by finding, not merely all you wish, but a great deal more; and from the bridge of your nose, you may cross to the milky way, look in upon Jupiter, and count the double stars in the twins with as much facility, and much less danger, than the Green knight you will read of in the Cave for June. But we have been accused of not letting our authors speak enough for themselves; we therefore lose no more of our readers time till we have extracted a sort of postscript, which being placed immediately after the title-page and table of contents, the author calls a preface, to be read *after* the work.

“Now, friendly reader, before I take leave of you, after your deliberate perusal of this volume, if you vote that my labour has been lost, or has afforded you so little pleasure, that you begin to think you would rather have your seven shillings in your pocket again, than this first part of *“THE ECONOMY OF THE EYES”* under your chin, allow me to suggest that you ought to *lend* it to every body you know, to prevent others being decoyed, as in such a case you will suppose yourself to have been, to buy a book which is not worth reading.

“But if it so happen that, fortunately for the writer you think you have derived amusement or instruction from his work, if you are so good as to wish to be grateful for the information which it has given you, **LEND IT NOT** to one of those prudent folks who are in the habit of borrowing your new books, and so contrive to become wise

at your expense; but do the author the favour to recommend all your friends to purchase it."

In the latter of these predicaments we feel ourselves placed, and no slight restraint does it impose on us in our choice of quotations; we must trust to those passages where the author amuses his reader as well as himself by apt illustration, and occasional anecdote, pledging our credit to the assertion that all ages will find the practical part of the volume a safe guide, and useful manual for their instruction and correction, in *minding their eyes*. We shall strictly follow the author's injunctions as to lending our own copy. We never laid out seven shillings to better purpose, since we arrived at the dignity of buying seven shilling books; and many a seven shillings had been still in our pockets, or out at interest for our grand-children, if Doctor Kitchener had written twenty years ago. We tortured our right eye with a reading glass for ten years, till the focus of that eye was so different from the focus of the left, that they have never been equalized since, and we now wear pebbles of very different powers, in our double-jointed Moretti's\*: this could not have happened under the reign of our king of physicians, Doctor Kitchener. The subject naturally introduces the fancies and fooleries of those who, either from their ignorance, or affectation, afford sport to the rational and sober-minded optician, and we have the following account of a dissatisfied old lady:—

"Mr. R. told me that he was once strangely puzzled by a clever old gentle-woman of 79 years of age, for whom he was requested to make a pair of spectacles. She had applied in vain to several eminent opticians, and no glass could be found that improved her sight.

"With all that ambition to overcome difficulties, which was the ruling passion of JESSE RAMSDEN, he waited upon the lady with several pair of convex, and of concave spectacles, making quite sure that, however others had failed, he should succeed, and enjoy one of those triumphs which constituted the zest of his existence; but after patiently trying every one of them, she said with a sigh! "No—not one of these will do, I can see better with my naked eye. Well! what an unfortunate creature I am at my age, not to be able to see to read in spectacles!"

"Jesse consoled the good lady as well as he could, by

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\* Moretti, a celebrated Italian Optician resident in Barnstable.

observing, that many at her advanced age could hardly see at all; and that although she could not see to read—— Here she interrupted him with sufficient vehemence, and, to his extreme astonishment, exclaimed, “Sir, you are strangely mistaken, sir! I did not tell you that I could not see to read, sir! I can see to read, sir, as well as ever I could; I only complained that I could not see to read in spectacles; *I can see to read very well without!!!* but my acquaintance say how charmingly they can see *with* glasses, and surely it is very hard that I cannot enjoy the same advantage.”

In another part of the volume the following anecdote occurs, and chimes in very well with the one just given.

“In the city of Leyden, in Holland, a young woman lost her sight from a cataract: the operation of couching was successfully performed upon her eyes, and she recovered the use of them; but it appeared that the visual organ (as is usual in such cases) was not completely restored to its primitive condition. Some very singular and unaccountable anomalies in her vision presented themselves; which not a little puzzled the curious in Physiology and Optics. It was ascertained that her eye was able to define a certain class of very minute objects with abundant accuracy, such as the eye of a needle for example, which she could thread as well as ever; but on presenting her with a book, it was evident that she could not distinguish a single letter, but complained that she could see nothing but a heap of odd marks. These facts, no less strange than true, naturally excited an intense interest among the Medical Professors and Students; every one was anxious to distinguish himself by affording a satisfactory elucidation of these inexplicable phenomena. A hundred theories were framed—every one more ingenious than the other. The professors Von Krackbraner, and Puzzledorf, favored their pupils with most excellent lectures on the subject, with which they were greatly edified. However none of the disputants succeeded in establishing a theory which met with universal approbation. Many of the vulgar still chose to think that all the said theories might be liable to the old objection (however satisfactory and plausible they might appear) *viz.* ‘That they were not true.’

‘Matters were in this state, when a mischievous rogue of an Irish student, who took a singular delight in ridiculing every thing learned and philosophical, contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of a younger bro-

ther of the patient's, by a present of an extra portion of double gilt gingerbread, which so entirely won the youngster's heart, that he confessed (though with some difficulty) that, to the best of his belief, his sister 'Sarah had never learned to read,' but unwilling to acknowledge her ignorance, had made him and all the family promise not to tell."

This story is well contrived, but we rather fancy the original of it may be found in a note introduced by Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moses. A man went into a shop at Bath and asked for a reading glass, not one would suit him; finding so difficult a customer, the shopman lost patience, and said, with more pettishness than politeness, "perhaps, sir, you never learnt to read." "Certainly not," said the man, "why should I come to you for a reading glass, if I could read without one?" We assure our readers, that besides amusing anecdotes, they will find most useful advice in this book; and lucky is the man who gets hold of it before he has injured his eyes by improper glasses, and yielding to the ignorant and mischievous advice of Jew pedlars, and quack opticians.

*We add the heads of a few chapters to shew their interesting Contents.*

CHAP. V. Symptoms of the Eyes requiring Spectacles to read with. VIII. When to change the first Spectacles. X. Hints to persons choosing Spectacles. XI. Hints to persons beginning to wear Spectacles, and of reading lamps and candlesticks. XII. Precepts for improving and preserving the sight. XV. Of the quality of Spectacle glasses, and how to measure their focal length. XVII. Of the various degrees of the perfection of the eye and ear. XVIII. Opera glasses. XIX. Theatres. Appendix of various observations by Adams, Dr. Smith, Wells, Ware, Blagden, and Herschel.

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**ART. II.**—*Pride shall have a Fall; a Comedy: in five Acts, with Songs; dedicated by permission to the Right Honorable George Canning, &c. &c. &c. first Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, March 11, 1824. (Third Edition.) London; printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheap-side, and 8, Pall Mall. 1824.*

THERE are few works which have a smaller circulation 200 miles from London than the single plays which have an ephemeral existence on the stage, even where there is sufficient merit to entitle the work to a literary, as well as a



dramatic vitality. Country curiosity is generally satisfied with the newspaper detail of plot, and extract of prologue. In the play we now notice there is no great merit, either of plot or composition, beyond a certain liveliness of subject, and a glorious hit at a regiment of quarrelsome dandy Hussars, made doubly telling by the recent tom-fooling of Lord Londonderry and Corps. This, or the dedication to Mr. Canning, has brought the concern to a third edition; and to enlighten the *old obscurity* of the *Cate* we have chosen a few extracts with a meagre sketch of the piece, to amuse our readers, who may by this time have forgotten the newspaper reports. The hero, Lorenzo, is an officer in the *tenth* (we beg pardon, we mean the *twentieth*) Sicilian Hussars, supposed of plebeian birth, and formerly contracted to Victoria, daughter of a merchant, who, with his wife, have just succeeded to the titles and estates of Count Ventoso, and to whom, as our old acquaintance Lord and Lady Duberly, we are happy to pay our respects in Sicily; we have a heavy miss tho' of our old friend Dr. Pangloss. Lorenzo lands from foreign service, and flies on the wings of love (what a nice phrase if it were new) to claim his bride, but in the mean time the following dialogue has taken place between my lord, the new Count, and my lady, the new Countess, who by the bye have another daughter, Leonora, who encourages a gay serenading blackguard of a suitor, Torrento, whose last concert has found its *finale* in a jail.

*The Countess enters to the Count seated in a gouty chair.*

*Ven.* How now good wife?

*Count.* Good Countess, if you please (*haughtily.*)

*Ven.* (*Peevishly.*) Good COUNTESS, then!

I sent for you to say, this rioting,  
This cheating of fools' ears with nightly songs,  
Must have an end. I cannot close my eyes,  
With your fine daughter's frolics—I could sleep  
Better on roaring Etna.

*Count.* Sleep in the day.

*Ven.* I'll leave Palermo.

*Count.* And for what? (For Heaven!)

[*Aside*

*Ven.* Countess, I'll not be made a common prey  
To all your fortune-hunters. Must I have  
My house turned inside out, my daughters fool'd,  
My lungs chok'd up with asthma?—So, prepare!—  
I'll build a but a hundred miles off, wife!

*Coun.* Here is rebellion. (*Aside.*) Signior, spare your speech;

I'm mistress here, and have been—

*Ven.* (Forty years!)

[*Aside in vexation.*]

*Coun.* If girls are handsome, noble, young and rich—

*Ven.* Satan's about the house!—You're all the same.—  
I'll sell my house and lands.

(*He walks about angrily*) What's woman's wit,  
Gentle and simple, toiling for thro' life,  
From fourteen to fourscore and upwards? Man!  
What are your sleepless midnights for, your routs,  
That turn your skins to parchments? Why, for Man!  
What are your cobweb robes, that, spite of frost,  
Show neck and knee to winter? Why, for Man!  
What are your harps, pianos, simpering songs  
Languish'd to lutes? All for the monster, Man!  
What are your rouge, your jewels, waltzes, wigs,  
Your scoldings, scribblings, eatings, drinkings, for?  
Your morn, noon, night? For man! Aye, Man! man,  
man! [*He sits at his desk.*]

\* \* \* \* \*

*Coun.* I tell you, that Lorenzo is come back,  
Straight from Morocco, he of the huzzars!  
Jacinta saw him landing at the Mole,  
With half a dozen varlets like himself,  
An hour ago. He must not wed my child,  
The fellow's blood's plebian!

*Ven.* (*Agitated*) The Hussar!!  
The world will be let loose. Here's new turmoil;  
Here's woman's work! Here's fainting, scolding,  
(*Aside*)—Wife,

Did we not make some promise?

*Coun.* That was in other times. We're noble now;  
I'll teach him how to deal with Countesses.

*Ven.* Woman, he may be nobler than we think.  
Our kinsman, Count Ventoso, as whose heirs  
We left old trade for title, (luckless change) [*Aside.*]  
Favored the boy, placed him i' th' foremost troop  
Of all the Service, nay, advised this match  
Upon his death-bed, not three months ago.  
There hangs some mystery—

*Coun.* (*Angrily.*) He's Paulo's son,—  
The fisherman's, beside your Cousin's gate!

*Ven.* But—if Victoria like the man?

*Coun.*

*Like him!*

She shall be dutiful and hate him, knave;—

But she's *my* daughter. She has proper pride.

*I've* talked the business with her; I have a tongue.

*Ven.* I know it, (would 'twere dumb!) [*Aside.*]

This is about as discouraging a dialogue as ever promised to damp the flames of a burning lover, hot from the broiling sands of African service, and we don't envy Lorenzo his reception. He soon gets impatient at not seeing the young lady.

*LORENZO.* Where is my love? (*He calls*) Victoria!

*VEN.* (*Gravely*)

Hear me, Sir;

Our house has had new honours,—large estates

Have found their heirs in us.

*LOR.*

I've heard all this.

*COUN.* How he flames out!

*VEN.*

It is the custom here

That like shall wed with like—

*LOR.*

Custom of fools!

No! wise and worldly, but not made for us.

I am plain spoken;—love her—know no art,

But such as is the teaching of true love;

And as I won will wear her. Count, your hand!

This is to try me.—Yet what's in your speech,

That thus it hangs so freezing on your lip?

Out with the worst at once. Your answer, Lord.

*VEN.* Our name's ennobled.

*COUN.*

Are you ~~amazed~~ now?

*My* child, unless she find a noble spouse,

Shall die unmarried.

*LOR.* (*In sudden dejection.*) Is it come to this?

[*Turning away.*]

Tis true I should have learnt humility:

True I am nothing; nothing have—but hope!

I have no ancient birth,—no heraldry;—

(*Contemptuously.*)

No motley coat is daub'd upon my shield;

I cheat no rabble, like your Charlatans,

By flinging dead men's dust in idiot's eyes;

I work no miracles with buried bones;

I bely no broken and distemper'd shape

With shrivell'd parchments pluck'd from mouldy shelves;

Yet, if I stoop'd to talk of ancestry,

I had an ancestor, as old and noble

As all their quarterings reckon—mine was Adam!

CORR. 'Twere best stop there. You knew the fisherman.  
By the Palazza! [Tauntingly.]

VEN. (To the Countess.)—Will you have swords out?

LOR. (With dignity.)—The man who gave me being,  
tho'—no Lord,

Was Nature's nobleman,—an honest man!

And prouder am I, at this hour to stand,

Unpedestall'd, but on his lowly grave,

Than if I towered upon a monument

High as the clouds with rotten infamy.

(Calls)—Come forth sweet love! and tell them how they've  
wrong'd

Your constant faith.

Constant faith! constant fiddle-stick! the pretty behaved,  
genteel daughter Victoria, of the vulgar old Virago of a  
Countess, is one of those dutiful darlings so common in Si-  
cily, but alas! so rare in England, who make nothing of  
tearing their own heart-strings, as if they were no better  
than stay-laces, and obey mama if a thousand Lorenzos  
leapt into Etna.

The second Act displays the humour of the twentieth, to  
whom Lorenzo returns, rejected, and of course dejected.—

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### *A Billiard Room.*

The COLONEL is beside the Table, betting. The MAJOR  
and CORNET playing. Other Hussars and Officers are  
sitting in remote parts of the room, smoking, reading, &c.

COL. I am not yet in despair, Cornet.

MAJ. Bet what you please with him, Colonel. We  
have the game—pauls to pistoles. Play. (He plays.)  
Missed it, by the glory of the Twentieth.

COR. Here; Marker! hold this meerschau. (Giving  
his pipe.) Beat me! Spadaccino! I beat the Venetian  
marker, who could whisper the balls into the pockets; a  
fellow who had pillaged the whole Senate; Corpo di  
San Januario! Beat me?

MAJ. The Venetian marker! I have beat every marker,  
from the Hill of Howth to the Peak of Teneriffe. I have  
brought home this muff (taking off his cap) full of ducats  
and doubloons, since I have handled a cue in his Sicilian  
Majesty's service.

COR. It was handsomely filled—for once! Play. (He

*misses*) Diavolo! Confound this coffee-house game. Hazard and high life for me!

MAJ. Ha, ha! the Cornet is a young soldier: he soon tires of being in the way of the balls. Now for a cannon. Play. (*he misses.*) That's all ill luck.

COR. Cannon! muffs and meerschauts, you always fire great guns. Play. (*he plays.*) Mark two. [*to the Marker.*

MAJ. (*Turning angrily.*) Great guns! That is I imagine—

COR. (*Interrupting him.*) Rather—

MAJ. That I exaggerate. [*more irritated.*

COR. Very generously.

MAJ. That I colour. [*approaching him.*

COR. Never! no man alive can charge you with a propensity to blushing.

MAJ. Count Carmine—I have never found occasion for it. I wish I could say as much for all my friends, Cornet my dear.

COR. Diavolo! Do you mean to insult me? This hurts my honour.

MAJ. By the glory of the Twentieth, no man can cure it easier; plaster it with your vanity.

COR. Draw, Sir! [*he half draws his sabre.*

MAJ. The Cornet has got his fighting moustaches on, I must humour him. Draw, Sir! Here goes my bill of exchange. [*he lays his hand on his sabre.*

COL. What are you both about? (*interposing*) Cornet, I must request—We shall be taken for a fighting regiment.

COR. Impossible! Excuse me, Colonel. (*he takes off his cap to the COLONEL, and glances within it.*) My mirror! the left moustache quite dishevelled.

MAJ. The coxcomb's at his looking glass, by the glory of the Twentieth!

COR. (*Arranging his moustachio.*) One moment, you would not have a gentleman fight, like a footman, in a state of utter brutality—all blows.

MAJ. Come on, sir.

COR. (*To the MAJOR*) I make it a rule never to be disturbed at my toilet. (*To the COLONEL.*) My beard's three quarters of an hour too dark. Now, sir, to correct insolence! [*he draws his sabre.*

MAJ. Now, sir! to chastise insolence part correction! (*They fight a few passes—the COLONEL and other officers interpose.*)

COL. Gentlemen, gentlemen, put up your swords.

Fight in the street if you will. If one of y<sup>th</sup> be killed here, we shall have the quarrel put in the bill. (*laughing.*) Officers, I command you to stop. This will involve the character of the corps. In a tavern too.

MAJ. (*Sheathing his sabre.*) Colonel, I drew merely for quiet's sake. Tavern! We shall only be taken for *(stern drawers.* (*laughing.*) And now that it's all over, what the devil was it all about? [*To the CORNET.*

COR. Major, you should have understood the language of my feelings.

MAJ. How should I understand it, my dear? I never heard them speak a syllable before; it's a new language to me, it's Chactaw, Chicasaw, American-English.

COL. Not another word, Major. Here's some one at the door. This quarrel must not be made a town-talk. (*the door opens, LORENZO enters, and throws himself on a chair dejectedly.*) Oh, it's Lorenzo! why, man, what's the matter with you? any bad news, Captain?

(*The CORNET and MAJOR return to the table.*)

COR. The sublime dejection of a disastrous love.

[*aside to the MAJOR.*

COR. (*Plays.*) Game.

COL. Lorenzo, will you play?

LOR. Excuse me Colonel; I am not in spirits; I beg I may not disturb any one.

COR. Quite gone out! dull as a select party of the first distinction, 'pon honour.

COL. Stir, Lorenzo! this doubloon for the doctor who will find out his distemper. [*flinging money on the table.*

MAJ. Poh! it's the military epidemic, the coming on of the half-pay; a cursed complication of disorders.

LOR. (*Rises, gradually recovering his spirits.*) The simple fact is, my good friends, I am rather out of temper just now, I have been extremely insulted.

ALL. Insulted!

MAJ. You had a fair thrust for it. I hope? [*sternly.*

LOR. No, confound it, that was out of the question. 'Twas by a woman.

COR. Oh, jilted! nothing more? ha, ha! it might have happened to the handsomest man in the service.

\* \* \* \* \*

COR. — Pray, who is the fair deceiver, after all?

LOR. (*Fretfully.*) Old Ventoso's daughter. Now let me alone.

COR. He by the public gardens; the late merchant, indeed? [haughtily.]

MAJ. Old figs and raisins? ha, ha, ha!

COR. Absolutely; old allspice and sugar-canes; muffs and meerschaums!

COR. So, captain, the old trafficker refused to take you into the firm? [haughtily.]

MAJ. The veteran grocer did not like the green recruit. Ha, ha!

COR. The green! superb! how picturesque! the major's from the Emerald Isle. [they laugh.]

MAJ. By the glory of the Twentieth, you might have turned to trade in your full uniform, my boy. [to Lorenzo.]

COR. Hung out your shabvas for an apron.

MAJ. Cut soap with your sabre.

COR. And made a scale of your sabretache.

MAJ. For the regular sale and delivery of salt, pepper--

COR. And indigo.

COR. No; that's for the *Blues*.

LOR. Gentlemen, I find I must bid you good night. This depresses, this offends me. I'm in no temper for jesting.

\* \* \* \* \*

COR. What kind of existence is this dangerous jilt? Have you seen her, gentlemen?

MAJ. I have, a hundred times. She was always on parade when I was officer of the day. A tough affair, with a vinegar visage; a compound of--

COR. Her old father's cellars.

COR. A claret complexion.

MAJ. Blue-ruin lips.

COR. Tongue thick as Tokay.

MAJ. And eyes, like hock in green glasses.

COR. With, as I presume, no small share of the *Tartar* at bottom.

COR. Tartar! Muffs and meerschaums! Hottentot!

LOR. (Starting from his chair.) Colonel! I can listen to this no longer. I insist upon it that the subject shall be dropped. You don't know the lady. She's lovely, incomparable.

MAJ. Aye, aye, a Venus of course. [half aside.]

COR. Yes, if ever there was one at the Cape. [half aside.]

COR. You may leave the lady to her natural fate, the trader is rich. She will throw herself away, according to the manner of all women who have money, and the busi-

ness will be done by some scoundrel with a plausible leg, a romance on his tongue, and a pair of dice in his pocket.

LOR. (*Starting from his reverie.*) That will be the most appropriate of all punishments! Her pride shall be mortified. She shall make some degrading match.

\* \* \* \*

COR. But where are we to find this imposter;

MAJ. Ha, ha, ha! Sweet simplicity of youth, find an impostor. Why, man, you'll find him in ninety-nine out of a hundred, and that of the best company. But I'll find him for you within a hundred yards of this spot. You know *my* friend is governor of the jail; I beg his Generalship's pardon, of the castle.

COL. The jail is in the next street, I think. Let us go there directly, and pick out a rogue for our purpose.

LOR. He must not be a ruffian; I will not have her insulted; the fellow must be decent.

MAJ. My love, he shall be magnificent; as fine as a Duke, or a Drum-Major. He shall be as full of fuss and feathers as a new laid Aid-de-Camp.

LOR. (*In great agitation.*) It shall be so. Her pride shall be her shame. I could disdain myself for wasting a thought upon them! a race of weak, presumptuous, purse-proud—

COL. But the direct offence,—a little coquetry, a little female tyranny?

COR. Both as natural to the sex as lips and eyes.

\* \* \* \*

COR. To the jail, to the jail. I shall take remorseless vengeance.

LOR. Yet,—upon second thoughts—I—should rather—

COL. What, man! relenting, retracting?

COR. You are pledged from frill to fetlock.

MAJ. He's at the lady's feet within this half hour. Who'll take ten to one?

LOR. Never; by all that's manly, never! I abjure the sex. Do as you will for me. I will never look at one of them with complacency again. I must leave you now, I will rejoin you at the jail. All have been insulted, and I—Women! compounds of vanity, perfidy, pride! my brain, my brain!

[*he rushes out.*]

COR. Envy, hatred, malice.

MAJ. Well, we can match them in censoriousness, at least, Cornet. Poh, poh! The only way for a man of



honour to look at a pretty woman's faults, is to shut his eyes.

COL. Now, to find our scapegrace.

MAJ. To be sure; quick as an Irish quarrel, Colonel. To the jail, gentlemen.

COR. To the jail—if it must be so, and yet, Diavolo! 'twill soil my spurs. I'd rather be tried by a court-martial of old women.

MAJ. Aye, Cornet, every one by his *peers*. By the glory of the twentieth! [*exunt, laughing.*]

In pursuit of their revenge, they pitch upon Torrento, to introduce him to the Count and Countess.

MAJ. But what title shall we give our commissioner?

COR. Let me see, Duke of Monté-Pulciano, Sauterne, Côté roti, or Vin de grave

TOR. No, no. Those are "familiar as household names;" they are in every body's *mouth*.

MAJ. I have it. There's the old Prince de Pindemonté, that all Naples was talking about a year or two ago. He has been roving Europe for some stray son of his. You have no objection to be the heir? (*to TORRENTO.*)

TOR. The heir? I'll be the Prince himself, or nothing. Prince de Pindemonté, the very title for me. Brilliant, irresistible! *My* principality is settled. I'll be a model to the blood! [*parading about.*]

COR. I see a difficulty in this: suppose the Prince should hear of this assumption of his name?

COR. Or the son, by accident, know his own father?

MAJ. Poh, poh! the most unlikely thing possible in this country. Besides, after all, what is it but a *nominal* injury, my dear? [*laughing.*]

Much common *place equivoque* takes place of course, in consequence of Torrento's *real* affair with Leonora, and his *sham* addresses to Victoria, as Prince de Pindemonté, not to mention the arrival as Viceroy of the real Prince, who, without his title, and under the plain name of Stefano, has been a thorn in the side of poor Ventoso for some time, and who finally arranges the *denouement*, by proving Lorenzo to be his son, and Torrento to be the heir to Anselmo, the deceased Count Ventoso; the unreal Count and Countess descend from the stilts of their unsubstantial dignity, and the respective couples prepare to be married, and live happy ever after.

## COLLOQUIAL APOLOGIES FOR BRAUNTON.

## NO. I.

Ocean refluxum mare lavit arenas.

BRAUNTON MOTTO.

The retiring tides of ocean deposit LAVE upon her shores.

MODERN TRANSLATION.

THIS is the earliest month I can recommend for Caving.

Caving! what's that! the *tenth* don't Cave.

No—but the *Cardigan* do; the sea is bright, and the sands are warm; this is, in fact, exactly the weather for Caving.

Well, but what do you mean?

A question worthy to be asked! did you never hear of our Cave?

What, the book? the Periodic? the Magazine?

No; the rocky receptacle for pleasure-parties under *Saunton-down*, with its cool shade, and sand-stone dining-table (some relation to pillar, but none to claw) and the seats of living stone that encircle it. We have the advantage of king Arthur, for the *ladies* are admitted to our round table; and it shall not be long before yourself and Mrs. \* \* \*, are made free of the feast; at all events we will have *you* there, if there be temptation in veal-pie, portability in porter, or *upishness* in ale.

Well, but I am to see *Braunton to-day*.

There now, a pretty fellow you are to run down the place before you have seen it, and then have no sooner landed in *church-town*, than you call out for a conductor to the *lions*; upon my honor you don't deserve to see them, for I know you, with many others, hold Braunton and its dependencies very cheap; you deem it an out-of-the-way, odd-cornered, unadorned, unapproachable place, where a parcel of cottages are stuck together, round a great square church-yard, and an old-fashioned church, with the low ambition of being called a *town*. Now I cannot say much for its winter fashions, wading through mud by day, or roding by a frosty moonlight, are quite out of your line, so snap your finger at Braunton as much as you like in December or January, (it will serve to circulate your stagnated city blood) but be

it known, most Magnificent ! that from May to September, Braunton is not to be sneezed at. Though many parts of it lie low, the by-gone honors of the *Carews, Charterays, Audleys, De Luscols, De Santons, Beaumonts, Chichesters, and Luttrells*, may well redeem it from any associations of vulgarity.

But I leave the inhabitants to speak for themselves, being 'all honorable men' as my friend, Mark Anthony, says; let them defend themselves, while I proceed to fortify the Place itself, upon the plain of your imagination. For, taken altogether (though I hope the Americans will not take it next war, seeing there is no land between Down End, and Boston) taken altogether, Braunton is a strong place by nature, and art also is daily doing her duty to it.

Art ! what you mean the *white-washers*; but, jest apart, what can you see to admire in this place ?

What do I admire ? why the *tout-en-semble*, as people say of objects they cannot analyze; the fact is, there is much about it to be admired in Summer. I do not say I should like to live exactly in that part of it commonly called *Church-town*, or even in *Rumpit-street*, or *Frog-lane*; but settle me in *St. Branock's Villa*, and I would not quarrel with you for a prettier view. Flanked on my right by the ruined chapel upon its own green hill; the slope of West Hill, with its elms and feathery pines upon my left; the church and village lying in the fore-ground below me, half-encircled by the projection of East Hill; beyond whose point the eye may wander over a flat of orchards, with their elm-tree borders, and interspersions of cottages and barns, until it reaches the marsh, and the serpentine river with its pill, coal-craft, and lime kilns. Then let the broadening *Taw*, like a silver bar of light cross between the green marsh, and the blue distance of land that rises to the southward, over Fremington, and Yelland. No; *laudabunt alii* !

- 1 Some of the beauties of Linton will tell ye  
Of Appledore, Hillsboro', Lee,  
Or that INHABITED LADDER, Clovelly,  
With woods over-branching the sea.
- 2 There are who in ATHELSTAR'S BOROUGH delight,  
The cradle of fabulous GAY,  
Who find it alluring by day or by night,  
To a dinner, ball, concert, or play.

1 Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,  
Aut Epheson, himiarive Corinthi  
Moenia. —

2 Sunt, quibus unum opus est, intactos Palladis urbem  
Carmine perpetua celebrare,

- There's many a one loves the wild Ex-i-moor,  
 Where our mutton fed sweetly of late,—  
 3 And its ponies,—and acres that KNIGHT will restore,  
 As I hope, to the wealth of the State.
- 4 But a lodging on Exmoor would daunt one,  
 Not the rich vale of Tawton for me!  
 O! give me my cot in the valley of Branton,  
 That echoes the hollow ground-sea—
- The fast flowing river—the walk in the grove—  
 Where Kane \* pours his urn of bright lymph,  
 Or winds the rude arm of impetuous love  
 Round the form of some sweet orchard nymph.

Then you are not far from the sea at Branton.

Yes we are, some way, from that 'watry image of immensity' and yet you would not think so on looking from the hills; if you like we will go up to the Willows, or West-hill, and I think I can shew you a prospect that is not to be seen every day of the year.

As you please; but then the church, you promised me a sight of the interior of it, and said something about a *noble arch*.

Well thought of, I intended to take you up Frog-lane; but we will go through the churchyard.

Really, upon my honor, this is a noble avenue of trees; this, I suppose, is the grand parade on high days, and holidays.

*Retel* is the word in Branton: these lime-trees certainly make it a handsome walk, and the elm-trees yonder are prettily grown; the gaps you may observe, were occasioned by a storm last winter.

My ban on the tempest that blew so hard,  
 Despoiling the beauty of Branton church-yard!

You saw the little vignette in the last No. of *The N. D. Magazine*; the drawing for it was made from about where we are now standing; it exhibits the Western window of the

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\* The name of Branton river.

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3 Aptum dicet equis Argos, ditæque Mycenæ,  
 4 Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,  
 Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,  
 Quam domus Albani resonantis,  
 Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus et ada  
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis!

HORACE, ODE VII. BOOK I.

church, being its principal exterior ornament, for the rest of the building is very clumsily buttressed and porched, which, together with its lofty spire, above 100 feet in height; must put you in mind of the land-marking Dutch churches, you have often observed in coasting the *Zuyderzee*. You may observe now, that the introduction of the branches of the lime-tree, would totally destroy, or rather conceal the beauty of the west window, and that little vignette of Branton church is not the first portrait in which resemblance has been sacrificed on the altar of beauty: yet from this point of view you must allow it is very like the reality; will you look at the inside?

If you please; where does the Sexton live?

Hard by; but the key is probably in the chancel door, for I see they are doing some repairs.

This then is the Chancel, it appears the pleasantest and lightest part of the church; the man who carved the ends of these pews had certainly a taste for the Arabesque; really the sculpture is not bad for the probable period of their execution: this one seems a bishop with his crozier, and there is some Sainted man with an hour glass, unless what I observe is intended for the folding of his robe rather abruptly puckered up in his hand. But what animal is that with its sharp ears, it looks like a *cat* crouching, or creeping along cautiously, under the feet of the saint.

A cat! why, my dear fellow, you are come to Branton for something, to take a cow for a cat. Certainly the sculpture is a pure specimen of the triumph of art over nature; but nevertheless it was intended for a Cow, and 'thereby hangs a tale.' Branton derives its name from SAINT BRANOCK, whose effigy you see there so daintily carved out above that animal of dubious visage. The saint is reported to have been a son of some King of Calabria, and being an invalid, thought it better for his health to try a *northern* climate; so he came to settle here in the valley of Branton, and his *well* is yet to be seen by a garden cottage just below the modern villa of St. Branock's. Risdon, the Devonshire Antiquarian, mentions a book of the Saint's own inditing (probably a pocket-book; but passing in those days under the grander title of 'The Book of Commemoration.') In this, it appears, the Saint had entered a memorandum of his arrival in Devonshire, in the reign of Malgo Coname, king of the Britons, about three hundred years after Christ. He found the place at that period overrun, of course, with woods, and brakes, and *painted Britons*.

For in those days there was no artist who made it his profession to oil other people's noses; but every lady or gentleman painted him, or herself, according to their respective fancies; though it must be owned; barring my pun, that their taste in such matters was rather wooden (wooden). I would observe then by the way, that it is nonsense to attribute the painting of the modern dandy or dandizette to effeminacy, when we know that the hardiest of nations were addicted to the same salutary practice. Only imagine St. Branock's astonishment when he first landed, to see the British dandies pacing the beach at Saunton, in their blue and buff uniform, the former of which colors they derived from the *wood* with which it was then the fashion to die, even unto the day of their death. In those days a disappointed man might look blue to some purpose. To return, however, to the Saint—he soon set about converting the natives, being, in his own opinion, quite the IRVING of his day; but he found, for some time, that the Druids had miracles\* of their own to perform, and, unlike the Perturbator of Hatton Garden, he unfortunately had no opportunity of addressing the highly-educated classes of society, so that from sheer necessity, he betook himself, like Orpheus, to enchanting the animal world.

'Out of Braunton Desert' (now called the Burrows, but once a forest) 'to tell you,' says Risdon, 'some of the marvels of this man he took harts, which meekly obeyed the yoke, and made of them a plow to draw timber, thence to build a church, which' (adds the cautious topographer) 'may gain credit, if it be true.' There's something in that, Tristram Risdon! Nevertheless, the church of Braunton was built, and who should build it but St. Branock? for he had wit enough to become a practical punster, turning the stags into REIN-deer; and then, yoking them to his timber-carriage, up he drove them, eight in hand, full tilt, into the centre of Braunton town; for thus runs the 'OLD SONG'—

He had nor horse, nor ox, nor ass, but the deer so little and limber;  
They ran in the forest to please themselves, why shouldst at they draw his  
timber?†

\* and so the Saint enchanted  
Many a noble team of deer to draw the wood he wanted.  
Such deer since then were never seen in all our hills and daleas;  
They had branches on their heads, and branches at their tails.

\* Thanks to Lieutenant Goldsmith, the age of Logan-stones is past!

† By this line it appears, that the Modern Theory of Productive and Unproductive Classes, means to have been well understood by our ancestors.

The saint had, moreover, a particular wand, or staff, and a celebrated oak; which tree he probably selected as an emblem of his final victory over the druidical superstitions of this portion of *West Barbary*. I have before alluded to his WELL still remaining, one of the lions of Braunton.

Of which his legends tell,  
For the saint that he might be in health, was given to living well.

He had also a man-servant called Abel; no doubt a groom of great ability; and last, though not least, he kept a favorite cow; the old ballad dwells with minuteness also upon these particulars.

St. Branock fed on venison when he sat down to table;  
Behind him stood his favorite cow, and his VALET DE CHAMBRE, Abel.

Risdon relates that 'his cow, staff, oak, well, and Abel his man, were all lively represented on the window of the church;' but of the vitrified honors of the Saint, there are none remaining; and this pew-end in the chancel is all that time has left really to commemorate his residence in Braunton. In selecting the scite of the church, he was guided by some dream, to erect it near the confluence of two streams where he should see a sow and pigs.

Where streams unite, a silk-eared sow and many a tiny pig  
Will nose about the place where you should your foundations dig.

Now there is a little stream running into the Braunton river, at the corner of the church-yard, and the Saint was, at all events, correct in his topography. For the church itself, you will see it best from the screen, or *vice versa* from under the gallery, at the western door.

First looking from the screen, you see the interior well warrants Risdon's eulogy, namely, that 'you shall see few fairer of one roof.' The body of the church being one unbroken parallelogram, over-arched from wall to wall, without a single pillar to break the line of view, which terminates in the western wall, with its ample gallery and handsome window, before alluded to. Below you see there is a fine range of open sittings, of solid oak; the end of every seat being carved with various gothic devices, within a deep border, or wreath of scroll, or ribband-work interspersed with flower and fruit. There are one or two handsome monuments. The length of the church, including the chancel behind us, is about 110 feet, and its width about 36 feet. Just below the screen, to the right, is a small transept, with its own little gallery; and on the left, a similar recess lead-

ing to the belfry. The chancel, you may observe, is divided into two parts by a lofty pillar and two arches, the centre of it being occupied by the altar and two pews, and the remainder by a pew, and the seats which are ornamented with the effigy of our patron Saint and other ancient, but forgotten worthies. Perhaps the croziered sculpture is intended to represent William Warwest, who was bishop of Exeter; besides being privy-counsellor and chaplain to William the Conqueror, and the two succeeding monarchs; for this bishop Warwest obtained from William, the Chief Manor of Braunton, for the church of St. Peters, at Exeter; and the Dean of Exeter yet visits Braunton, as his Peculiar. You have seen many Churches, yet, I should think, very seldom one whose interior was more regularly laid out.

But, talking of interiors, I see it is the hour of luncheon, and the keen air of West Hill will be better imbibed after a little preparation, *a la fourchette—Allons!*

And talking of interiors, do you think it will be fine to-morrow? and cannot we take West Hill in our way to the Cave?

Oh certainly, just as you please: as far as the lions \* of Braunton are concerned (and as you will now stay with us time enough to see them all properly washed) you may command my services any day or hour that is convenient, so let us hope to-morrow's weather will qualify our excursion to *Saunton Sands*.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVE.

O help us illustrious *Bard of the Cave!*  
 Who hast sung of the druids, and sung of the brave;  
 Whose lays have recalled to our fancy each scene,  
 Where together we roam'd on the banks of the Teign.

O help us with music, and help us with song,  
 To blot out the remembrance we cherished so long,  
 Of the wonders performed by the Druids of yore  
 At the great *Logan-Stone*, which, alas! is no more!

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\* Our country friends should know that there are certain days on which the lions in the Tower of London are washed. If they can learn the days of course they will choose them for their visit.



The boast of our county, this singular rock  
Of tempests and storms had brav'd many a shock;  
With more than *Palladian* virtues endued,  
The attacks of all foes it for ages withstood.

Yet so evenly pois'd, as the *sketch* must now *show*,  
By a touch of the hand it was moved to and fro,  
Like the heart of the valiant, tho' stern in the field,  
At the first call of pity most ready to yield.

But how was this work of destruction begun,  
So worthy a Vandal, a Goth, or a Hun?  
The muse most indignant refuses her aid,  
To depict how a plot so *unmeaning* was laid.

Of Neptune's brave sons then suffice it to say,  
That devoid of all sense of refinement were they,  
Who came hither impower'd with authority regal,  
The revenue to guard against traffic illegal.

But failing employment where they were sent,  
They landed at Sennen with evil intent,  
And accomplished the feat of—o'er-turning the *Logan*,  
For which, *one and all*, they deserved a good *flogging*.

For such mischief a fitter reward cannot be,  
If only for robbing the *guides of their fee*;  
Those wights who so dextrously shook the old stone,  
Shake their heads in despair now their office is gone.

Nay *we're all* in despair at an omen so dire,  
And we trust that the muse will *your Bardship* inspire;  
So pray take the harp, and an elegy send,  
On the *Fall of the Logan*! the pride of

LAND'S END.\*

### EPIGRAM.

(Scene *Canova's Workshop*.)

A. The Statute between us  
Is Venus;

But who can *she* be—

B. ————— *He* be.

D. B.

---

\* 'A Voice from the Logan' in our next.

## BYRON!

## A Dirge, from the Cate.

While I speak, he sinks—  
 Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,  
 To the delighted west.— SARDANAPALUS.

THE wild harp is silent that gladdened the feast  
 At Liberty's banquet, outspread in the East ;  
 And BYRON his last lay of freedom hath breathed  
 Where his treasures were poured, and his weapon unsheathed.  
 Ah ! who shall for Greece the impression renew  
 Of the songs that he sung, and the sword that he drew,  
 And the proud hope of glory, *self-summoned in vain*,  
 From *Thermopylæ's* portal \* and *Marathon's* plain ?  
 Up ! tempest of War !—let thy lightnings release  
 The dark chain of her *Hellespont* ! † FREEDOM TO GREECE !  
 He who rivalled her heroes, and worshipped her charms,  
 Ere the first of his fields hath expired in her arms.  
 Alas ! for the fierce thrill of fever that tore him  
 From friends that for ever were bound to adore him.  
 Come ye who inhabit the clime of the North,  
 Drop a veil on his rashness,—a tear for his worth.  
 Will ye pause, in this hour, his excesses to measure,  
 Who in Liberty's scale flung his broadsword and treasure ? ‡  
 While ye number, for judgment, the statutes he broke,  
 Recal what he wrenched from the Infidel's yoke : §  
 He tore the chill bond of your manners and laws,  
 But he sealed in his death to Humanity's cause.

\* Thermopylæ. Literally 'the gate of the hot baths.'

† Xerxes, an Ottoman of antiquity, ordered a chain to be thrown over the Hellespont.

‡ See the History of Camillus's negotiation with Brennus, when the Gauls besieged Rome.

§ It is generally imagined that the writings of Lord Byron have had a considerable effect in rousing the Greeks to their present struggle for independence.

Forget for a moment his Lays overflowing  
 With satire too daring, or passion too glowing;  
 Song burst like a lava-stream warm from his soul,  
 In its love or its hate, o'er all human control;  
 Sweeping on, as if Poetry's pulse had first run  
 From 'the clime of the East',—and the font of the Sun!  
 Feeble Modern, condemn not a spirit so bold,  
 That was cast, for *the cause*, in Antiquity's mold.  
 Give the laurel eternal,—the *cloud-pacing Horse*,\*  
 To the bard that breathed life through Antiquity's corse;  
 And flung, like the ivy, his mantle of rhyme  
 O'er the mighty laid low by the scythe-car of Time:†  
 Sage—Hero—and Beauty—divine in their day—  
 Live their bright life of glory once more in his lay;  
 The Assyrian‡ looks up from his death-bed of flame,  
 By his poet redeemed from long æges of shame;  
 And the Genius of Athens,—the Spirit of Rome,  
 Breathe again from the Ruins that once were their home.  
 Weep! daughter of Salem, an exile was he  
 Who poured thy 'lorn song over 'far Galilee.'§  
 Mourn, Germany, mourn! for the poet was thine,  
 Who romanced on the vine-bearing banks of the Rhine;¶  
 And Belgium the dark muse of sorrow shall woo,  
 For the *Pilgrim* whose tear fell on red Waterloo.  
 Weep sons of Albania, your Lapreate was dear,‡  
 Lovely Venice, lament the *blue-eyed Gondolier*;  
 Iberia, thine olive-branch, dewed with a tear—  
 Lusitania, thy laurels hang thick on his bier!

\* Pegasus. Lord Byron was celebrated for his horsemanship.

† The ruins of Greece and Rome.

‡ Sardanapalus. Vide the last Scene of that splendid drama.

§ Alluding to 'The Hebrew Melodist.'

¶ These allusions may be pointed, by referring the reader to his Lordship's greatest work, *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE*, in the course of which the pilgrim visits, both actually and poetically, the shores of Spain, and Portugal. The Banks of the Rhine, the Field of Waterloo, Switzerland, Albania, Greece, Venice, and Rome.

‡ Lord Byron was indebted to the fidelity and attention of his Albanian Guides in his recovery from a former fever.

And thou too Helvetia ! sublimity's throne,  
 With alp, lake, and glacier, and ' blue-rushing Rhone',\*  
 And cataract swoln to rend mountains asunder,  
 And avalanche, rivalling heaven in its thunder,  
 Were thy grandeur or loveliness—calm or commotion,  
 By Pilgrim e'er praised with so true a devotion ?  
 Ah no ;—may the *land of the landscape* grow dim  
 On all eyes, when She ceases to echo *his* hymn.  
 Ye *will* mourn : but alas your affliction is peace  
 To the pang that convulses REGENERATE GREECE.  
 Chief-mourner for Byron, her sorrows fall fast,  
 And her hair that was garlanded floats on the blast,  
 And the festival robe† in her anguish is rent,  
 As her eye on the corse of her Lover is bent :  
*Her's* was the clime of the Poet's new-birth,—  
 The sole tie of Country that bound him to earth,—  
 The land that his genius acknowledged, and blest,—  
 The home where his pilgrimage ended in rest.  
 And there, on the shore that he chose for his own,  
 Let his ashes repose now the spirit is flown ;  
 And deem it but lost as a labor of love,  
 The relics of Byron from Greece to remove.  
 Pile the turf on his dust, amid Classical graves,  
 On the greenest of hills,‡ by the brightest of waves !  
 Where an early bound pilgrim he worshipped the Muse,  
 And the laurel besought, that She could not refuse :  
 For *he* knelt not the raptures of art to rehearse,  
 Was the laurel undying ?—as deathless the verse !—  
 Tears of *Beauty* and *Bravery*, falling to nourish,  
 The ever-green bough that for BYRON shall flourish !

ODYSSEUS.

May, 25th, 1824.

\* ' By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.'

CH. HAROLD, CANTO 3, STANZA 71.

† Lord Byron's death occurred at Missolonghi, during the celebration of the Festival of Easter.

‡ Parnassus. See the beautiful address to this Mountain in the 1st Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Stanzas 70, 71, 72, 73, and 74.

## EPIGRAM:

*Tria juncta in uno.*

I was saying it oft had occurred,  
 When my place in the mail I had ta'en,  
 That I called on that singular Bird,  
 The Swan-with-two-necks, in Lad Lane.  
 Said a friend, who for quibbles was dodging,  
 " Did you then look about for a lodging?  
 " Or did you contented remain  
 " At your sign of THREE BIRDS in the Lane?"  
 " THREE BIRDS!" " Aye, what is it that checks  
 " Your conception? for surely it follows,  
 " That the sign of a SWAN WITH TWO NECKS  
 " Is a sign of a SWAN AND TWO SWALLOWS."

F. B.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE were never so puzzled by any Enigma as we are this month for excuses to our very attentive Contributors; and we will promise never again to make any rash promises, respecting the insertion, or continuation, of any particular article. The true state of the case is this: we are already overwhelmed with materials for building up, at least, six numbers more; and we could wish to oblige ALL our contributors; but we must impress upon the lengthiest of them that we can not engage regularly to insert, *Number after Number*, any fixed portion of their kind communications. Subjects of temporary importance must be attended to in time, and, consequently, the room we have really assigned, in our own prospective calculations, to an old and valued acquaintance, is occupied, per force, by a new comer, whose admission cannot be denied because it cannot be delayed. The insertion, therefore, or non-insertion of any correspondent's Article in any particular place or number, must be left to circumstances, even more than to the decision of the Editor. Time flies, and Periodicals are mortal. Instead of TRIPPING TO PARIS our readers must visit 'Barnstaple Fair.' Instead of the 'Farrago Libelli,' our Cornish Correspondents must be heard, or Lieut. Goldsmith will have sailed from his *Logan-stone* station. If our *diligence* is well horsed we may, perhaps, return to Paris in August.

We are exceedingly indebted for the communications regarding the History of Barnstaple, and shall be happy in the continuation of the Contributors' favors upon that subject.

Our Brauton Friend is too amusing for insertion; we like a joke, but really——? EXTINGUISHER is good; but, as THE PAPER may never be published, it is too early yet.

Searle, Printer, Barnstaple.

## FRAGMENT

OF

## A Poetical Address

TO

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, REDGAUNTLET, &amp;c., &amp;c.

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 The son of the Mist again led the way.

LEGEND OF ARGYLE.

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SON OF THE MIST ! what the cloud may conceal  
 Will the dimly-seen hand of a master reveal ;  
 And our eyes will be turning to *Ashestiel* bower,  
 For the scroll of *Thy* writing—the plume of *Thy* power.  
 How oft o'er the Border, that belts in thy land,  
 Hath Ambition broke in with her venturous band ;  
 How oft o'er that Border in panic recoiled,  
 By the hearts, and the highlands, of *Caledon* foiled ;  
 But Invader ne'er won from thy ancestors free  
 So sov'reign a rule as is centered in Thee ;  
 Nor ever such guerdon could *Caledon* claim  
 For the First of her sons, on the field of his fame,  
 As awaits THEE, in Glory's immortal caress,  
 Where thy trophies are piled in the HALL OF THE PRESS.

\* \* \* \*

How vast thy dominion,—field, forest, and mountain,  
 The highlander's cave, and the elfe-haunted fountain ;

VOL. I.

A A

Unsearchable glen, and impassable moor,  
 The towers of the mighty, the huts of the poor ;  
 Stern castle, grey abbey, ~~loch~~, river, and ocean,  
 Expanding all silver, or foaming commotion ;  
 The mountain-stream dancing, adown its rude bed,  
 To the lowland and valley beneath it out-spread ;  
 Every evergreen branch, every summer-nursed flower,  
 The chieftain's dark pine, and the ~~lover's~~ light bower,  
 They are *Thine* in their loveliness, truth, and fair order,  
 From island to ocean—from ~~jutland~~ to *border*.

But not o'er material existence alone  
 Is thy victory won, or established thy throne :  
 At the voice of thy bidding, to homage repair  
 The tenants of Scotland's earth, water, and air :  
 Her wild mountain-bull with his dark horn and hoof,  
 Her fleet stag that leaves his pursuers aloof,  
 The palfrey that beauty reins in at full speed,  
 The charger that joys in his red rider's deed,  
 The sedge-haunting bittern, the cloud-piercing earne,  
 The dark hound whom no wiles of the fugitive turn  
 Whatever is bounding in woodland or heath,—  
 Whatever is browsing the valley beneath,—  
 The bird that is nestling in forest or rock,—  
 The fish that is gliding in river or loch—  
 All, alike, hold ' the pride of their place ' at thy beck,  
 Or, are wreathed in the trophy thy triumphs bedeck.

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Insatiate of glory! *Thy* banner is streaming  
 O'er watch-towers where old *Superstition* lies dreaming,  
 Her vision of fear—while she cedes to thy hand  
 The warder of rule, o'er her own native land,  
 Where moonlight is sickly—and torchlight is blue—  
 And daylight but struggles the dim lattice through.  
 The shadows that warn, and the spirits that guard  
 O'er the *clan* and the *house*, hold their vigil and ward;  
 Witch, elfin, and gypsy, arouse at thy call,  
 In their mesh of the present, the future to thrall;  
 Unsightly their visage—unearthly their tone;  
 But around them the robe of thy genius is thrown:  
 The redressors of wrong, or the partners of crime,  
 But alike in their sorrows or triumphs, sublime.

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Yet more :—to *Thy* sceptre alone are resigned  
 HUMANITY'S form, feature, manners, and mind;  
 Where passion is rousing, or piety soothing,  
 Where the savage is roughening, the courtly is smoothing;  
 Each pulse of affection, each throb of desire,  
 Ready Chivalry's bright and unquenchable fire;  
 Deep Tragedy drowning in blood her sensations,  
 Light Comedy's laugh o'er her droll situations;  
 Whatever, in brief, to our nature belongs,  
 In its calm of enjoyment, or tempest of wrongs,  
 Now darkening around us, now flashing out bright,  
 In amassment of shadow, or sun-burst of light!

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RANALD Mc. EAGH



## A TRIP TO PARIS.

(Continued from Page 136.)

We spent two hours in the charming gardens of the Luxembourg. One part is exclusively appropriated to the culture of Roses, and there every variety may be found, from the purest white to the deepest crimson; the stems of the bushes were generally from three to four feet in height, and from an inch to an inch and half in diameter. From the garden we adjourned to the gallery formerly appropriated to the Paintings of Rubens; but these being removed to the Louvre, the Luxembourg gallery is now confined to the productions of native genius. What fascinates the beholder is, unfortunately, often uninteresting to the listener, or reader; and I shall pass over in silence the feelings of admiration excited by the masterly compositions of David, and many other able artists.

The churches of Genevieve being the nearest public buildings we determined to visit them; and first we approached the new church, which in the time of the republic was, I believe, the Pantheon, but which the *religieux* have again converted to a roman catholic church. It is built much after the model of St. Pauls, on a reduced scale.

The different altars look like so many incumbrances to this elegant building, and one would think that the temple was not designed for christian worship; the modification of it necessary for a Roman Catholic church has much distorted it.

We descended to the vaults destined to the reception of the bodies of celebrated men; but in the hasty progress of our guide we only noticed those of General Regnier, General Erskine, a Scotchman, in the French service, Perigeaux, the banker, Admiral de Winter, and Marshall the Duke of Montebello. We were very anxious to see the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, but we were told that the vaults containing them were built up, by order of Government, that they might not be shewn to any one.

There is an Eagle on the altar-piece, one of the few which remain in Paris. The present government has contrived to

raise a few altars in the church, but they look like so many excrescences; the architect does not seem to have thought of them.

The old church of St. Genevieve contains, near the altar-piece, a plain tablet to the memory of Racine, a tribute by his friend Boileau, and a plain tablet to the memory of Pascal, author of the *Pensées*.

In one of the chapels is placed the tomb of St. Genevieve, on which candles are kept burning, placed there by the *devotées*. Numbers of old women, old men, and young women were constantly coming to the tomb to implore the benediction of the departed saint, and several contributions of pictures were hung up in the chapel; on one was inscribed '*La reconnaissance a la réussite d'une place*'; on another '*Pour la réussite d'un procès de famille, année 1811*'; another '*Homage de la reconnaissance de M. et Madame Vanizac qui obtinrent plusieurs Graces du ciel par l'intercession de St. Genevieve. Août 1814*'; and more ridiculous that all the rest, tho' dictated by the over-flowing heart of grateful woman, *En memorie de la conversion d'un Epoux sujet a s'enivrer*; and another who recovered from a crippled state by the politeness of the saint, has placed his crutches over an arch above the tomb.

The church has an extremely light gallery; the roof is groined, and the painted glass is very superb. There is a good pulpit, of oak, supported by a Sampson, who holds in his hand the jaw bone of an ass; and the cardinal virtues are carved upon the pulpit.

As usual there are many boxes for the charity of the faithful, and on one is inscribed '*Trone pour la charité du tombeaux de St. Genevieve.*'

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*On seeing two persons playing at Drafts.*

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CROWN ME!

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This life glides on a chequered maze,  
 From childhood unto man :—  
 One careless of the game he plays  
 Rejects a steady plan;  
 Another views, with eager eye,  
 A move that leads to fame,  
 Nor lets it pass, unheeded by,  
 Without a *kingly* name!

TEEMIMOR.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES

or

## BARNSTAPLE.

NO. III.

(Continued from Page 229.)

To our memoranda of the commercial advantages of Barnstaple, may be added, its possession of a convenient quay, of considerable length, ornamented with an open piazza, or portico, called the quay walk, which serves as a sort of Exchange for merchants. There seems to have been some building of the kind in the same situation, at an early period; for the present edifice was built by subscription, in the reign of Queen Ann, whose statue (the gift of Robert Rolle, esq., of Stevenstone) is fixed over the centre of the entrance, and bears the following inscription:—

*Anna*  
*Intermeratæ fidei testimonium Roberti Rolle, De Stevenstone,*  
*Agro Devoniansi, Armig:*  
1708.

The building was finished in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirteen, during the mayoralty of Robert Incedon. At one termination of the quay is a handsome bridge across the *Taw*, of sixteen arches; probably built by one of the *TRACIES*, when that family were lords of the Borough; or, according to another account, by 'one Stamford of London.'\*

A little way beyond the other end of the quay, is a pleasant public walk, called the *NORTHERNHAY*, or *NORTH-WALK*, planted with trees, and commanding a fine view of the river which it borders. At high tides, this walk and a great portion of the town adjoining it, are frequently overflowed. This has always been the case; for Risdon, in noticing the shallowness of the haven, adds, that nevertheless in the year one thousand six hundred and seven, it (Barn-

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\* Risdon says, "The bridge on the south, crossing the river, fair and strongly built, by one Stamford of London, after some, or as others will, by a ferry there kept; only three pillars were built by bounty of raids, aut fama est mendax.

RISDON'S OHOR. SURVEY, p. 327.

staple) suffered a kind of inundation, amongst divers others on the Severn side, at a spring tide, driven by a very strong perry, from the ocean so high swelling, that it subverted houses and drowned beasts, and destroyed people, of whom some, to save their lives, were constrained from their upper rooms to take boat and begone." And he adds "this river, at some changes and fall of the moon, so over-floweth the marshes that the town seems to be a demi-island."

The insular appearance here alluded to must have been partly caused by a smaller river, called the Yeow, which Rishden has not forgotten to notice in his quaint way.

"A riveret, called *North-Yeow*, sheddeth itself into the Taw, on the one side of this town, by whose confluence it is in some sort incircled, whereof one wrote thus:—

"To a town, for situation  
Delightsome to the eye;  
Thro' pleasant meads and marshes  
Taw merrily doth tie;  
Which furnished with traffick is,  
And merchandize so good,  
For that her stream is intermixed  
With Severn's swelling flood.  
Yet, Barnstaple, prated tho' thou be  
By the brackish Taw,  
In all thy glory see thou not  
Forget the little YEAW."

But, besides the bridge, the Guildhall of Barnstaple, situated in High-street, is also an ancient building; in the public chamber of which are portraits of all the Corporation in the reign of George the Second, painted by Hudson, and said to have been finished by the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was then his pupil.

Concerning the population of the town, it seems, from returns made in the reign of King Edward the Sixth (when there were said to have been two thousand houselying people, *i. e.* persons of an age to receive the sacrament, about sixteen years of age, at Barnstaple) that the population was nearly as great, as in the year 1801, when the total number of inhabitants returned under the Population Act, was three thousand seven hundred and forty-eight; of which number 1495 were males, and 2253 females—the number of houses in the parish at the same period, being six hundred and fifty-three. This little increase, or stationary condition of the population of Barnstaple, may partly be attributed to various fluctuations in the seat of particular branches of commerce, by which the numerous hands engaged in manu-

factures were drawn away from time to time, to other districts of the county, and kingdom : besides which, this part of the county seems to have suffered considerably from frequent ravages of the plague, whose most remarkable visitation occurred in the year 1646, when a vessel either from the Levant, or laden with Spanish wool came into Bideford port and discharged an infected cargo, by which, after desolating Bideford, the plague was spread through all the neighbouring places, and Barnstaple in particular : in reference to which calamitous event, a very curious monument was erected in the vicinity of the town, which remained pretty entire to a late period, but is now destroyed.

Of sacred edifices erected in Barnstaple, we find it recorded, that in the year 1353, one *Robert Rowe* gave a piece of ground to the *Hermit Brethren of Saint Augustine*, for the purpose of erecting thereon a church, and other buildings, requisite for their own habitation ; but no traces are now to be found of this convent of Augustine Friars, nor any further particulars relating to it.

Leland mentions four chapels at Barnstaple. 1. A chapel dedicated to *St. Thomas à Becket*, situated at the east end of the bridge, and supposed to have been built by some of the De Tracy family, and endowed with lands which, in the year 1547, were valued at two pounds three shillings *per annum* ; this chapel was afterwards desecrated, or as Leland expresses it, ' profaned.' 2. *Allhallows*, situated by the North gate. 3. *St. Nicholas*, at the West gate. There are now no remains of *St. Thomas*, or *Allhallows* ; and the chapel of *St. Nicholas* was desecrated, and is now called the Quay-hall, being used by the Corporation as a warehouse. 4. The chapel of our lady, in the church-yard of Barnstaple, in which were two charities ; one founded by *Thomas Holman*, Vicar of Barnstaple, valued at seven pounds a-year ; and the other called *St. James's Charity*, founded by *Robert Redmyn*, and valued at 10*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.* *per annum* ; of which 5*l.* were allowed to a priest, and the remainder appropriated to repairs, and the relief of the poor. The last-mentioned chapel was used for service by French Refugees, till after the middle of the last century, and is now occupied as the Grammar School.

The church of Barnstaple, surmounted by a lofty spire, has by no means a handsome exterior ; but the interior is worthy of the town ; containing a good organ, and since the late alterations in particular, affording ample accommodation in sittings to the increasing population of the place. In

fact, the interior at present presents a very handsome appearance, and does great credit to those who devised and executed its late alteration and enlargement.

The tithes of Barnstaple were formerly appropriated to Malsbury Abbey, to which Establishment the church was given by king Athelstan.

In the year 1715, there were meeting-houses at Barnstaple, of the Independent, and Presbyterian Persuasions; but the Congregations became united about the middle of the last century. The Wesleyan Methodists have also their separate place of worship; and a Baptist Meeting-house is now building.

Over the North-gate of the town is a *Charity School*, for the education of indigent boys and girls: but, besides this, there is also a celebrated *Grammar School*. There had been one formerly kept by one of the Priests of the charity of St. Nicholas, but the present school was founded by *Richard Ferris*. It is supported by the rent of lands purchased with Benefactions, the interest of some Funded Property, and an Annual Collection.

Among the distinguished characters who have received the whole, or a portion of their education at this Establishment, may be enumerated *John Jewel*, Bishop of Salisbury, author of the *Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, his great Theological opponent *Thomas Harding*, Professor at Louvain, the learned antiquarian *Dr. Musgrave*, probably Sir *John Dodderidge*, and last (though by no means least in fame) the Poet *John Gay*, author of the *Beggar's Opera*, *Fables*, &c. &c. &c.

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[In thus bringing the general Survey of the history and present state of Barnstaple to an apparent conclusion, it is by no means intended to shut the door upon any future particulars, which may be communicated by our curious and obliging Readers and Contributors.

There are many particulars which escape the research of present enquiry, however willing the collector may be to arrange them in Chronological order. Of these the Writer of this Article has some in possession, and is promised more: so that it will not, perhaps, be long before the subject of Barnstaple will be returned to in this Periodical.]

## ODE

TO

*A Beautiful Boat.\**

*Agmine remoram celeri, ventisque vocatis,  
Prona petit maria.*

VIRGIL: *ÆNEID V.*

OH ! THOU OF BOATS THE LOVELIEST !  
 With piercing prow, and tapering side,  
 To cleave the billow's whitening crest,  
 And o'er its glassy swell to glide ;  
 Or lovelier burthen of the tide,  
 The floating cradle of our rest,—  
 Of storm or calm alike the pride,  
 Oh ! Thou of Boats the loveliest !

I've sailed in gladness on the sea,  
 By cliff, by sandhill, beach, and down ;  
 By forts, the guard of cities free,  
 And piers that wintry surges drown ;  
 And streams that wind by woodlands brown,  
 And quays where mingle mast and tree ;  
 But, never yet the voyage to crown,  
 Hath lovelier shallop wafted me.

I've seen the *Yacht* whence Royalty  
 Its banner to the sea-breeze flaunted ;  
 The warsman's pinnance bearing by  
 The chosen of a crew undaunted ;  
 A thousand boats the waters haunted,  
 In gay regatta's race to vie,  
 But *Thine*, o'er all their glory vaunted,  
 Streamed the flag of victory !

West Appledore.

BLUE PETER.

\* There are many pretty boats at Appledore, very pretty boats, not forgetting THE GIG ; but it is hoped that none of them will lay ALL the flattering unction of this Ode to her OWN KEEL.

MOTTOS AND TRANSLATIONS  
TO  
THE FIRST SIX NUMBERS

OF THE

North Devon Magazine.

No. I.

*Est focus in nostris, sunt seria multa libellis,  
STOICUS has partes, has EPICURUS agit.  
Salva mihi veterum maneat dum regula morum;  
Laudat permissis sobria MUSA jocis.*

Nos. II. III.

*Translation of the above.*

In our book will the gay and the serious be found,  
Epicurus and Stoic have each of them half:  
And as long as she keeps within decency's bound,  
Why should not the sober young Muse have her laugh?

No. IV.

*Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque—  
—mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.  
Quid dem? quid non dem?—*

No. V.

*Translation of the above.*

So varied a taste have our visitors got,  
(Each reader requiring so different a lot)  
That it's what shall we give them? or what shall we not?  
Quoth THE EDITOR.

No. VI.

——— *Rapit indefessa bipennem.*  
VIRGILII ÆNEID XI.

Supplementary Number.

*Translation of the above.*

As fair Camilla plies her bill,  
So still unwearied wags our quill.



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Scarle, Printer, Barnstaple.



THE  
NORTH DEVON  
MAGAZINE;

CONTAINING

*The Cobe and Lundy Review.*

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VOL. II.

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BARNSTAPLE:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. SEARLE, BOUTPORT-STREET.

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1824.



THE  
**North Devon Magazine.**

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AUGUST, 1824.

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FARRAGO LIBELLI.

NO. I.

*Extract of a Letter from a Friend in London to the Editor.*

.....I think your bantling thrives—you seem to get on very well. I, for one, care little for your *generalizing* your title;—I have just recollection enough of your neighbourhood to feel interested, and not to be quite ignorant of your points of local allusion; and as to a magazine in the abstract, see how little London can do, and don't despair.—I like the idea of local history and a print; and as you don't care about the profit, I should think your sale would warrant it.

*Extract of a Letter from a Friend in the County of ———*

MY DEAR FELLOW,

I HAVE been long in your debt, and am somewhat ashamed to write after six months' silence. I have never even acknowledged the receipt of your letter in January, accompanying the first No. of the *Cave*; but although I have never written to you, I have followed your hint, and our village bookseller has duly procured the following numbers from your correspondent in London—nay more, your old acquaintance \* \* \* \*, of Maudlin, has unbent, and ordered a copy; but what comfort can you hope for from him? (your theological efforts have been bounded by a hymn,) or from me? while you totally decline politics. Besides, don't I know the Land of Fogs as well as you do? an't we *Arcades ambo*? that is, haven't I sojourned in

VOL. II.

B



Bæotia? depend upon't there are people in *your* little world who would pine to see any thing of the kind prosper. They fear, and they hate the thing; those who *could* be amused *will* not be so. Those who like you, if they suspect your editorship, will shun the subject; those who dislike you will steal a look at a borrowed number, and abuse you. You always say I am visionary, a political *revueur*, a pearl-to-swine-casting spendthrift; but *now I retort*. Go back to your metaphysics, your quietism, your optimism, your abuse of Hume, or any other folly you ever dreamt of; but don't throw away time, and printer's ink, and good paper (by the bye your last numbers are not good paper) upon Barnstaple, the place will never support a Periodical of any description.

Reader, dost thou remember the fable of the country fellow and the satyr?

### NORTH DEVON JOURNAL, No. 1, 2, and 3.

Bravo! another attempt, at any rate, well! if *wishing* were *ensuring*, the North Devon Journal would have to thank us for its success. We *have* expressed our opinion against a newspaper in Barnstaple; but what then? we are not like some of our *soi disant* friends, who, having expressed an opinion, loose their temper if they are mistaken, and would ruin their neighbour with their own hands, rather than have his schemes prosper, in spite of their prophecies. Good luck to the ~~Journal~~ say we, and we've a great mind to send them an advertisement ourselves. We observe a shocking instance of death from arsenic, in an honest and industrious farmer's family, recorded in one of the numbers; but we hope it is only a half crown article; if it be founded in fact, we really never heard of any thing so shocking, and we seriously think that some member of the House of Commons would do well to bring the subject of the sale and employment of arsenic before the House. Here is the eldest son of a family just at an age to be the support of his father's declining strength, and the *breadwinner*, to use an emphatic Scottish phrase, for the younger part of the family, snatched from among living men, in the most appalling way conceivable; the hand of death upon him before a feeling of danger had alarmed him: *surely* one such occurrence would dearly purchase the destruction of all the rats in England. How slight an evil in this poor farmer's eye would the murrain, or mildew have been! Whether near us or at a distance, we never can read these dismal tales as Dutchmen

read of earthquakes in Calabria. We shall be obliged to any correspondent who will inform us of what use white arsenic is, so that it amounts to a cause why a law should not be passed prohibiting the sale of it entirely.

To go back to the North Devon Journal, we think the first numbers particularly well got up, although we really avoided all those parts which might be declaratory of politics; hating all politics except our own, which are *sui generis*, and perfectly eclectic and utopian; but the Editor must spare no pains, for there are those who will spare none to put him down.

---

### INSCRIPTION

*On a Tombstone in the Marsh belonging to Tawstock Pill, once the property of Joseph and Agnes Ley, of Tawstock Parish, enclosed by a strong wall, and planted round with stately Elms, were engraved the following lines:—*

Good and Great God, to thee we do resign  
 Our four dear Sons, for they were chiefly thine;  
 And, Lord, we are not worthy of the name  
 To be the Sons of faithful Abraham,  
 Had we not learned for thy dear pleasure sake  
 To yield our all, as he his Isaac.  
 Readers, perhaps thou knewest this field, but, ah!  
 'Tis now become another Mackpelah—  
 What then, honor it doth boast the more,  
 Never such seeds were sown therein before.  
 Which shall receive and Christ his Angels warn,  
 To bear with triumph to his heavenly Throne.

*In hac spe acquiescant*

*Milissimi Parentes*

*Joseph and Agnes Ley.*

Tradition gives us that these four brothers were fishing on the river, and took in several rugs floating up with the tide from Barnstaple, infected with the plague, of which malady these four brothers died in August, 1646.—Their names were John, Joseph, Thomas, and Richard Ley.

## DOGGREL ODE

TO

## HIS SANDWICH MAJESTY.

The king's travelling name is 'Tirahee Tirahee,' which means 'Dog of Dogs.'  
 A grand Entertainement was given their Sandwich Majesties by Mr. Secretary  
 Canning, at Gloucester Lodge.  
 Their Sandwichean Majesties visited Covent Garden. DAILY PAPERS.

TIRAHEE, DOG OF DOGS !  
 In our island of fogs  
 Be your lodgings assigned you in crown-land ;  
 And there, my dear fellow,  
 Enjoy till you're mellow  
 The pleasures of this your *Newfoundland*.\*

While with us you stay  
 Be it fine every day,  
 Not a week you are here may it rain in :  
 By night, in the Park,  
 May no *poodle-dog* bark,  
 To wake up your Majesty Canine !

Unused to a bed,  
 You may lay down your head  
 On a carpet, or snug on a rug ;  
 Full of porter or port,  
 (Both unknown at *your* court)  
 You may roll yourself up like a *pug*.

---

\* An Island famous for water-dogs.

At meals, in your parlour,  
 No growler or snarler,  
 At fare in our island invented,  
 Veal, venison, or mutton,  
 Whatever be put on  
 The table, *dog-drawing* \* contented.

Yet I guess, by your looks,  
 That the bones of our *cooks* †  
 Would be picked pretty clean in a hurry :—  
 If your queen crying ‘ *pish!* ’  
 Discontent with her dish,  
 Were to weep that she did not get *curry*.

Our great *Secretary*,  
 A sly one and wary,  
 (French foxes they never could *hoax* him)  
 Will receive you in state :—  
 He *runs cunning* of late,  
 All Europe *must* pat him, and coax him.

There’s your guide, Mr. Byng, ‡  
 Hold on by a string !  
 And he’ll lead you wherever you wish ;  
 You may go see the tower,—  
 Or, if early the hour,  
 At Billingsgate buy a *dog-fish*.||

Then Almack’s gay ball,  
 And Westminster-hall,  
 May be visited with your attendant ;  
 But, keep your *fore paw*  
 Out of our courts of law,  
 As plaintiff—or even defendant !

\* Dog-drawing is tracing a deer illegally by the scent of a dog.

† His Sandwich Majesty brought with him to England the bones of poor Captain Cook, from Owhyee.

‡ The Honorable Mr. Byng is appointed to attend their Sandwich Majesties during their stay in England.

A sort of shark.

DAILY PAPERS.

DAILY PAPERS.

DAILY PAPERS.

You'll see all the glories  
 Of England—her tories—  
 And whigs, who are dogs without grace;  
 Tho' a *collar* full often,  
 Or pension, will soften  
 Some *turnspit* to buckle to place!

For you, in a hurry,  
 Our *terriers* shall worry,  
 The victims of Westminster pit;  
 There, notable Billy,  
 Much vermin will kill ye—  
 But, betting beware lest you're *bit*.

Go, search Covent Garden,  
 A pound to a farden!  
 But cherries of all sorts you see,  
 Except the choice fruit  
 Would your Majesty suit,  
 That is grown on the *dogberry*\* tree.

Then for pleasure you'll be at her  
 Elbow,—the theatre,  
 Wide with attraction enlarges;  
 The horses may fail,  
 But they play there a tale  
 Of the bushy-tailed *Dog of Montargis*.

There's an opera *bone-ticket*,  
 As for the night, pick it!  
*Resined Rosini* will please ye;  
*Camporese* will sing,—  
 The dancers will spring,  
 Or, in their own way, *scamper easy*.

Parade Leicester square,  
 Panoramas are there,  
 You may see by placard invitation;  
 And, down in the Strand,  
*Exhibition* as grand,  
 To prove us a *picturesque nation*.

---

\* A species of cherry.

At the *British*\*, more attic,  
 Your judgment *dogmatic*,  
 You'll pass on the pictures exhibited;  
 And your queen, oil anoint her!  
 With finger be *pointer*,  
 For parasols there are prohibited.

O yet ere it close,  
 May our eye-sight repose  
 On a *view of your Island* by Daniel;†  
 And you've only to lick  
 Young Landseer's ‡ moll-stick,  
 And he'll soon *hang* you up as a *Spaniel*.

Go see doctor Sewel,|| or  
 Call on some Jeweller,  
*Hamlet*, I know not a better;  
 Your plate he'll remould,  
 Or, in silver or gold,  
 Of your jewels become the proud *Settler*.

Go on board a steam-boat,  
 The *Greyhound* afloat,  
 No lace on your queen, or they'll search her;  
 And if the boat grounds,  
 You'll find that of hounds  
 The fleetest is sometimes a *lurcher*.§

Go to Stultz's for dress;  
 Pay respect to the press,  
 Yet sip not of Radical grog;¶  
 Or, strange alteration  
 Worth Pat's observation,  
 The *Bull*\*\* will be baiting the *Dog*.

\* Institution, a gallery for the exhibition of the old masters, and the sale of modern paintings.

† A landscape painter.

‡ Celebrated for his pictures of Animals.

§ At the Constitutional Association.

¶ Lurch, a sudden jerk or rolling of a vessel at sea.

¶ At the Crown and Anchor Dinners, &c. &c.

\*\* John Bull, a paper celebrated for its attacks on every branch of the opposition.

When in Bond-street you're seen,  
 Arm in arm with your Queen,  
 From all others you'll bear off the gaze;  
 And people no more  
 Their eyesight will bore,  
 With looking at *puppies* in stays.

When ill in condition,  
 Call in a physician,  
 A fee mind you slip his hand pat in;  
 And if you've no cure  
 For the ills you endure,  
 At least, you will get some *dog-latin*.

Confess now, you happy, tall\*  
 King! if *your* Capital  
 Shines with such splendor in May;  
 Not the dog-star so bright  
 As our streets with gas-light,  
 Or so hot as their pavement by day.

You'll be asked to a party,  
 Accept it my hearty!  
 Though tea and turn out be the way;  
 In Berkley street upper,  
 If not asked to supper,  
 At least they will hand *you* the *tray*.†

Tirahee! Tirahee!  
 Now which will agree  
 Best with your stomach for hunger's relief?  
 Will your Majesty cram  
 A *Sandwich of Ham*,  
 Or *slice of our intersliced beef*?

I wonder, by jingo!  
 If our British *lingo*  
 Was taught you by some Missionary?

---

\* His Sandwich Majesty is of a tall and portly stature, in which, however, he is excelled by his queen.

† Tray, a waiter; also the name of a dog.

Or if you must hammer  
Away at some grammar,  
And study our vocabulary.

They say, your Court breeding  
Has curtailed your reading  
Of print, or pot-hangers, and hooks :  
But let libeller dare  
To asperse but a hair,  
And, he'll find you can *dog's-ear* his books.

King *Tirakee* !  
All glory to thee !  
Great *subject* of my meditation ;  
I'd sing in your praise,  
All through the *dog-days* ;  
But a poet I hate perspiration.

Then O! be content  
With the time I have bent,  
To thee a crooked knee, *Tirakee* !  
Or my muse may lament,  
That her rhimes are all spent,  
And your Majesty turned *Tire-a-she*.

And O! when you're leaving,—  
Old England bereaving  
Of honor from you we derive ;  
May your *dogger*\* at sea  
Quite a jelly-boat be,  
Every storm of the main to survive :

Sail safe to the land, which  
Some sailor called Sandwich !  
Tell me O-why-his† conferred such a name ?  
I never could guess  
His intention, unless,  
Like myself—to give Sandwiches fame.

\* A small vessel with one mast.

† Owhyhe is the name of one of those Islands of which the groupe altogether has obtained the name of Sandwich, from the English Prime Minister who was in power at the time of their discovery, and who was a great patron to nautical researches.

It is, perhaps, as well to advise our readers, that this article was written and prepared for the Press long before the lamented deaths of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands: on whom some portion of the Periodical Press has poured out effusions far less amusing and good-natured than our own *Doggerel Ode*.



*Mornings at Bow Street. A Selection of the most Humourous and Entertaining Reports which have appeared in the Morning Herald; with Engravings by G. Cruickshank.*

WE rather pride ourselves on being very choice in our articles for reviewing; our readers may depend upon never having a work recommended to their library of which they will repent the purchase, or the price expended. The Mornings in Bow Street have certainly somewhat disappointed us; there is a monotony in common squabbles that tires us in our arm chair, as much as it does his worship on the bench; and reports that read amusingly enough in the daily succession of newspapers, have not interest enough to stand the literary test of close packing in a formal volume. The book, however, is well enough for an idle minute, the printer has done his work well upon good paper (we wish our readers could say the same of ours) and Cruickshank's humour is, as usual, irresistible, especially in his *vignettes*.\* We extract the following case as a good instance of the pathetic and moral in real life:—

#### A DISTRESSED FATHER.

HENRY NEWBERRY, a lad of thirteen years, and EDWARD CHIDLEY, aged seventeen, were fully committed for trial, charged with stealing a silver tea-pot from the house of a gentleman in Grosvenor Place. There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances of the robbery. The younger lad was observed to go down into the area of the house, whilst his companion kept watch, and they were caught endeavouring to conceal the tea-pot under some rubbish in the Five-fields: but the case was made peculiarly interesting by the unsophisticated distress of Newberry's father.

The poor old man, who it seems had been a soldier, and was at this time a journeyman pavier, refused at first to believe that his son had committed the crime imputed to him, and was very clamorous against the witnesses; but as their evidence proceeded, he himself appeared to become gradually convinced. He listened with intense anxiety to the various details, and when they were finished, he fixed his

---

\* We would instance particularly the illustration of the ex-champion Cribb's crutching a taylor by an Elephant in chase of a dandy, and the meandering of the pig's tail, in "I had a piece of pork, I stuck," &c.

eyes in silence for a second or two upon his son, and turning to the magistrate with his eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed, "I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honor!"

There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone with which this fond reminiscence was uttered by the old soldier, that every person present, even the very gaoler himself, was affected by it. "I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honor," repeated the poor fellow, whilst he brushed away the tears from his cheek with his rough unwashed hand, "but its all over now! he has done, and so have I!"—The magistrate asked him something of his story.

He said he had formerly driven a stage coach in the North of Ireland, and had a small share in the proprietorship of the coach. In this time of his prosperity, he married a young woman with a little property, but failed in business, and, after enduring many troubles, enlisted as a private soldier in the 18th, or Royal Irish Regiment of Foot, and went on Foreign Service, taking with him his wife and four children. Henry (the prisoner) was his second son, and his "darling pride." At the end of nine years he was discharged in this country, without a pension or a friend in the world, and, coming to London, he with some trouble got employed as a pavier, by "the gentlemen who manage the streets at Mary-la-bonne." "Two years ago, your honor," he continued, "my poor wife was wearied out with the world, and she deceased from me, and I was left alone with the children; and every night after I had done work, I washed their faces, and put them to bed, and washed their little bits o'things, and hanged them o'the line to dry myself, for I'd no money, your honor, and so I could not have a house-keeper to do for them, you know. But, your honor, I was as happy as I well could be, considering my wife was deceased from me, till some bad people came to live at the back of us, and they were always striving to get Henry amongst them, and I was terribly afraid something bad would come of it, as it was but poorly I could do for him, and so I'd made up my mind to take all my children to Ireland—if he had only held up another week, your honor, we should have gone, and he would have been saved. But now——"

Here the poor man looked at his boy again, and wept; and when the magistrate endeavoured to console him, by observing that his son would sail for Botany Bay, and probably do well there; he replied somewhat impatiently, "aye,

it's fine talking, your worship; I pray to the great God he may never sail any where, unless he sails with me to Ireland," and then, after a moment's thought, he asked, in the bluntest tone imaginable, "doesn't your honor think a little bit of a petition might help him?"

The magistrate replied, "it possibly might," and added, "if you attend his trial at the Old Bailey, and plead for him as eloquently in word and action as you have done here, I think it would help him still more."

"Aye, but then you wont be there, I suppose, will you?" asked the poor fellow, with that familiarity which is in some degree sanctioned by extreme distress; and when his worship replied that he certainly should not be present, he immediately rejoined, "Then what's the use of it? there will be nobody there that knows me; and what stranger will listen to a poor old broken-hearted fellow, who can't speak for crying?"

The prisoners were now removed from the bar, to be conducted to prison, and his son, who had wept incessantly all the time, called wildly to him, "father! father!" as if he expected that his father could snatch him out of the iron grasp of the law; but the old man remained rivetted, as it were, to the spot on which he stood, with his eyes fixed on the lad; and, when the door was closed upon him, he put on his hat, unconscious where he was, and crushing it down over his brows, he began wandering round the room in a state of stupor. The officers in waiting reminded him that he should not wear his hat in the presence of the magistrate, and he instantly removed it; but he still seemed lost to every thing around him, and though one or two gentlemen present put money into his hands, he heeded it not, but slowly sauntered out of the office, apparently reckless of every thing.

We advise every brace or leash of our readers to club for the book, and toss up for the first reading and final possession.

## CALENDAR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 221, VOL. I.)

JULY 15.

**SWITHUN, Bishop of Winchester**, translated **Swithun**, or **Swithon**, was descended from Saxon parents; he passed his youth in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the Holy Scriptures. He was successively monk and prior of the convent of Winchester; and, on the accession of Ethelwulf to the English throne, he was promoted to the Bishopric in 852, in

which he continued ten years until his death. At his own request he was buried in the common cemetery at Winchester, instead of the chapel of the Bishop; (as the bishops of those times generally were,) and, many miracles being reported to be wrought at his tomb, it was thought proper to remove his remains into the choir. But a most violent shower of rain falling on the day appointed for the solemn procession, and continuing for thirty-nine others without intermission, the idea of festival was abandoned as displeasing to Smith, and, as such, heretical and blasphemous. Subsequently, however, the saint relented, and permitted his bones to be translated to the honorable place allotted to the bishops. Hence the vulgar notion, that if it rain on this day, it will continue to do so; more or less, for forty days after.

20th. **MARGARET, VIRGIN AND MARTYR**; was born at Antioch; and suffered martyrdom; A.D. 278, for refusing to marry the Heathen Olybrius, president of the East. She was first tortured; and then beheaded.

22nd. **ST. MARY MAGDALENE**. This day was dedicated to commemorate that Mary, whose original impurity, but subsequent eminent faith is noticed in the evangelical history, whether she were a native or an inhabitant of Magdala, or not. Different circumstances in her history have afforded subjects for some of the finest productions of the pictorial art.

23rd. **ST. ANNE** WAS MOTHER of the VIRGIN MARY. Her festival is celebrated by the Latin Church.

August 1st. **LAMMAS DAY**. This day, in the Romish Church, is generally called the feast of St. Peter, *AD VINCULA*, or, in bonds, commemorating the Apostle's imprisonment, as related in Acts xii. It is supposed to have been called Lammas day, either from the cohort that Peter was the patron of lambs, from the charge given to him by Jesus Christ, "feed my lambs;" (John xxi. 15.) and that the mass offered this day (Lamb-mass) was very beneficial in promoting the thriving of lambs, or from the old Saxon word *HLAF-MÆSSE*, that is, Loaf-mass, it having been the custom of the Saxons to offer on that day an oblation of loaves made of new wheat as the first fruits of their new corn.

6th. **TRANSFIGURATION of our LORD**. This festival, designed to commemorate the appearance of Moses and Elias to Jesus Christ, on Mount Tabor, when he was transfigured, (Matt. xvii.) is of great antiquity in the Greek church; but it was not observed by the Romish church until the year 1455, when Pope Callixtus instituted this festival.

7th. **NAME of JESUS**. Before the Reformation, this day was dedicated to the honor of Asra, first a Cretan courtesan, afterwards a convert to Christianity, who suffered martyrdom. Her festival was recognised by Pope Paul V.; but subsequently Donatus, who had been put to death in the time of Julian for refusing to sacrifice to idols, was substituted in her place. How it came afterwards to be appropriated to the "name of Jesus" we find no where recorded, and it is useless to conjecture.

10th. **ST. LAURENCE**, Archdeacon of ROME and Martyr, was a Spaniard by birth. Refusing to deliver up the treasures of the church, which were supposed to be in his custody, he was laid upon a gridiron and broiled over a fire. He suffered martyrdom, A.D. 258; or 259. The celebrated palace of the Medici is dedicated to this saint, and is erected in the form of a gridiron. The church of St. Laurence, Jewry, in the city of London, is also dedicated to him, and has a gridiron on the steeple for a vault.

15th. **ASSUMPTION** is a festival in the Greek and Romish churches, on

account of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven.

28th. **St. AUGUSTINE**, Bishop of Hippo, was born at Iagasta, a city in the island part of Numidia, A.D. 354. Being well versed in polite literature, he was professor first at Rome, and afterwards at Milan. At the last mentioned place, he became acquainted with Ambrose, who instructed him in divinity, and reclaimed him from the Manichean heresy. He returned to Africa in 388, and three years afterwards was chosen Bishop of Hippo, where he died in 430. He was a great divine, and the most voluminous writer of all the fathers.

29th. **BEHEADING** of **St. JOHN** the Baptist. This day was formerly called *Festum Collectionis Sancti Johannis Baptiste*, or the feast of gathering up John the Baptist's relics; but afterwards, by corruption, *Festum Decollationis*, the festival in remembrance of his being beheaded. His memory is commemorated on the 24th of June.

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THE  
LYFE OF IPOMYDON;  
(AN OLD ENGLISH ROMANCE.)

MEKELY,\* Lordyngs gentyll and free,  
Lysten awhile and herken to me :  
I shall you telle of a kinge,  
A dowghty man without lesynge ; †  
In his time he was full bold ;  
A worthy man, and well of told ;  
Feyre he was on foot and hand,  
And well beloved in all that lande ;  
Of body he was styffe and strong,  
And to no man he wold do wrong.  
Of Poyle-land ‡ lord was he :  
Gold and silver he had plenty :  
High and low loved him alle,  
Moche honour to hym was falle.  
Hys name was kynge Hermonès,  
He hated wrong, and loved peace ;  
His queen was bothe bryght and shene,  
Moche goodnesse was them between :  
To God they prayed after an heir ;  
He sent them one both good and feyre,

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\* We shall not be precise either in retaining the old spelling, or modernizing it, it sufficeth to be readable.

† False report.

‡ Apulia, Mr. Ellis says. We once thought it might be Poland, as we have *Sesencs*, or *Saxons* by and bye ; but *Romancers* had their own *Guthrie*.

Feyre he was of flessche and blode,  
 They thangkyled God with mylde mode.\*  
 To chyrche they bare the chyld than,  
 And crystened hym Ipomydon :  
 Till a noryce they dyd him take,  
 And for that chyld grete joy they make  
 The child was feyre and waxe withall,  
 And playd in chamber and in hall.  
 The king of him had joy plenty ;  
 A feyrer child might no man see :  
 He lette call a knight full trew,  
 That named was Sir Tholomew :†  
 He was a knight of great poustè,‡  
 And well beloved in that countre,  
 Both of more and of less,§  
 For him followyd all goodness.  
 Courteous he was and hende|| of mouth,  
 Of nurture, I wis, much he couth,¶  
 That lords used in their hall,  
 And ladies in chamber great and small.  
 Hermonès said in all manère,  
 " I have a son that me is dear,  
 That shall be heir of all my land ;  
 I will ye have him to understand,  
 And to teche him in all manère,  
 Like as he thine own were."  
 " Sir, quoth this knight, myld of speech—  
 Would God I couth your son teche,  
 Thyng that might turn him to prow!\*\*\*"  
 Ipomydon receiveth he now.  
 Tholomew a clerk he took,  
 That taught the child upon the book,  
 Both to sing and to rede,  
 And after he taught him other deed :  
 Afterward to serve in hall,  
 Both to great and to small ;

\* Moon here is mind, not fashion, and MILD is an epithet of some dignity in old English.

† Whether this is meant for Ptolemy, or Bartholomew we profess not to decide.

‡ French, power, might.

§ More and less, great and small, rich and poor.

|| Civil.

¶ Couth nurture, knew of good breeding.

\*\*\* Profit, when this Romance was written, the Norman French was not thoroughly ENGLISHED.

Before the king meat to kerve,  
 High and low, fair to serve;  
 Both of hounds and hawks game,  
 After he taught him, all and same;  
 In sea, in field, and eke in ryvere,  
 In wood to chase the wild deer;  
 And in the field to ride a steed,  
 That all men had joy of his deed.\*  
 Now is he waxen a goodly man,  
 To all goodness he gave him than.  
 In all that country was there none,  
 To him might cast tree or stone.  
 The king of him great joy had,  
 For all folk of him were glad.  
 Every year the king wold  
 At Whytsuntyd a feast hold,  
 Of dukes, erlis, and barouns,  
 Many there came from divers towns;  
 Ladies, maidens gentill and free,  
 Came thither from farr countre;  
 And great lords of farr land,  
 Thither were prayed before hand:  
 Full rich, I wot, was their service,  
 For better might no man devise;  
 Ipomydon that day served in hall,  
 All spake of him, both great and small;  
 Ladies and maydens beheld him on,†  
 So goodly a man they had seen none;  
 And in their hearts they made moan,  
 That their lords ne were‡ such one:  
 After meat they went to play,  
 All the people, as I you say;  
 Some to chamber, and some to hower,  
 And some to the high tower,  
 And some in the hall stood,  
 And spake what hem§ thought good.  
 Men that were of that city,  
 Enquired of men of other country;

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\* This is the regular course of chivalrous education, and better than whipping tops and bottoms.

† Looked upon him, a good Devonshire phrase.

‡ Ne were, were not. This mental moaning of the ladies may be very much in character and nature; but we hold it not meet to be set down so.

§ Hem is the accumulative plural of the Saxon third personal pronoun. We still use methinks, and methought.

Of Calabre land who was kyng,  
 And some answered to his asking,  
 " He is dead sythe many a day,  
 And behind he left a fair May,  
 That is his daughter and his heir ;  
 In all that land is none so fair,  
 And so sayn all that her do see,  
 She is the fairest that may be.

The Romance of Ipomydon is one of the easiest to read, and most amusing of all our old English remains. We first intended to modernize it entirely into an imitation of Sir Walter Scott's imitations of the lyrical romance, but followed our own taste in preferring the raciness, as well as roughness of the original. Here and there a few lines are left out for shortness, and much of the old spelling is retained. Our readers, versed in their county dialect, (which we hold to be very genuine English) will, we hope, be pleased in tracing the originality of their colloquial phrases. Our lady readers, skilled in unravelling the mazy threads of romance, will have already wedded Ipomydon to the late king of Calabria's daughter ; but fair and softly, the marriage cannot well happen before Christmas, and there are plenty of adventures, and many a brilliant passage of arms to while away the intermediate months, and adorn our coming Numbers.

LE B. D.

### INSCRIPTION \*

*On a Monument in Spenbridge Church.*

Carolus  
 Filius Johannis Cutcliffe, Ar.  
 e Dammage et Eleanoræ  
 Chichester e Dinnyton  
 hujus parochiæ  
 Cœlestis anima nunquam  
 habitavit pulchriore  
 domicilio  
 Narc. et Ganymed. fictiunculæ  
 Solus hic noster flos et  
 Deliciæ Juventutis  
 Ostendit vis divina quid  
 potuit et voluit  
 Tace.

\* The above is surmounted by a medallion containing a colored portrait of a young man, in which, (or in the fancy of the transcriber) there is a strong family likeness.

SUSCEPTOR.



## THE ROSE'S MORAL.

Ah life! how sweet! how short! a summer's day  
 Sees the Rose bud and break, blow and decay—  
 The breeze that wafts its young and morning scent,  
 Its ev'ning stem beholds with age o'erbent :  
 Cull, maid, the rose while fresh its short-lived bloom,  
 And reck the rede ! *so* hastens on *thy* doom.

## BARNSTAPLE MELODIES,

## NO. I.

## THE DOG-STAR'S DAY.\*

## I.

Though dark are our kennels, to-day we'll forget them,  
 And smile—like a kitten that's scalded with tea ; (*Aside.*)  
 There never were Dogs, if their masters would let them,  
 Less given to be sending folks into the sea.  
 But, just when the chain  
 Has ceased to pain,  
 And hope has awakened our marrow-bone glee,  
 There comes a new link,  
 Our spirits to sink ;—  
 Oh ! our joy, like the brimstone they put in our bowls,  
 Is a fire amid cold water, quite thrown away,—  
 But, though he brings chains to our bodies and souls,  
 We'll dance our full length on the DOG-STAR'S DAY !

## II.

He shines on us Dogs, and his warmth is recorded  
 On hides that have suffered too much to forget ;  
 And chains shall be loosed, and attachment rewarded,  
 And idle young puppies go thieving yet.  
 Our backs they may lick  
 With many a stick  
 But ne'er shall fidelity quite pass away ;  
 Each *Jowler* the faster  
 Will fawn on his master ;—  
 And, Blucher, my pup ! though skin-broken thou art,  
 There's a courage about thee will never decay ;  
 Thou wilt never turn tail on the hound Bonaparte,  
 Though cumbered with chains on the DOG-STAR'S DAY.  
*ALI VIZIER.*

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\* See fourth No. of the Irish Melodies, page 64. Air—" St. Patrick's Day."

## NORTHAM MELODIES,

NO. I.

The bright Star of Lundy now gleams in the west,  
 And peeps thro' the dark clouds of blue;  
 And I wait with a fond and a languishing breast  
 For the sound of my *Sailor's halloo*.

He told me, "when eve swells the tide on the shore,  
 My boat, love, shall bear me to you;"  
 But the bar-lights have twinkled a long hour or more,  
 And I hear not my *Sailor's halloo*.

Spread wider, bright gleamer, thy ray on the deep,  
 That his white sails I sooner may view;  
 O'er the water O lightly ye night breezes creep,  
 While I list for my *Sailor's halloo*.

ALIIQUIB.

Northam Burrows.

## THE EDITOR TO THE PUBLIC.

DEAR P.,

PRIVATE business of some importance to myself, but none to you, has inflicted on me a long sojournment in London. During my absence, my editorial functions were entrusted to two *pet* contributors, who were profuse in their promises, and have been penurious in their performances. Infirm of purpose, or victims of some weak invention of the enemy, they have idled away their time in tours, voyages, and watering-places, leaving their charge to its fate, and proving the moral truth of the old saying, "that if you wish a thing done you should do it yourself; if not, ask somebody else to do it," which saying, for all practical purposes, is hereby recommended to all my readers.

It was my wish, Dear Public, that the supplement of the first volume should facilitate an alteration in the publication of the following numbers, from the *beginning* to the *end* of the month—a plan indifferent in itself, but rendered convenient by my purposed absence, which, however, being protracted, and my contributors as aforesaid, having totally neglected my injunctions, and their own engagements, the present number makes a very late appearance indeed for

July, but it shall speedily be followed by its brother for August; and the future numbers will regularly appear on the Friday preceeding the last, or following the first day of every month.

The reduction of size and price of the present number is not intended as a standard; but as articles vary in length, so will the number of sheets (and consequently the price) vary, to avoid the necessity of *frequently* continuing a subject through several different numbers.

The price will at any rate for the present number please those of our friends (or enemies) who thought that one shilling was too much: but, gentle public, be assured that there is a slender quantity of that which goes to make a dunce in such ideas. We advise such critics to examine any extant magazine, and see if they can find one shilling's worth in it, yet is the price two shillings, or even (enormous sum) a whole half crown. The N. D. M. is *therefore* the cheapest extant.

We are much obliged to our Contributor with the Mahometan name, and congratulate him on writing like a Christian. We shall be glad to hear from him again, as well as from our new friend ALLEUIS.\*

A great objection exists against the NORTH DEVON MAGAZINE because we so completely decline politics, and all subjects of a disputable nature. In the green-ness of our youth we thought this our best recommendation; but, alas! the sweet visions of early days always end in the bitter realities of life—*n'importe—give la bagatelle*—our readers shall have politics and polemics if they will wait till next number—but mind! good readers! it is your taste, not ours. We hold—oh we cannot tell you *how* cheap we hold both—but for the present we hold our tongues.

Reverting to the *singular* style in which this address began,

I remain,

Dear P.,

Your affectionate Jackall,

THE EDITOR.

\* By the bye is ALI QUIS any relation to ALI VIZIER?

#### ERRATUM.

Page 1, for "AUGUST," read JULY.

Searle, Printer, Barnstaple.

THE  
**North Devon Magazine.**

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AUGUST, 1824.

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**THE SWANSEA GUIDE,**

A SEA TURN.—NO. I.

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Swan, swim over sea—swim, swan, swim;  
Swan, swim back again—well swam swan.

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FRAG. CHRIS. FUS.

YE who listen with credulity to the reports of landmen, and swallow with avidity the words of Captains of Packets; who expect the sea will perform the promises of the shore, and that the deficiencies of the tide will be supplied by the breeze; attend to the advice of one who has made a sea-turn to Swansea, in Glamorganshire.

First of all do not forget to make up a good sea stock, that is a provident basket of provisions; and secondly, if you are not resident at Ilfracombe, ascertain as near as you possibly can *the time of tide that will conduce to the Packet's floatability*. This is a material point, for if you have no call to 'Cumbe,' as it is called, before you start for Swansea, you may have to linger there for several hours; perhaps a night and half a day before the Packet *can* sail; though you may be sure of being told she is about to sail every moment. I suppose you have seen Ilfracombe before, but if not two hours will shew you all her lions; so if you have many hours to pass there before sailing, I do not know what you will do with yourself, unless you can derive amusement from the chance disembarkation of a cargo of Irish bullocks, *blundering* for the first time upon the shore of Devon. In case of any such delays, you will be convinced that delightful as it may be to bathers and Bristolians, nothing in 'Cume' becomes it so well as leaving it. But all jesting apart to you

VOL. II.

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that are on board, I declare that Ilfracombe appears to better advantage from the deck of the packet, than from any other point of view ; the cliffs and rocks come in, at various points, as side-scenes in advance of the distant buildings and shipping, and vary with their barren hues and over-hanging foliage, the beautiful sea-green reflection of the flowing tide.

As the vessel recedes from the harbour, the place does not appear to much advantage, the cliffs being far exceeded in elevation by those about Combe-Martin, which soon open upon your view in looking up the channel towards Bristol.

Wormouth, the seat of J. D. Bassett, esq., is also a good object from the water ; but if the breeze be fair, and the packet makes much way, for the minuter objects on the shore of Devon you must soon have recourse to your telescope. The view down the channel is bounded by Morte point, and Lundy Island far away to the westward. I shall suppose you have not omitted bringing a good sea-stock on board, and if you feel pickish, by all means indulge your propensity. He that can eat heartily, and swallow brandy and water, or Bristol porter, will be but little affected by the pleasing vibration of the vessel.

Thrice is he armed that can his stomach fill,  
And he but sickly, tho' locked up with care,  
Whose frame with appetite is unacquainted !

Now, before you are half seas over, you will not fail to observe how soon the voyage, (pleasant as the weather is) has begun to develope the character of the passengers ; some are full of hope, and others full of fear.

Here is one who, (if you will believe him) often as he has traversed this channel, has never sailed with a contrary wind. A lucky omen is HE as a passenger, his temperament is as a light breeze, cheering and onward to the object of his pursuit ; the wind may die away, but HE sees a breeze coming, though it be five miles off ; the tide may turn against us, but he is meditating only about the moment of its next change, when the packet's purpose will be most effectually served. Accordingly you will dine in Swansea to a certainty, in spite of wind and weather, for when did they ever fail so fortunate a passenger, so undepressed a messmate ? It is at good fortune's office that he will pay his fare ; he is like a good horseman on his favorite steed, while he is on board, the packet and he are one and indivisible. His conversation flows in one happy tide of triumph at every puff of wind that fills the mainsail, or of consolation for every one of its empty and impatient flappings against the mast. He will

have all sail set, studding, and gibtopsail, and squaresail, and sky-scraper, if such a sail be on board. The captain may take them in, but what is that to Hilarity's sworn brother.

The tide may turn, the breeze may die away,  
But still he swears the vessel's making way!

*This is the right man for a sea turn.*

Look at that picture, and at this, the counterfeit presentment of two passengers. Observe the Being, seated, and crouching as closely as possible to the deck, for fear the vessel should slip away from under him. HE has no faith in tides, no reliance on winds, or the bravadoes of one merrier companion. There he sits wrapt up in his own contemplations. The sky may darken, but it cannot be gloomier than his features; breeze may blow, and tide may flow, but he fears they will not last, and he is looking forward to spending the coming night in a sultry and sickly birth as the least evil of the voyage; happy, indeed, if the taciturn seal he has set upon his lips be not dissolved by the *bilious omnipotence* of Neptune! "Will you join us, sir, in discussing the contents of our sea basket?" "No I thank you." "You had better try a biscuit, and a little brandy and water." "I am very much obliged to you, but I'd rather not at present." "How far are we come, captain? are we half across think you?" "Do you see that slice of blue land, up channel, sir, when we are half over it will appear to us as an island." "Oh, ah, I see; well, what time do you think we shall get over?" "Its impossible to say, sir." "Were you ever out all night?" "Oh yes sir, but not at this time of the year." "You don't expect a quick passage *to-day*!" "Why, no sir, but there's no telling, there's no wind:" bout ship there! and let the foresail draw, we must make another tack. "I thought so," concludes the despairing passenger,

With this regard his hopes are turned awry,  
And lose the dream of Swansea.

It is not thus, however, with many of us, for Mr. C. has cured the majority of the dumps. Now ladies and gentlemen, look out for Wales; our native land good bye! and every glass is in requisition to welcome the various objects that present themselves upon this portion of the Cambrian sea-board. Up channel, over the bow, you may see the place, if not the towers of SWANSEA distinctly noted by a cloud of white smoke coming down from the copper works above the town, and the rest of the bay stretching eastward beyond Britton Ferry, and Margam Woods.

Far away to the westward is the **WORM'S HEAD**, a promontory so called, because the sailors fancy it resembles a worm creeping, with its head erect, between the **NASS** point, and **SAINT GOWANS**, in **PEMBROKESHIRE**. The worm's head, now the farthest point of land we see down channel, is the extremity of a peninsula commonly called **THE LAND OF GOWER**, a portion of the county of **GLAMORGAN**. It is in circuit about 40 or 50 miles, and all by report in the seignory of the **D. of BEAUFORT**. It is by report also inferior to the other parts of the county; but the origin and habits of its inhabitants, and the various curiosities and antiquities to be seen, render it well worthy of the traveller's examination. The extreme part is fertile, producing very fine corn. The south-western district is inhabited by the descendants of a colony of **FLEMINGS**, who are distinguished from the Welch by not speaking the same language, and by their own provincial dress. One article of which is a shawl of wool, dyed scarlet, worn by the women, and called a whittle. It is thrown across the shoulders, and is now usually fastened with a brooch, but was formerly pinned to with a prickle of blackthorn. (O! for the degeneracy of the moderns.)

From the **WORM'S HEAD**, looking up channel, you see the little bay and village of **PORTEINON**, famous for its oysters and lobsters, and thence you look into **Oxwich**, or **Oxwich Bay**. Near the beach is the little village of **Oxwich**, and the church and parsonage. Beyond again is the castle, of which little now remains but the Gothic window.

Farther in the interior of the bay is **PENRICE CASTLE**, the mansion of **C. R. M. Talbot, esq.**, built under the towers of the ancient castle of **Penrice**. This seat embraces the beauties of fine woods, lawn, a small lake, and a most superb sea-view. Near the village of **Penrice** is an old entrenchment, and a house called the **SANCTUARY**, said once to have been the property of **THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM**. Above is the point of **Leven Bryn**, one of the highest hills of South Wales, and at its foot are seen the church and vicarage of **Penmaln**.

Passing **Oxwich Bay**, you next look into that of **Poldie**, a great resort of the stone vessels for limestone, which is here of a very fine quality; the place is familiarly termed the '**Qarr**,' an abridgement of quarry, and the startling explosion of the gun-powder that rends its rocky pinnacles, is frequently heard over the booming surges that break upon its iron-bound shore. In this bay is **Bacon's Hole**, so named

from a stratum of stone which has been imagined to resemble a resher of bacon ; there is also a cavern of great extent, but difficult of access.

The next bay is the beautiful one of Caswell, or Kerswell, in great request for its various charms of perfect seclusion, the smoothest possible beach, an abundance of fine shells, precipitous rocks, and many curious caverns and grottos. To one of these are three entrances, doors or windows, as the visitors may fancy, separated by irregular rocky pillars which support the roof, under which there is also a most plentiful font, or basin, of the purest spring water. Altogether this bay is a most delightful retreat in summer, and is frequently visited by the *cold collationers* of the vicinity.

Beyond this we pass Langland, and then Bracelet Bay, and arrive at the foot of the MUMBLES rock, or point, which is the western extremity of Swansea Bay. This rock, or chain of rocks, for it appears as three islands at high water, is surmounted by a fine LIGHTHOUSE, which contains a large iron lantern, with eleven grand lamps and reflectors, cast at the foundry at Neath. When lit by night they produce a brilliant star, forming a most beautiful object from the pier at Swansea. Under the lighthouse at low water, may be seen an excavation, called Bob's Cove, which seems to undermine the whole fabric.

The tide, my loving passengers, has thus compelled us to stand in pretty close along shore, till it has brought us under the MUMBLES ; but we shall now soon round the point and conclude our voyage, for the sailors have been long whistling for just such a breeze as I see will serve to carry us, with a graceful undulation, alongside the pier of Swansea. What a happy circumstance for the proprietors of Inns, and letters of lodgings.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## FACTS, FANCIES, RECOLLECTIONS,

AND

## OBSERVATIONS,

*en passant regardant.*

NO. I.

### *One Reason for not Visiting your Family Estate.*

Travelling the other day through the county of \* \* \* \*, I came to a large Mansion House, very finely situated on the banks of a pleasant river. I stopped to look at it more



curiously, and observing a person lounging in the road, I enquired of him to whom the house belonged? "What fine house, sir! oh it belongs to Lord W-----, but," (added my informer) "he seldom comes down here now." Upon this I very naturally remarked, "his Lordship is in town perhaps, or on his travels," when, to my great astonishment, the man answered, "Oh, no, sir, Lord W----- has been dead these nine years."

*Written on a blank page of Crabbe's Poems.*

The children of Poverty perish'd unwept,  
But a Poet's true hand had their Register kept;  
And few though the sun-beams of gladness that fall  
On the spires of his Borough, the roofs of his Hall—  
Ah, where is the pencil endowed to impart  
A shadow as deep to the records of heart?  
The Teniers of Sorrow, in scenes where she drains  
Her goblet o'er-brimmed with mortality's pains.

*Queries for the classically curious.*

Was not CECROPS, (*see crops*) a good name for the man who first taught the people of Attica to cultivate the land?—And was not *Whist* invented by the people of Otricoli?

*Modern Degeneracy.*

First it was Dame and porridge, then came Mrs. and broth, and now it is MADAM and TEA.

*Farther Particulars, not of Mr. Weare.\**

There is a portrait of Bonaparte about town, drawn while he was lying in state, and if correct, it is a most curious circumstance, that it bears a most striking resemblance to one taken of Thurtell previous to dissection. These heroes are drawn nearly in the same position, and, *the organs* (as the craniologists have it) *most prominent in each, are precisely the same.* Was not the dominant passion of each of these men very similar, though exercised upon such different theatres?

LONDON LETTER.

*Puns Poetical.*

At a female boat-race which took place the other day at Plymouth Dock, (we beg pardon) at Devonport, the contending parties were the ladies of *Saltash*, and the ladies of *Oreston*, (*Oarston*) who, by the fashion of a name, ought to

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\* The very ponds-prize of my where-about. HACKETT.

have won the race—but they did not; this circumstance gave rise to the following observation and reply :—

Could victory to a *name* belong,  
This contest it might grace;  
But, Saltash swept in pride along,  
While *Oarston* lost the race.

REFLE.

What's in a name! why *should* it be  
That *Oarston* cut a dash?  
Since oars acquainted with the sea.  
Might well become Salt-ash.\*

Upon Ascension Day, the Doge of Venice from the deck of his vessel the *Buzentaur*, marries the Adriatic. A ring is thrown into the water, but a slight thread secures it after it has sunk, as the perquisite of one of the state officers. The following is the form of words used by the Doge upon this occasion :—

*Desponsamus te Mare, in signum veri, et perpetui imperitii.*

How very like our Modern Marriages!

I marry thee *MARY* thy Master to be,  
And I look for perpetual obedience from thee.

PARODY.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the high elms, that a cottage was near,  
And I said, "if there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

WHY NOT ALSO.

I knew by the brickbats, so carelessly hurled  
Above the high wall, that a *PLAY* ground was near;  
And I said, "if we suffer such things in the world,  
Our belles with their pug-dogs will never come here!"

## CALENDAR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

SEPTEMBER 1.

GILES, ABBOT and CONFESSOR, was born at Athens, and, after disposing of his patrimony to charitable uses, went into France 715. He lived two years with Cæsarius, Archbishop of Arles, and afterwards retired into soli-

\* The wood of which they are generally made.

tude. Charles Martel, king of France, erected an abbey for him at Niomes, and appointed him the first abbot. He died in the year 795.

7th. **ENURCHUS**, BISHOP of ORLEANS, otherwise called Evortius, is said, in monkish legends, to have been chosen to the episcopate, in consequence of a dove settling upon his head, a circumstance which was deemed miraculous. Among other wonderful facts related of him, he is said to have converted 7000 infidels in the short space of three days.

8th. **NATIVITY** of the VIRGIN MARY. A concert of angels having been heard in the air by an old man, (whose name and residence have not been recorded) to solemnize this event, about the year 695, Pope Servius commanded this festival to be observed. In 1244, Innocent IV. honoured it with an octave; and Gregory XI., about the year 1370, with a vigil.

**HOLY CROSS**. This festival was instituted in the year 615, to commemorate the recovery of several pieces of the Holy Cross, which had been left at Jerusalem by the Empress Helena, but had been carried thence by Cosroes, king of Persia. The Emperor Heraclius, having pursued and defeated Cosroes, brought back the relics to Jerusalem, with great pomp, himself carrying them barefoot. The ceremony of kissing the cross is performed in the Greek church on this day.

17th. **LAMBERT**, BISHOP and MARTYR, was bishop of Utrecht in the time of Pepin I., king of France; but attacking the licentious manners of the age, in which he did not spare the life of the sovereign, he was murdered by the instigation and contrivance of his concubine, in the year 708. Being canonized, he obtained at first only a simple commemoration in the calendar; his festival was not instituted until the year 1240.

26th. **St. CYPRIAN**, Archbishop of Carthage, and Martyr, was one of the most eminent fathers of the Christian church. He was made a presbyter in 247, and bishop in 248. He behaved with great courage and resolution during the Decian persecution, and was afterwards beheaded on the 14th of September, 258, under Valerianus and Gallienus. But the saint commemorated on this day in the Romish calendar, is another Cyprian of Antioch, who, from being a sorcerer, became a Christian, and a Deacon of the church of that city. He suffered with Justina, a beautiful young woman; they were first fried in a pan with pitch and fat, and were afterwards beheaded, September 26th, A.D. 272.

30th. **St. JEROME**, PRIEST, CONFESSOR and DOCTOR, was probably born about the year 342, and was ordained a presbyter by Paulinus, at Antioch, in 373. His writings are very voluminous; but Jerome is chiefly distinguished by his biblical labours, having translated the Old Testament from Hebrew into Latin, which translation is now well known by the name of the **VULGATE**. He died at a very advanced age, in the year 422.

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## A HATCHMENT.

"*In cælo quies,*  
 I'm now at my ease,"  
 The Widower cried, with a contented air;  
 "What means your Latin?"  
 Said my Lady's maid SATIN,  
 "There's rest in heav'n!" "Then Mistress is'nt there."

## FARRAGO LIBELLI.

## NO. II.

**WELL**, now we are going to be politicians, and, in setting out, of course try what we can say of, or rather what we mean by, politics. Politics, I hate politics; any thing new in the political world—I never talk politics.

Referring to No. 7, page 3, for the expression, not of our political opinions, but of our opinions of our own politics, we beg to expose the art of having political opinions; we got up early one morning, (not lately we own) and calling at the post office, we bought a London letter that happened to be directed to us. In the P.S. our friend mentioned an important piece of public news that had reached London on the day he wrote. It was an event about which any man of common sense might have an opinion, and talk for ten minutes without any risque of committing himself; we walked as we read, and met our friend X, and with the usual importance of news-bearing, we communicated ours. Indeed! what paper was it in? Paper! pho, private letter sir. It might not be true. Knowing our friend to be neither fool, nor gossip, we pledged ourselves for the accuracy. Really! to all questions beginning with, Is it—? Is it not—? Do you think—? Don't you think—? we could get no more answer than if we had spoken to a post.

We walked on and met our friend Z, and with precisely the same result.

We walked home, eat six slices of buttered toast, as many of ham, two sausages and an anchovy, and drank six cups of half and half.\* Having no servant to fetch a quire of paper from Syle's, we overcame a strong disposition to a new novel, and walked down High-street. On approaching a group of listeners (unobserved) we found our friend X declaiming fluently in a powerful Ultra Royalist tone, upon the bit of news we had communicated to him before breakfast, and a few doors further down, our friend Z was tracing the same fact to its consequences, with a desperate radical twist in his argument. Our friend X had been home to read the Courier! Z had walked to the rooms to look at the Globe!!

And this is what people call **POLITICS!!!**

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\* Don't be vulgar reader, half and half means, half black and half green. We find a larger proportion of green indisposes us for study in the forenoon; to weaker heads we recommend coffee.

I wish we had a better theatre in Barum—I love a play better—aye, than apple pie. I do think I could stint myself to two glasses of wine (bumpers mind) after dinner, any day in the week (except Sundays, the Mayor's dinner, and all solemn provocations to venison) always understanding an *ad libitum* movement of the sherry decanter during the second course, if I might adjourn to a dry clean house, a tolerable company, a deep tragedy, and a killing \* farce. As to comedy I hate your sentimentalities, and for any thing else, we must go back to the days of Shakspeare and the giants, and they are caviar to the general.

In some respects now I am rather singular. I vow I have sat in our Barum theatre and been as well amused as in London, and with as good reason too. I have never seen a play worse done, or got up, as the saying is, in Barum, than I have in London. I have seen *Venice Preserved*—preserve us all I say; there was John Kemble, like a raisin in a bottle of small beer, giving life and freshness to the whole; but such a whole! such senators! such conspirators! Our ministers and Thistlewood's gang, beat them by chalks. Oh we remember the senate scene—how the duke mouthed, how the senators shook their well (no, we mean ill) dressed wigs, and, poor brutes, how they did get off their seats and steal away (real larceny) their own joint dolls of carcasses, provoking the shouts of the galleries, and the derision of the pit. Now we seldom sport *Venice Preserved* here; but when we do, it is done decorously: we remember it when Kean was here, and every thing was consistent. We quite forget who was the duke; but Mr. Edney was the senate, and, as a senator, he agitated his wig, and folded his black gown, and looked quite as consular as Alderman Atkins, or my Lord Waithman could have done. We hear that Mr. Lee's company lays great stress upon novelties this year, and like the Athenians, we love something new; but the great risque of new hands, if they be young hands is, that you have great comic genii coming out in tragedy—infant Jack Bannister's in *Hamlet*, and sucking Liston's in *Old Norval*; but any thing is better than irregularity, and we have been often sick of the Barnstaple boxes weak and improper toleration of low gallery favorites. In the present days of Maudlin methodism, the stage cannot be preserved for the amusement of reasonable people, without determined respectability on the

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\* The gentleman is supposed to mean Killing no Murder.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

part of the performers, and down right intolerance on the part of the audience, of any thing like irregularity. One reason why even mediocrity of talent contributes to satisfaction, may be derived from the allusion to Venice Preserved given above, either from the construction of the play, or the state of the company; if one character is pre-eminent, the house is all confusion and inattention, unless that individual STAR be upon the stage, a play becomes a *monologue*, a SCENA as the opera blockheads call it; the interest, as far as plot or performers, vanishes; the rationality of the amusement evaporates, and people are raving in a Kean fever, or a Macready sweating sickness. Give us, Momus and Melpomene! give us in Barum a company of tolerable talent; roll, if it so please you, a fat heroine and a lean one together, and divide them into two; let one be fit to play Ophelia, and the other Taffline. If we have a Dowton, let him play Lord Duberly, if a Farren, Lord Ogilby. If we have a comic singer, with the pleasure of Apollo, may he know a tuning fork from a toasting fork:—and oh! for the comfort of the stewed Christians in the boxes, may every house be only three parts full, and, for the teeming of the treasury, may no house be less.

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### A VOICE FROM THE LOGGAN.

IN the summer of 18—, the writer of this article paid a hasty visit to DREWSTEIGNTON. (The town of the Druids upon the Teign.) The weather was fine, and his expectations of the neighbourhood were agreeably surpassed. There are many beautiful and interesting objects to be seen, including a variety of wood, water and hill scenery, where the highly cultivated and sheltered situation is finely contrasted by the open view of DARTMOOR in the distance, and the rocky and precipitous banks of the river TEIGN, which traverses the district.

The principal curiosities to be seen are, first, the LOGGAN-STONE, which lies on the bank of the river, a little below Sandy Park. Its weight is calculated at about twenty tons. It seems well ascertained, that the Druids applied the vibratory, or balanced motion of these Loggan, (or Rocking-stones) to confirming their authority as prophets and judges, pretending that the motion was miraculous. The lapse of ages, and the mischievous curiosity of visitors, have almost destroyed the peculiar motion with which the Loggan-stone of Drewsteignton was once endowed, and it now requires a considerable effort to shake it upon its base.

A little above the Loggan, on the opposite bank, are the fine woods of WIDDEN PARK, upon the side of an abrupt hill, the surface of which is thickly scattered over with blocks of granite, greyly peeping at intervals through the dark foliage of the wood. A little below the Loggan, upon

the same side on which it lies, a path passes by the river side (under the pinnacles of Sharpitor Rocks) to Fingal Bridge, a pleasing object at the termination of a moderate walk from Sandy Park. This bridge crosses the river at the foot of Prestonbury Hill, a very abrupt elevation, upon the summit of which are still visible the remains of an extensive encampment. On the other side of the Teign, (between) opposite the Loggan-stone and Fingal Bridge, are the woods of Moreton, which are also surmounted by an entrenchment, called Cranbrook Castle. A little above the Loggan-stone the loftier banks of the river terminate; and there is a pleasant walk through meadows and copseland to the little town of Chagford; about a mile beyond which, at a spot called Holy-Street-Mill, the river scenery again becomes very beautiful indeed.

There is also on the farm of Shilston, in the parish of Drewsteigton, a considerable pool of water, called Bradmere, or Bradford Pool, supposed to have been an ancient tin-pit; the sides of it are now very prettily planted with various trees; and not far from this is the Cromleh, a Druidical monument in an enclosed field belonging to the farm. This Druidical remain is yet entire, consisting of three upright stones, about eight feet high, supporting a fourth, lying horizontally upon them. The uses to which the Druids applied this monument is now unknown. Some antiquarians have decided that it is merely sepulchral; others that it was used as a grand altar of sacrifice; and others again that it was devoted entirely to astronomical purposes.

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### I.

COME to the Glen, where, along its bright shallows,  
 From Dartmoor descended, the Teign river flows,  
 With a voice full of silver-sweet music that hallowes  
 The *haunt of the Druid*, long gone to repose :  
 Not a care, not a fear—no anxiety mortal  
 The chase of our trouble shall farther renew,—  
 But closed on the world be the Glen's rocky portal,  
 And, lonely, as lovely, the path we pursue !

### II.

The sun is high ris'n, and hath flung back the shroud  
 Which of late over-cast the blue arch of the world,  
 All were azure unstained, but for one pallid cloud,  
 Like a feather so light, by the breezes upcurled.  
 Far above us, the grey granite *Pinnacle* towers,  
 O ! that blue sky alone for its banner were meet !  
 And midway are waving bright verdure and flowers,  
 While the wrecks of the mountain lie low at our feet.  
 Thence, varied of hue, tho' so shapeless and shattered,  
 (O'er-plumed in its grace by the young mountain-ash,)  
 Far below, to the bed of the stream they lie scattered  
 To checquer with shadow the bright waters' flash.

## III.

And brightest the torrent, and darkest the shade  
 Where **THE LOGGAN-STONE** couches unmov'd by the wave,  
 Grey relic of power, once in magic arrayed  
 By the arts of the feeble—the fears of the brave!  
 And still in some winter storm, fancy may dream  
 (Could she banish the present, and summon the past,)  
 Of the Druid's 'dark speech' in the rush of the stream,  
 And the victim's last cry in the groan of the blast.  
 By the Stone, that nor mortal nor storm shall displace,  
 Once again might the Augur, extending his hand,  
 With the touch of a child, to and fro on its base  
 Rock the altar that awed an idolatrous Land.  
 Nay,—gaze not around for it is but a gleam  
 From the wreck drifting down on Tradition's dark tide,  
 Tho' **THE LOGGAN-STONE** couches as yet by the stream,  
 The **MAGICIAN** hath passed from the place of his pride.

## IV.

Yet the rock on the hill, in its mantle so grey,  
 Glances awfully down as the Druid of yore,—  
 And the green **WOODS OF MORETON** in waving array  
 Murmur low as the crowd he compelled to adore.  
 For not on the wilder of scenery alone,  
 Upon torrent or rock, our ravine will rely :  
 Let *grandeur* from **SHARPITOR** voice out her throne,  
 But the green woods of **MORETON** for *beauty* reply :  
 If the joy of the rapid hath passed from our gaze,  
 And the mountain-stream breaking its barrier in light,  
 There are pools where the stream hath its seeming delays,  
 And the wave to our mind is as placid as bright.

## V.

Low down by its brink, amid rushes and fern,  
 The broom and the fox-glove are waving their drops ;  
 And the sapling, and alder, and sallow, by turn,  
 Shed variety's leaf on an island of copse :  
 And varied the foliage, and verdant the screen  
 Where the sons of the forest branch broader and higher,—  
 The granite peeps grey the dark woodland between,  
 And the heath blushes purple, a floweret of fire.



## VI.

By the bank of the glen let us wander along,  
 To SHARPITOR pinnacle why should we climb?  
 Let the Muse soar aloft on the pinions of song,  
 And declare if her glances ken warrant for rhyme.  
 She is gone—in a moment—our wish is obey'd,  
 And her voice from the pinnacle comes on the gale,  
 To tell the wide prospect before her displayed—  
 Moor, woodland, and mountain-stream, highland, and vale.  
 “Rich, varied, and lovely before me they lie;—  
 Would that the Poet beside me could stand,  
 Then sublime were the madness dilating his eye  
 At the charm of the view, and the wealth of the Land:  
 On a wave of delight might his fancy embark,  
 By the CROMLEH of *Shilstone*,—or *Holy-Street-Mill*;  
 Or muse under boughs in the green *Widden-park*,  
 Or the valiant recal to their *camp-crested hill*.”

## VII.

But how shall the Poet her summons obey?  
 (Though mountain and vale bathe in History's wave)  
 Too brief is the hour for such lofty essay,  
 For the deeds of the mighty—the songs of the brave.  
 Yet brief as his visit—a stream of the lyre,  
 (Its warm front o'erflowing his bosom within)  
*Shall encircle the land that he saw to admire,*  
*And the Friends that he met on the Banks of the Teign.*

\* \* \* \*

## VIII.

Green bough to the woodland,—bright wave to the stream,  
 Soft mantle of blue on the mountain be spread!  
 By day glowing sun, and by night silver beam,  
 O'er the landscape in turn all your loveliness shed!  
 And light be the slumbers, unclouded the days,  
 May the Angel of Grief *overpass* the sojourn  
 Of *Those* whom the Poet revisits in Lays,  
 That from far to their *birth-place of Beauty* return.  
 DREWSTEIGNTON, I came to thee glowing, as yet,  
 With a vision of hope whose enchantment should last,  
 And the scenes that I saw, and the friends whom I met,  
 Have my day-dreams, for once, in their promise surpast.

VIATOR LYRISTES.

SOPHIA,  
OR,  
THE BLIND GIRL.

I HAD a friend in my infancy, whom I loved as children in general do at that happy age, when friendship holds so great a place in one's heart. I could hardly pass two hours away from Charles ! and it is *thirteen years* at least since we parted !

As it is not my own history I wish to write, it will be useless to relate the common occurrences of life that caused this separation, any more than those which re-united us for a short time. In the commencement of our separation we wrote long letters to each other, which every year became shorter, and more rare ; at length they nearly ceased, but the sentiment which united our hearts still remained.

We met again with great joy, when some business obliged me to revisit the country which I had left in my twelfth year, and where Charles had resided ever since. I learnt that he was still unmarried, and lived in a pleasant house in the environs of a little town, with an uncle, whose old age he watched over as a son. I should have had great pleasure in surprising him, and passing some time with him, but my return was unavoidably fixed, and I could not effect this project till two days before I was under the necessity of going home. I took the way to his house ; as I approached, the years of our separation effaced themselves from my mind, and I believed most truly that I had always loved him with the same tenderness—I forgot all the happy days I had spent away from him, and those which I had passed with him appeared alone to merit that title ; I forgot also that I had now but a few hours to spend with him, and my heart anticipated only that one when I should hold him in my arms. I arrive—I announce myself—and I find my friend as tender, as affectionate as in our infant days. I don't know whether we should have recollected each other if we had met by chance, but it seemed now as if we were not at all altered ; and when he proposed to me to walk in a beautiful garden behind the house, I followed him with as much pleasure as I formerly used, to the theatre of our sports and plays. A thousand recollections of the happy days of our infancy absorbed us at first. To the tender tears of our meeting had

succeeded the gaiety produced by these remembrances ; we both spoke at once.—“ Don’t you recollect our climbing the trees by the water side,” &c. &c. At length our chattering ceased, a calmer sentiment succeeded, it was mixed with a melancholy feeling by no means displeasing ; added to the happiness of finding ourselves again together, was a vague kind of regret at the days of our unconscious childhood being flown never to return, of those days of innocence and pleasure, when a little makes one happy, and cares are so soon and easily effaced, when all is at once hope and enjoyment, when we feel our strength encrease, and our faculties open ; when sentiments, true as nature, and friendship fill entirely the heart, and make the moments fly so quickly ; fortunate age ! how soon succeeded by stormy and tumultuous passions ; but yet in the midst of those storms, Providence gives us still some lovely days, which we enjoy with the simplicity of childhood. I learnt this evening a great truth, that there is no situation, however cruel, no ill, (remorse alone excepted) for which there is not a recompence, when sought with strength of mind and perseverance, instead of abandoning oneself to despair. How many people detest life from imaginary chagrins, and casual accidents, which a moment may possibly repair. Real misfortunes are generally the best supported ; we find strength to sustain us under an evil without remedy, and in its pains, even discover at last, some advantageous side. I was practically ignorant of this at the time I made these reflections ; every idea of pain was far removed from my mind, and the world and life appeared to me a terrestrial paradise, in its primitive beauty. It was one of the finest days of spring, one of those perfectly pure and serene days when one breathes with more ease, and existence appears lighter than usual. At the side of my friend, walking in a lovely garden, my arm in his, I felt a sentiment of happiness so soft and peaceable, as, in some measure, gave me an idea of another life. Nature seemed dressed for a fête ; a fresh and enlivening air surrounded us, and wafted the perfume of a variety of sweet flowers ; the trees were covered, and appeared as immense variegated nosegays ; the beautiful almond, and the lovely peach with their rose-colored garlands, animating the snowy whiteness of the pear and cherry trees, from which the light petals falling, rolled under our feet, making our path a flowery carpet :—the apple, more charming still, bent with grace, its branches weighed down with buds of a rose and white color, intermixed with leaves of a verdant green. The birds around us chaunted their songs of love. The butter-

fly with its variegated wings, flew from flower to flower. Every thing around us offered a spectacle animated and ravishing, and which I enjoyed with the utmost delight. All at once, to add to my enchantment, a melody which appeared to come from Heaven was heard ; after some chords upon an instrument, a voice the most touching, the most harmonious, sung, with an indefinable expression, this stanza, which answered so well to my ideas at the moment :—" How beautiful is Nature ! How she speaks to our hearts ! Behold her in her holiday dress, under her robe of flowers ; the birds in the trees celebrate with their voices the beauty of Spring, and I who adore my God, will ever, whilst I breathe, sing of his goodness." It required much less to move me strongly, in the disposition I was at present in ; I hardly breathed, and all at once, my eyes filling with tears, " In the name of heaven, Charles," said I, squeezing his hand, " what Angel is this singing ?" " It is——It is a blind Girl," replied he, and I found by the sound of his voice that he was as much affected as myself. " A blind girl !" cried I, " bounteous Providence ! is it a blind person who celebrates with such expression the beauties of Nature ? and the happiness of existence ? a blind girl sayest thou, was she born thus, or became so by accident ?" " She is my neighbour and friend, and has been blind for some years : I see her every day, and treasure you I have gained, from conversing with her, more true philosophy, more sublime, just, and salutary ideas, than I ever had before I became acquainted with her ; look at the house next to mine, in the second story, at those two open windows, that is her apartment." The next moment a charming strain, followed by a second stanza, was heard from that side, but I attended so much to the voice, that I have not retained the words. " Is she young," said I to my friend, " her voice indicates as much, it is so fresh, and so brilliant ?" " She is nearly twenty" he replied, " she was but seven when the small pox deprived her of sight." " Oh God," cried I, " she is, no doubt, much disfigured with this misfortune. Frightful malady ! her voice still remains, but what a pity——" " Sophia is far from being disfigured," said Charles in a quick tone, " she is charming, and her voice which strikes you so much, is not more touching than her person ; the cruel malady that blinded her was not of the worst kind, a slight complaint in her eyes at the time, she took the infection drew all its malignity to that part, you can no where else perceive any marks of it ; her face would be perfect if the eyes were open ; Alas ! they are for

ever closed ! You may judge of their beautiful shape, and her long black eye-lashes denote they were of the same color, but that is all ; those eyes formerly so lovely exist no more. Her mother often talks of it to me ; at first they were excessively inflamed, and were shut during three weeks ; at the end of that time, the malady having run its course, the inflammation ceased, yet the child's eyes did not open ; but as she had not been very ill they had no fears : however her poor mother tried to lift up those immoveable eye-lids—judge of her profound grief, the eyes no longer remained ! and the lids fell for ever !” My friend was silent, I read in all his features, the emotion which the recital called forth ; I was not myself less agitated. “ Poor unfortunate” said I, “ so young, yet plunged in an eternal night, what must be her despair.” “ I thought as you do,” said Charles, “ in the commencement of our acquaintance ; I felt for her a tender compassion mixed with a better feeling : but these sentiments soon changed to admiration, and as I have always seen her gay and serene, even in her solitary moments, when her mother and myself have frequently observed her without her knowledge, I have finished by believing, with her, that God can give a compensation for every evil. Her mother has frequently assured me, that her parents were a hundred times more afflicted than herself ; this child of a beauty so rare, was their pride, and their idol ; “ We no doubt deserved punishment,” she said, “ for God Almighty admits not of idols ; he did not break my heart entirely, by depriving me of the name of mother, ought I then to murmur since he has preserved my child, and that in her soul he has placed an interior light, which consoles her for what she has lost.”

She related to me also, that when they were fully convinced of her misfortune, they sought to habituate her by degrees to her state of blindness. They left a band over her eyes, although none was wanted, to give her at first some hope, which was every day lessened, and at the same time taught her to supply by intelligence, the sense which she had lost ; she had always shewn much for her age, and she remarked every thing with a penetration wonderful in a child so young. She had the greatest vivacity, and was much spoiled, particularly by her father, who adored her, and who survived her illness but a short time. Her mother, at his death, devoted herself entirely to her daughter, and her cares, so constant, so tender, were to herself the strongest consolation ; their mutual attachment became greater, more affectionate than ever ; you may conceive that Sophia was treated with the

utmost indulgence, but her present situation obliged her mother to refuse many things to her entreaties, which formerly she would have obtained with the first word, and for which every thing was sought to recompense her. Before her misfortune she interested few beside her parents; those of other girls were envious of her beauty and gentility, seeking generally to discover faults in her: at *this* time she excited a general interest, and every one tried to shew it. Continually the object of the most tender cares, and surrounded by an atmosphere of sensibility, goodness, and indulgence, her attaching qualities developed themselves in the highest degree. This is the reason why blind persons are in general of a gay and happy character, they are so sure to interest and be attended: to their souls open to friendship, and the wants they have, generally make them amiable. Sophia is a proof of this, she exists but to endeavor to render herself agreeable to those who do every thing for her, either by her perfect sweetness and equality of temper, or in cultivating her wit and talents. By constantly repeating to her mother that she was not unhappy by her misfortune, and by proving it in her gaiety, she finished by herself believing it, and this sweet and unobtrusive gaiety became really her natural disposition. Without being considerable, her fortune procures her all the resources which can soften her fate, and attach her to life. An old ecclesiastic, and a learned instructor have given her knowledge and a sense of the truths and sublimities of religion, from whence she has gained her consoling thoughts, and more intellectual resources than are in general met with in her sex. Never being diverted by exterior objects, and finding an extreme pleasure in her lessons, she gave to them all her attention, and when her masters quitted her, repeated word by word to her mother what she had heard from them, without changing a syllable. This her mother wrote down for her and read to her again early the next day, which sufficed to entirely engrave them on her memory. You have just heard to what a point of perfection she has carried her musical talents. In this occupation she forgets her blindness; she fancies she really sees what she expresses so well upon the instrument, and with her voice; she repeats with the greatest ease the *Airs* which she has once heard, but oftener composes them herself, with words, as the subject inspires her; such are the stanzas we have just listened to, and the music which accompanied them, and which I prefer to the first masters."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## EPIGRAM.

Quoth Ned (who for his wife did take

A widow rich and sly)

"My gambling habits I'll forsake."

Says Dick "You wont—and why?

You're married, still resolved to make

Your fortune by a die."

EWEN.

## SONG OF THE LAID CORN FIELDS.

Ye showery days be over-past,

And Oh! Thou Burst of Sunny Sheen!

Come, victor of the clouds, at last,

To us the lowly green:

Or wreathis, that Autumn should have crowned,

In all their looked for beauty thine,

Will scarcely quit the sodden ground,

Her sandals to entwine.

X.

*It was intended that the 8th Number of the N. D. M. should have contained three, if not four sheets; but having pledged ourselves in our last to publish with a regularity from which we had departed in the Dog Days, and considering how much we may be obstructed in our 9th Number by the idleness of the Fair week and its consequences, we think it better not to allow Number VIII to exceed Number VII in bulk, and of course many articles are postponed—such as*

*How to grow a Country Town.*

*The Burning Key:—a Legendary Tale.*

*The continuation of the Romance of Ipomydon in modernized versification.*

&c.

&c.

&c.

&c.

*The offer of a regular Theatrical Critique, by the writer of Farrago Libelli, is accepted; but we wish he would renounce green tea altogether.*

*Dear Readers we wish you pleasant weather, and a merry Fair.*

## ERRATA.

Page 23, line 11, for 'one' read our.

24, for 'or Oxwich' read or Oxrich.

'LEVEN' read KEVEN.

'Penmalm' read Penmaen.

27, for 'Reple' read Reply.

Searle, Printer, Barnstaple.

THE  
**North Devon Magazine.**

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SEPTEMBER, 1824.

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SOPHIA,  
OR,  
THE BLIND GIRL.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 39.)

As she has so much time and activity, she has not neglected the works of her sex; knitting, sewing, and spinning occupy her many hours in the day; seated by her mother, who arranges for her the worsted, silk, &c., (and I often have been permitted to do it,) she employs them with wonderful address. Sophia likewise assists her affectionate parent in many of her household preparations, and as she distrusts herself, is seldom in the wrong, making fewer blunders, and breaking fewer articles than many young people who go about it with open eyes. She accustoms herself to walk with such lightness and precision, that if by chance she does knock herself against any thing, she is seldom much hurt; but she seems to have such a particular tact for discovering obstacles and shunning them, that she is never in want of a guide: to vanquish little difficulties is always an enjoyment to her self love, and with an amiable frankness, she says, "all that I cannot do, or do awkwardly, is the natural consequence of my misfortune, and excites only a tender pity; and all that I do well, causes a species of admiration which is not without its pleasures. I find myself much interested in trifles, easy to every one beside, and which, by frequent use, are become indifferent to them; the finest painting cannot give more satisfaction to the cleverest artist, than I receive when my mamma tells me my sewing is even, and that the stitches have not slipped in my knitting, but still more



am I pleased, when I can render her the slightest service." Her sense of hearing, for example, is so exquisite, that when any thing falls, she judges by the noise, the place and distance, and can instantly tell where to find it. "Thus," said I to Charles, "the interesting Sophia is resigned to her fate." "She is more than resigned," replied he, "she is content with it, and I can hardly tell even, whether she wishes to see, I do not mean that if it were possible, she would not be happy to recover her sight; but the ball of the eye being destroyed, all the inquietude of wishing is past, as she knows she cannot have a miracle performed on her," she sometimes says, "from how many dangers have I been preserved, by this one salutary affliction, I was a little, rude, spoilt child, very vain of my fine black eyes, as every one called them, I was charmed when they were extolled, and I have no doubt I should have grown up a light, inconsiderate coquette, and consequently have been an unhappy character." And don't you think, my friend, that Sophia was right? her desires, her tastes, her ideas, have taken another turn; she now knows no guile, her soul has remained like a piece of chrystal, which, not even a sigh has tarnished, no looks of voluptuousness have ever caused her to look down with painful blushes, and if any thing of the kind has reached her ears, she has not understood its meaning, for there are things which a look alone can explain to a soul as innocent as that of Sophia, she is ignorant of her own person, and has neither the vanity nor embarrassment of a beauty. Her mother always reads to her, you can therefore comprehend the purity of her ideas, from the subjects constantly chosen, I have sometimes the happiness of replacing her in this interesting occupation, sometimes in the house, and sometimes in the arbour, where I have spent many delightful hours in, is at were, perusing the soul of Sophia. No Henry, you cannot conceive the sublimity of her ideas, the justness of her remarks, with what sagacity, what penetration she seizes the thought of the author, and with what neatness she develops it; the most interesting hours of my life have been those which I have dedicated to this employment, and for which I have been so well recompensed. Sometimes also I have obtained permission to assist at some lessons which she gives to a few young girls in the neighbourhood, whose educations have been neglected; she assembles them at her house, distinguishing each by her voice, and talks with them of religion and morality in a manner so persuasive and touching, that it is not possible but what it

must be engraven on their hearts. Some young friends of her own age, frequently come to sit with her to read, or assemble together to form little concerts, and these parties, animated by her wit and gaiety, are the greatest pleasure possible to these young people; they are become a thousand times more amiable, and being admitted to them is a distinction so great, that the young men admire them the more on that account; for this adorable young creature is respected as much as she is cherished in society; gay with young people, reasonable with those of a more mature age, and wise with the old, she addresses all in their own language, in a voice which enchants and gives a new charm to her expressions, so simple, so pure, and sometimes so sublime. My friend was silent, he had put into his recital so much fire, with such an accent of truth, that I was moved even to tears. "Charles," said I, "if only half of what you have told me of Sophia be true, how can you help adoring her? without doubt love has dictated this eulogy; Charles, you love Sophia." Charles appeared somewhat confused, but he soon recovered himself. "Friendship," said he, "may be as eloquent as love, and more true, it is not blind, and I have painted Sophia such as she really is, no doubt I adore her as a beautiful image of the divinity; but that itself arrests all other thoughts; I should think it a crime to alter the serenity of her heart; happy in being her friend, I appreciate that title too much to risk losing it; but here she comes, you shall judge now if I have at all exaggerated her perfections; she is here, Henry you are no stranger to her, a thousand times have I spoken to her of the companion of my youth." Charles opened the gate which separated the two gardens, and walked to meet her, I was struck immediately with the elegance of her slender figure, and the lightness of her step, she was dressed in white, her appearance had something aerial and celestial; I fancied I saw an angel, such as visited our first parents in Paradise, and I was almost tempted to prostrate myself before her. When she came nearer, this impression still remained, her face dazzling with the first freshness of youth, had an expression it is impossible to give words to; it could not be in her eyes, her soul was painted as they were closed; but I found it in the perfect harmony of her features, in the turn of her beautiful oval countenance, in her pure and transparent complexion, and above all, in her smile, which said every thing generally expressed by the eyes. A large straw bonnet half covered hers, but what was visible had nothing unpleasant or pain-

ful in the appearance; they were sweetly closed at a little distance, appearing as if only lowered, and when their immobility destroyed this illusion, you might have taken her for a model of one of those beautiful reveries that Providence sometimes sends to men, to give them an idea of happiness destined for them. Repose, innocence, internal content, perfect serenity, was the expression of her countenance, and it was impossible to see her without a lively emotion. She stopped with an irresolute air when Charles came near her; I had advanced a few steps without speaking, but the extreme fineness of her ear, told her there was more than one person. "You are not alone," said she to Charles. "No Sophia, I am very happy to day, I can present to you the friend of my infancy, of whom I have said so much, for I have found him again." "Ah! is it Henry?" said she smiling, "you see sir, I am well acquainted with your name; in this garden, it is a very familiar one, friendship has often pronounced it." I squeezed Charles's hand against my heart, I felt so happy that he had spoken of me to the interesting Sophia: we seated ourselves in the arbour, and commenced a conversation which I never afterwards forgot; it not only confirmed all that Charles had said to me of this creature, so superior to every other woman; but it inspired me with a sentiment of enthusiasm and veneration, which resembled nothing I had ever felt before. As I cannot transmit to this cold paper, either the sound of her voice, or her smile, (although not a word she said escaped my memory) I shall decline repeating the conversation, fearful of weakening the sublimity of her expressions on various subjects; some few words on her own situation, may give an idea of the way in which she regarded it: I know not by what folly, the consequence without doubt of my emotions, some expression escaped me, of the beauty of the surrounding trees, flowers, and the cultivated and rich land, I had forgotten that I spoke of things which she could not enjoy; but this idea coming upon me of a sudden, I stopped with some embarrassment. "Go on," said she with a charming smile, "I am less a stranger than you think, to all these objects, and I see them perhaps more beautifully than you do through the glass of imagination, aided by remembrance, I am much happier than a person born blind, who can form no idea of any object, and consequently must be devoured by desire and curiosity. I can recall enough to my mind, to enjoy in idea, and to comprehend the descriptions of the poets, and the enthusiasm of my friends; no doubt I have privations regretted at the time,

but followed with acknowledgments of how much more fortunate I am than many others, confined to their couches by illness, shut up in obscure prisons with every faculty, but without the means of enjoying them. You will say, hope remains with them; and I also have hope; what do I say? I have conviction that the day will arrive when my eyes will be opened, and I shall contemplate wonders above any the present world contains; the obscure way I now walk, will conduct me to an eternal light; but do not believe that closed eyes can see nothing; they fancy every thing. Some days before the illness which deprived me of sight, I went into the country with my parents, and although very young at that time, the impression of the journey will never be effaced; why should I not believe that God himself in his great goodness, willing to soften the fate reserved for me, impressed thus strongly these infant remembrances? we set out before day, and I saw the sun rise, and the brilliant colors of the horizon; it was this season of the year; I saw the opening flowers, and the meadows white with flocks; during this journey a storm came on; I saw the lightening furrow the clouds, and the heavens cover themselves with a dark veil; after a heavy shower, I saw the sun re-appear in all his glory, and the drops shining on the foliage; we returned in the evening by the light of the moon; her rapid course amused me, and I regarded her unceasingly; I fancy I yet see this fine silver globe rolling in the vault of heaven, through the clouds hiding herself and re-appearing, shining on the waters of a lake which bordered the road; I have never forgotten this, and a thousand times these images, and others which I cannot define, come to embellish my dreams, and animate my solitude. To me the trees and fields are ever in bloom; for me the moon is always bright, and in her plenitude rolling in the etherial vault, and spreading upon nature her even and tranquil light. When I hear the thunder growling, and the winds roaring, I see the radiant sun that will soon console the earth, and dry the humid leaves; storms have no terrors for me—no, my friends, I am not unhappy; God has indeed taken my eyes from me, but how has he recompensed me!! I can yet adore him in his works—am I not able as well as you to taste this air so pure and fresh? do not I enjoy the perfume of the flowers? can I not hear the concert of birds? and much more still, have I not a mother and friends that constitute the charm of my existence? to whom, perhaps, the privation of my sight, and their ten-

der cares, make me more dear; they attach themselves stronger, from the benefits they spread. Ah! if it is true that I am better loved than I should otherwise have been, is it permitted me to complain, and have I not gained more than I have lost? Oh my God," said she raising her clasped hands to heaven, "I should indeed be an ingrate, if I murmured at the fate thou hast given me, if I felt not all the happiness which yet remains for me!" Charles and I were softened to tears, she perceived it by our respiration. "You weep," said she to us, "these tears are sweet, for without doubt the goodness of God has touched you; I am as willing as these birds to celebrate the day with my song, since my voice has made you weep, I will give you a hymn which shall always remind you of the blind, yet happy Sophia." She sung in a low voice, the air that I had heard before, I repeated it after her, and never have I felt my soul so much penetrated with God's goodness, as at that instant. I was so happy as never to have doubted it; but if an atheist, (I can hardly think there is one) had heard the blind Sophia celebrate the beauties of nature, and the bounties of the creator, he must have abjured his errors.

The hours flew, Sophia was under the necessity of returning to her mother, and I recollected that this evening I must quit, perhaps for ever, the angel who had appeared to me for an instant; this idea oppressed my heart so much that I was not master of my grief; I took the hand of Sophia, I inundated it with my tears, I covered it with my kisses. "Sophia, angel of Heaven," said I to her, "pray for me, and never forget me." "Never," said she, squeezing my hand, "shall we Charles? he will be often with us in this arbour." Charles also much moved, had withdrawn himself from us, but approached when he heard himself named. "Adieu my friends, adieu," said she retiring. Charles would have given her his arm, "Remain with your friend," said she, "I know this place so well." She bowed to us and slowly withdrew, by the assistance of her hand found the open gate, and was soon in the house. I took my friend's arm, and retired in silence. "Charles," said I at the end of a few moments, "for three years you have seen Sophia every day, and have preserved your heart! you will never lose it. I deceived myself when I believed you to be in love with her; I had then not seen her, I had then not heard her. No, it is not an earthly love that Sophia can inspire." He sighed without answering me; I left the garden with him, it was time;

if Sophia had remained an hour longer, it must have been an important affair indeed which could have withdrawn me from her.

The image of the interesting blind girl followed me, and never left my thoughts; at first it animated my solitude, but at length made it insupportable to me; I was at last obliged to acknowledge to myself, that without her I never could be happy. I was rich, independent; Sophia's mother must wish to settle her before her death. But—Charles—Ah! no doubt Charles thought not of her, since after seeing her constantly for three years his heart remained free. I was on the point of writing to him, to request he would offer to his fair friend my hand and fortune, when I received from him the following letter:—

“PARTAKE my felicity my dear Henry, I am the happiest of men, and soon shall, if possible, be more so. Sophia is mine. Sophia loves me. Sophia consents to become my adored companion! She will be mine, it is your happy friend who is destined to become her guide, her stay upon earth; it is she who will be the tutelary angel to conduct me to virtue here, to bliss hereafter. To whom can I better speak of my happiness than to my friend, who has seen Sophia and whose enthusiasm revealed to myself the secret of my heart. No, Henry, I do not deceive you, you divined a sentiment of which, till then, I knew not the force. The calmness, the angelic purity of my Sophia, communicated itself to my soul, and although I loved her, I had never, till then, avowed to myself; I knew well that all other women were indifferent to me, that I was never happy but when near her, but I knew not that unless she became entirely mine I could not support life; and it was you who tore off the veil which hid the nature of my attachment. When you said to me ‘Charles—you love Sophia,’ the palpitation of my heart told me, that what I called friendship was a passion the most ardent. But I felt not all its force till the moment when you parted from her; I saw you were bathed in tears, and pressed with your lips her arms and hands; a torrent of fire circulated in my veins. I was not jealous of you, you had known her but an instant, and were then going to quit her, but I felt that if ever she were to belong to another man it would cost me my life; I promised myself however to hide my love from her who inspired it, till the moment when I should be free to offer her my hand. My uncle was still alive, the blindness and moderate fortune of Sophia would be to him two insurmountable obstacles; but under the title of friend I redoubled my attentions,

and obtained at length her entire confidence, she hid nothing from me, and all her secrets were also mine. Henry imagine my happiness (when the death of my uncle enabled me to offer my heart to Sophia) to hear her avow, that hers had been given to me some time. "I ought" said she, smiling, "to put amongst the advantages of blindness, the facility of hiding a sentiment that is always betrayed by the eyes; yes, Charles, I sought to hide from you, although I divined it was partaken; but could I imagine that with such a misfortune I could ever be yours! You will find in me always the tenderness of a friend with the love of a wife, but those attentions which ought to be reciprocal in a married life, I shall receive from you without the power of returning." "You can give me enough for my happiness," cried I, "and without Sophia there could none exist for Charles." She yielded at length to my ardent solicitations, and the certainty that I would never marry any other woman. This conversation, which decided the felicity of your friend, took place in that very arbour where I had seen you so penetrated with the inestimable price of my treasure, and where friendship now recalls thee. This month Sophia will take my name, and belong entirely to me. Sophia so good, so tender, to strange children, what will she be to ours if I have the happiness to become a father. Ours—this word alone tells me how happy I am! The tender joy of my Sophia's parent and mine adds to it still. "My daughter will not then be alone when I shall have ceased to exist," said she to me, "she will still possess the eyes and heart of a friend." My good Henry, the happiness of your Charles passes all expression, he wants but your presence. Recall how often in our childish conversations I have hoped that my wife might have fine eyes, I was ignorant then how much more beautiful is a lovely soul, and I have attained *that* how much better than my wish! To be the choice of Sophia comprehends all my pride and felicity. Come to witness my happiness and to heighten it; come, Sophia wishes for you also; we will wait for you in the arbour you quitted with so much regret.

Your happy friend,

CHARLES."

Alas! these regrets were more lively than ever! I threw down the letter, I took it up again; my heart was divided between the most bitter grief and a tender sentiment for the happiness of those I so tenderly loved. "Be happy," cried I at length; Charles, Sophia, you love each other, you are worthy of each other; Be happy!" But it was a long time before I could go to the arbour in the garden.

## THE BURNING KEY.

## A LEGENDARY TALE.

THERE is perhaps no land like our beautiful England, so abundant in legendary associations, so adapted to the mind of a weakly and nervous wanderer (who, wearied and palled with the monotony of common history and common life, seeks, in the contemplation of the past, a diet more congenial with his sickly appetite) spotted as it is with the vestiges of departed ages, and every glen, and every road, and every stream, the scene of some traditionary marvel; the present with its deceit, and its vanity, and hypocrisy is forgotten, and the broad stream of the past, again floats over the face of the land. In the North broad and massy fragments, and ruined turrets, burst upon us at every point; in the West the habitation of man is now only indicated by the waving of the ripe corn, where once were congregated the thousands of the children of the kings of the world; in the East are the remains left by the fugitives of a more modern tyranny; and in the South, rich and deep woodlands and forests, hitherto unprofaned by the axe, but variegated by the lighter and more polished structures which have arisen in a more civilized age; yet, at a period still so remote that the hand of time has done its work on the feeble turrets, and the rich cornice, and the carved wall, and the variegated marble now crumbling into dust. Of such a structure, after a long and severe indisposition which had left my mind but the wreck of its former self, with a body proportionably enfeebled, I had become the tenant; one habitable turret alone remained of a spacious quadrangle, that, many years since, had fallen a prey to the devouring flames; but in that turret have I wasted hours in the contemplation of the ruin that surrounded me; or as my strength gradually, though slowly, returned, thence have I issued on many a tranquil eve, to wander through its deserted galleries, or gaze upon the lovely night from its decaying walls. Enough of the building yet remained to demonstrate its departed magnificence, and each portion still retained, in the traditions of the peasantry, the name by which it was once designated, when, to my imagination, the court yard was thronged by the young, and the



gay, and the noble, where now a few aged animals were allowed to brouse upon the long grass that forced its way through the interstices of crumbling fragments of the ruined wall, or covered an irregular surface, where once, it is said, a fountain played. There was the damask chamber, the velvet saloon, and the chamber of images, and the banquetting hall, but all alike roofless! the chapel too, where I could yet fancy I heard a pealing chorus, or a Vesper hymn, was alike the scene of desolation; two or three elder trees, and a spreading ash, had possessed themselves of the floor, and the ivy climbing along, and clinging to the walls, had entwined itself around the niches of sculptured saints, which, blanched by the action of the fire, looked in the receding light, ghastly, contrasted with the dark and living drapery which time had flung fantastically around them. The abbey itself had been seated in one of the wildest glens at the foot of the South Downs, embowered in deep woodlands, and surrounded by elm and larch, and oak, and acacia, the growth of ages; and from many points of the building, over the surrounding woods, a long range of hills was visible in the setting sun. At that hour, and while the old game-keeper, to whom the desolate turret was intrusted, and whose avocations, old as he was, aroused him with the lark, was at rest, I would steal forth from my chamber, take my solitary station at some disconsolate oriel, or some craggy arch, to the alarm, perchance, of the belated peasant, who hurried by with averted glance, as his eye caught in the dim twilight the motion of my arm, or the waving of my dress as it rose and fluttered in the evening breeze. There were many traditions in circulation regarding the conflagration to which the structure had fallen a victim; secluded as I was, however, but few of them had reached me, and though my mental weakness was prepared for the reception of any tradition however wild, none had made any impression on me. Day after day, evening after evening thus fled away; but ever as I took my evening station, which had, like other habits, now become necessary to me, I had observed first dim and indistinct in the distance, the figure of an aged peasant apparently angling in the stream, which deepened and confined by the abbey walls, had once served as a kind of moat, and been passed by a bridge, whose ancient cycloidal \* arches

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\* It is a singular circumstance, that the cycloidal arch which has been supposed to do so much honor to Mr. Rennie as the inventor, and of which we are accustomed to regard the Waterloo Bridge as the only specimen hitherto perfected, occurs more than once in Sussex, there is one on the property, I think, of Lord

still remained, but which dwindled into a small, but rapid rivulet in the distance, wound itself circuitously into a wild and romantic valley more than once crossing the road, which, like most of those in the wild part of the country, appear to have been in some remote age, the channel of a mountain stream, of which the hand of man had taken advantage for his own purpose of communication. I am no fisherman, or this rivulet would have had temptations for me, which would probably have weaned me from my solitary vigil by night, for it had the reputation of an excellent trout stream. I have known, however, those who are, and I was therefore the less surprized that the old man should forever resume his nightly occupation on its bank, regardless of wind or sleep; but it at length struck me, as not a little singular, that whilst on every succeeding night he took his station nearer, and his motions became more distinct, I should never have observed him to be successful in his operations: his line seemed ever in the water; but he never appeared in the act of one who has what is termed 'sport;' his occupation seemed, in fact, as monotonous as mine, save that at times the wind would bear to me the low murmurings of a song, a singular anomaly as I then thought in my simplicity, having ever been taught to consider fishing a silent sport; at length his approaches were brought so near, that I could distinctly trace the words of a wild melody, which he chaunted at times in a low voice more resembling the weaving of a charm, and then with rapid transition, in a quick undulating tone, that seemed to keep time with the wave that rippled at his feet. No time will efface the burthen of this melody from my recollection :—

#### THE ANGLER'S SONG.

Rapidly, rapidly over its bed  
 Rushes the silver wave,  
 And so for ages man hath sped  
 Over his fellow's grave.  
 Silently, silently burst away  
 The bubbles as they rise,  
 So man glides on his weary way,  
 And so forgotten dies;

---

Robert Spencer, near Midhurst. It has two perfect cycloidal arches, and I should conjecture cannot have been built less than 200 years.

WORKMAN.

And struggles ever but to die,  
 And toil but to complain ;  
 As thus my endless task I ply,  
 And ever ply in vain.

Drives the rain, or drifts the sleet  
 Before the rushing blast,  
 When clouds in hurried contact meet,  
 And glides the lightening past ;  
 Speeds the rack o'er the troubled sky,  
 Or lowers the coming storm,  
 Or from her azure home on high  
 Shews forth the moon her form ;  
 Ever the nightly spell hath power,  
 And sees my task begun—  
 • But woe ! alas ! for the fatal hour,  
 That ever shall see it done.

I had so often listened, almost without consciousness to the wildness of this strain, and without reference to the import of its words, that when they first became intelligible, I remember starting like one who had been the unconscious auditor of some tremendous warning of evil addressed to himself, and which he only comprehends when too late to avert it ; but, from that instant, there was a fascination in his voice that ever led me to the spot and kept me there. It was no longer the love of lonely misery, a high and more momentous impulse was upon me ; I felt myself the conscious agent of some great work to be accomplished ; the old man's song was ever after addressed to me, and to me only ; at length I accosted him ; he shewed no symptom of surprize, that I, a stranger, should address myself to him, his reply was as to one with whom he was familiar, or for whose appearance he had been prepared ; he entered too on the explanation I required of him with an alacrity, and an unhesitating freedom, whilst, not for an instant was his task remitted ; but what was my amazement when I at length learned that all his efforts were for the recovery of a key, a charmed key ! his tale was comprized in a few words, at first I treated it as the wild imagination of a diseased intellect ; by degrees my mind accustomed itself to receive it as reality, until at length I no more thought of doubting it than my own identity ; " the abbey had," he said, and as I well knew, " from time immemorial, belonged to the *Montagues* ; he was himself the only remaining tenant of the last of the race, who had, in the pride of his power, and his

wisdom, and his knowledge, held communion with beings of another world, who, in fulfilment of some compact, or in return for some concession supposed to have been received at his hands, had furnished him with a key of a capacity to open any door, provided the object in so doing had no alloy of infirmity; once it had been the means of rescuing him from captivity, how, or where was beyond the old man's knowledge; that the fact was so was sufficient for him; but when I saw it," continued he, "it was suspended near my lord's canopy in the damask chamber, there where you now see the moon beaming through the dark foliage, where she once shone through painted glass, and armorial blazonry. Often had I remarked it there, but to none of us were its virtues then known; would that the turf had been piled over my grave ere I had ever become acquainted with them! a wretched being, I have dragged on existence through this knowledge, and by me a curse is upon the house. It was the practice then, as now, for families to remove to town for a season; *they* had left, and among the few domestics that remained, was myself; there was a portion of the building to which none of us had access; it had been long closed, and many tales were told of the unhallowed deeds that were done in that gallery, (there where the buttress has fallen) but still the iron door remains; it had often suggested itself to me, that between that gallery and the fatal key there existed some mysterious communion; often had I lingered to cast a longing look to where it hung; but now that for a season the apartments were to be closed, and the sounds of revelry and life hushed, save in the chamber of the few domestics, the temptation was no longer resistable. The keys of all other chambers were within my reach; but of *this*, no matter how, I obtained possession! Oh how I trembled! this hair now whitened by seventy summers, was then flowing in youth, and these muscles, now shrivelled and decaying, were strong, but I trembled, and the floor seemed sinking beneath me, when I, for the first time, touched the forbidden steel; but such feelings were soon shaken off by the elasticity of youth. I trod once more the frequented hall; but yet it seemed dark and gloomy. All, save me, were at rest, and I was about to tempt, I knew not what, of good or evil. That door then, where it still bids defiance to time, was within reach; the key—but I felt the burning iron, the accursed metal clung to my hand, a fire was in my eyes, and round, and about me, and every where—I screamed in agony, and rushed to the bridge, *there* felt the hissing instrument of mischief; but the

building itself was in flames, rafters, and buttress, and pillars, and portals, crushed and fell around. The screams of my fellow inmates were ringing in my ears, and a circle of many miles was illuminated by the pyramid of fire. But I heeded it not; the iron had entered into my soul. I was long a raving maniac; but at length a ray of light, a bright vision shot over my scattered senses; I awoke to a sense of the necessity of a task to be done, and here have I toiled and tasked myself for years, (meanwhile the last of the race had perished in a foreign land) but the mystery of the gallery is still unfolded, and the key once recovered, the wonders of the past, and the secrets of the future, will be at once revealed, the old man's task will be accomplished, and the grave even now yawns that will close over him forever." I tried to listen with incredulity; but the austere gravity of that old man was formed to strike conviction on a mind the most sceptical; mine was debilitated by disease, its food had ever been the marvellous, and he who had at length become my nightly companion, had a memory stored with the incredible, and the impossible fictions of the wildest romance, now clothed in the radiance of unearthly light. His bright rays of imagination were embroidered and floating before me now in the gloomy vesture of the darkest superstition; his demons, his wizards, and his creations of evil, were hurtling in my ears, or stunning my senses, or tempting me to unimaginable sin; now the sky was peopled with beings of every conceivable form or stature, and monstrous deformity, the earth clothed with a darkness that was tangible, that I have touched and felt, as with a garment; and now, as his tale varied, the light breezes came wafting melodies, or the night wind came booming, commingled, and loaded with the floating harmonies as of a thousand organs, and voices as of no earthly power. But these moods of the mind, and the relations that influenced them, were but of temporary duration, ever reverting to the object in which we had now a mutual interest. Many weeks had our association continued, when I was startled by a loud cry, I can hardly say whether it partook most of the wildness of joy, or of the meaning of unutterable grief; but it came from my companion, I turned quickly upon him and beheld his arms extended, and his whole form seemed no longer human. *The key was glittering at his feet.* I stooped to take it, and he was gone. I lingered not; a madness, an infatuation, an impulse with which it was impossible to contend, controlled, distracted, hurried me on. The air, though it was the mid hour of a moonless night,

was bright and shining around me, the stars had disappeared, and lurid streaks waved and flashed, and gleamed like the northern lights, only they were glancing in every direction, above and below, and without and within me, my very shirt seemed on fire, as the key turned in the wards of the lock to which I immediately applied it; but these feelings were calmed by the sweetness of a voice that murmured the following words as my senses receded, and I fell down exhausted and overworn:—

The night is past, and the darkness at last  
 From my prison-house is flung;  
 I've burst the chain, and mingle again  
 With the element, whence I sprung.  
 Spirits of air! prepare! prepare!  
 Our course again we'll run;  
 Again unite, in the rainbow's light,  
 Or the light of the setting sun.

When I again gazed around me, the morning sun was shining cheerily, the birds were caroling their morning hymn, and all nature was clothed in her hundred hues of brightness. I was at first doubtful of my own existence. I sought in vain for the burning key, and the charmed door; of the former I discovered no vestige, and a low oaken door which had once opened into one of the domestic offices, was all, save my own mind, that served to recall the night that was past. I crossed over to the rivulet's bank, it flowed calmly as ever, mocking with its quiet ripple, the recurring agitation within me. I sought my chamber, my hosts had so much accustomed themselves to my nocturnal rambles, that my absence had created no surprise; but when I spoke of that Old Angler, the *Key*, and the beings with whom I had held converse, both of them shook their heads. I walked out in the vicinity, I inquired of all I met, but no such personage was known, and I at length returned to my accustomed haunts in town. Occupation, and the ever varying incidents of a busy life, have at times driven the impression of this period from my mind; but in the course of the last spring, I found an opportunity of again visiting the old abbey: my venerable hosts received me with kindness, almost with affection. There stood the old walls bleaching in their solitude; but to this hour I can scarcely satisfy myself whether they were really witnesses of the scenes I have described, or whether all was the effervescence of a heated and a distempered imagination. V. N.

## HOW TO GROW \* A COUNTRY TOWN.

*Probatum est.*

WOULD you know the way to *grow* a thriving country town, sir ?

Build a church ! a parson and a clerk will then come down, sir,

A sexton and a ringer ; of an Inn then certain you are ;  
But what's an inn without a smith, a butcher and a brewer ?

Nice houses occupied require a tailor and shoemaker ;  
But how are they to live without a carpenter and baker ?  
Plum-puddings must at Xmas be made, and boiled, and so sir,

Young tailorets, *et cetera*, petition for a grocer ;  
The grocer is a great man, his spouse of city quality,  
And then the place begins to look a town sir in reality ;  
For the parson's wife to be out done you'd think it very ill in her,

So she brings down from London town, a dress-maker,  
and milliner ;

A barber then gets introduced, the parson's wig to trim, sir,  
And shave the smith on saturdays, and drink a pint with him, sir :

A stationer for billet-doux, and then a spruce exciseman,  
To gauge the casks, until at length some very *very* wise man  
Discovers that the damosels would all do very well, sir,  
If they could but contrive to read a little, and to spell, sir ;  
The schoolmaster gets footing thus, the hosier, and the hatter

Of course take root ; the parson the meanwhile keeps getting fatter,

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\* Our contributor seems to think that we *grow* towns in the country, as they *grow* sparrowgrass at Battersea.

So gets a curate, that his work on sundays may bestill done,  
The curate gets a wife; of course there follows twenty  
children;

And round about, in rabble rout, the little urchins run, sir,  
Destroying rattles, dolls, and balls, and gingerbread, like  
fun, sir :

But then indignant that they all should be so very healthy,  
A smug Apothecary, not particularly wealthy,  
With three blue bottles takes his stand, but stands not long  
until he has

Discovered that the ladies all are nervous, sick, or bilious ;  
The children too are looking blue, and then to add to theseills,  
There's some have got the hooping cough, and some have  
got the measles :

So next the undertaker comes, and somehow he contrives, sir,  
To carry on a roaring trade, and manfully he thrives, sir :  
Meanwhile the butcher, better stock'd with foaming ale than  
brains, sir,

Nicknames the tailor, and receives a thrashing for his pains, sir.  
With goose the taylor knocks him down, and thrusts his  
greasy hat awry,

And so at law an action lies for " said assault and battery."  
And peace and lawyers having been for ever incompatible,  
The lawyers very soon get hold of all that is get-at-able.  
Together by the stupid ears now rush the whole community,  
Till to reduce a scene of such confusion into unity,  
A mayor and court of aldermen, or bailiffs are elected,  
And so for ever after is the worthy town protected.

EWEN.



## THE SWANSEA GUIDE.

A SEA TUNE, NO. 12.

Can sea-man's whistle favoring breezes fetch?  
 I know not: but he whistled, and full free  
 We lay our course, and wind off shore we stretch  
 For Swansea pier:—

LOG OF THE SEA MINSTREL.

As we sail along towards Swansea from the Mumbles you cannot help remarking the beautiful appearance of the Bay; the shore of which is lined in its whole extent by a noble beach, between four and five miles in length, behind which the land rises with a gentle elevation, consisting of cornfields, meadow, and woodlands, adorned with numerous villas and white cottages. But the wind that has obeyed our mate's whistle compels us to leave the closer inspection of the shore, till we go together to see OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE, an object which you may observe upon an eminence near yonder village by the water's edge, just round, inside the Mumbles point.

Passing between two buoys, which serve to mark the channel of the river Tawe, at its confluence with the sea, we now enter within the pier of Swansea. This Pier is of considerable magnitude, pretty high out of the water at low tide, and consists of two branches, or arms, embracing the harbour we have entered. The western arm, on which we shall presently step ashore, is 300 yards in length, and terminates in a small lighthouse, lit by gas; the level surface of this part of the pier leads directly to the town. The eastern arm, upon our right, reaching from the pier-head to Sulthouse point yonder, is more than double the length of the western, and the entrance between the pier-heads is eighty yards in width. This handsome erection is, of course, a great improvement to Swansea harbour, as it renders the entrance more safe and convenient, and the shipping gain by it more than three feet additional water. But it is, moreover, no slight convenience to us passengers *per packet*; for you will find it much pleasanter to be able presently to step straight out of the vessel upon the pier, instead of dropping yourself into a wet boat to be rowed through a surf, and hoisted ashore from the back of a blue jacket upon a sandy beach.

Before you land, however, you may just look at the situation of the town, which puts on its best appearance, *imposing*, as the French have it, from this point of view. Swansea stands, as you may see by a glance right and left, about the centre of the Bay, between two hills which shelter it to the north-east and north-west. The principal part of the town is built upon a semicircular bank near the mouth of the river Tawe, (from which it derived its ancient appellation of *Abertawe*) but in front of the old town, and a little to the west steps forward a range of modern buildings, with a true watering-place aspect to welcome the visitor. This range is called *the Burrows*, consisting mostly of lodging houses, and is the pleasantest part of the town. Among them are *the Rooms*, *par excellence*, not long ago completed by the munificence of the corporation; comprising on the ground floor a reading and coffee room in front, with a billiard room behind them; and above these upon the first floor an elegant ball-room, behind which are card and supper rooms. In front of these rooms is a pleasure-ground for promenading, enclosed with iron palisades, being in extent about four acres, laid out in shrubberies, walks, and parterres. To the west again of the Burrows is *Burrows Lodge*, the residence of G. Haynes, esq.

The form of the old town seems to have originated in the bend which the river takes at this point; for taking the river as the segment of an interior circle, you will find the main streets circumscribed parallel to it. First next the river lie the Quay, and Tram-road; then again intercepted by various buildings is the Strand, parallel to which occur Wind Street, Castle Bailey Street, and High Street, in one continued line; and behind these again with very little break in the curve are Fisher Street, White Walls, Goat Street, and Back Lane: and these longitudinal streets are intersected by shorter ones, which radiate as it were from a point beyond the centre of the river's curve.

Wind Street, the fashionable parade, is wide, handsome, and remarkably well paved. It contains the Custom-house, the Post Office, the Bank, the Macworth Arms, (the principal Inn) several Circulating Libraries, and numerous Shops. This and all the principal streets are paved at the sides with flagstones according to their respective widths, and in winter lit by gas, which advantages add much to the appearance as well as the comfort of the town. At the head of Wind Street is the Market Square, with a Market house for corn, fish, and vegetables; this building is said to be covered in

with the lead of St. David's Cathedral, given, for that purpose, by Oliver Cromwell to a Gentleman of Swansea. Above this is Castle Bailey Street, adjoining which is the Castle, a building once very extensive: it was erected, or generally supposed to be, by Henry Beaumont, earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry 1st. It is now the property of the duke of Beaufort, Lord Paramount of Gower. It comprises a Town-hall; new Market-place, and Gaol for debtors: "The Swansea Guide" (a Cambrian publication) has a curious expression for the latter, terming it "*The Gaol for the Liberty of Gower.*" From the round turret of the Castle may be seen a fine panoramic view of the town and its vicinity.

My business, however, is with what is now before us. To the left are the Burrows, Burrows House, and the Infirmary, (a large building near the beach) and the land ranging with a gentle elevation towards the Mumbles. In the centre before us we look up the course of the river upon the main body of the town, with its Castle above all, whose principal feature is a massive square Tower, bordered round the upper story by a light range of arches, supporting the parapet which connects the turrets at each angle. Below is the Quay, with its crowded shipping, warehouses, the pottery, and brewery. Upon our right the river is bordered by neat houses opposite the ferry, and is backed by the steep acclivity of Kilvey Hill. This eminence is crowned with the ruin of a windmill, whence there is a very superb view, as you may imagine, both inland up the vale of Glamorgan, and oversea to the coast of Devon. You may observe one side of this hill is entirely bared of its natural verdure by the smoke from the Copperworks above the town. These works are situated just under the white cloud of smoke which rolls as it were up the side of the hill, barring our farther view in that direction. Fortunately for us the wind to-day is from the sea, if it were otherwise that coppery cloud of smoke would come down upon us, to our great annoyance, eclipsing the beauty of the view, and totally concealing the precipitious land which rises at the back of the town, where, amid a sprinkling of woodland and houses, it seems broken up into stone quarries. As a stranger you would imagine that this copper-smoke, which is such an enemy to vegetation, must have as deleterious an effect upon the health of the inhabitants: but it is not the case—or the people of Swansea will not own it: and indeed the emolument derived to the town from the trade, directly and indirectly dependent upon the possession of the Copper works, seems amply to compensate the inhabitants for

the occasional inconvenience of breathing such an atmosphere. I have heard it affirmed, (though I by no means swallow the affirmation, looking upon it as the extravaganza of some highly licensed traveller) that, in order to bribe the opinion of the rising generation into approbation of the coppersmoke, the children here are early accustomed to eat half-pence between slices of bread and butter, (as we in our early days were in like manner indulged with sugar) so that when they grow up there is, of course, a united interest of prejudice between money and whitesmoke; but this story, as I observed, must be taken with a grain of salt, for although I certainly have observed Swansea children munching a portion of this preparation, while the smoke so salubriously ascended the chimnies of their infantine noses, I never was able to detect the appearance of any positive coppers between the slices of their repast.

Waiving this nubiferous digression, such are the principal features of Swansea on entering the port, which having seen, let us go ashore. Your first enquiry, perhaps, will be for a good inn, or a comfortable lodging, and I admire your taste; but really upon this point you must excuse my guidance, or information; candidly I have no predilections to indulge; I can only tell you that the **MACWORTH ARMS**, in Wind Street, is at the head of the Inn list; and that there are also **THE BUSH**, in High Street; **THE WHEAT-SHEAF**, in Castle Street, and **THE TALBOT ARMS**, in Butter Street; all of them at your service, and expressly adapted for the accommodation of man and horse, or man and packet. As to lodgings, they are innumerable, and suited to every man's taste, so that my dear passengers, according to your several systems of finance, (as you are safe on shore, I say nothing of your *sinking fund*) *utrum horum maxis accipe!* go to which you like, engage what lodgings you please; for at each and all I have no doubt you will be thoroughly acceptable to the honored, estimable, and very attentive proprietors.

After all this picturesque and joking, perhaps you would wish for a little serious information to be included in the limits of your Guide's handbill; so as we are walking to the **Macworth Arms**, I beg leave to inform you that Swansea is a borough town, governed by a portreeve, recorder, twelve aldermen, two chamberlains, two sergeants at mace, and an unlimited number of burgesses—with six other contributory boroughs, it returns a member to Parliament. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort is Lord of the borough. The sea-shore is commodious for bathing, and there are sea-water and vapour baths ready for you on the burrows, in short, the

town possesses every accommodation, (as the SWANSEA Guide elegantly expresses itself) "for using the marine fluid with effect."

The whole of the town is comprised in the parish of St. Mary's.

The markets are on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There are 120 gas lamps for lighting the town, and private lights of the same in almost every manufactory, shop, and inn. *Of course the brilliancy of the Swansea gas is not exceeded by any gas in the kingdom.* There have been horse-races, and may again be; and there now are boat-races which generally occur in August. The population is about eleven or twelve thousands. The trade of Swansea extends to 82 ports of the United Kingdom, besides the Baltic, America, the West Indies, France, Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean. It is a bonded port. In the vicinity are mines of coal, stone coal, culm, flags, fire clay, lime, iron and rotten stone; and there are, consequently, manufactories for iron, copper, brass, spelter, tin, and earthenware, built upon the banks of the river and canal. There are also two breweries and a dry dock. (For wherever there is a dry dock, there is a necessity for porter.) The canal reaches 16 miles inland, with 36 locks, and one four arch, and six one arch aqueducts on its line, on which also, near Swansea, are eight large copper works, collieries, a copper rolling mill, a brass and tin work, an iron forge, two iron furnaces, an iron foundry, and two potteries. These are all well worth the inspection of the curious visitor. The Castle tower also is worth ascending; and near the Castle is the old Mansion House of the lords of the Manor, built round a quadrangle. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, has not a very imposing exterior, but the interior is well fitted up, it has a good organ, and is lit by gas. There is also another church, St. John's, situated in the upper part of the town. The dissenters have several places of worship. Sion Chapel on the burrows, the Independent Chapel, in Castle Street, the Methodist Chapel, in Goat Street, the Unitarian, in High Street, the Baptist, in Back Lane, the Quaker's Meeting, in the Strand; besides which, there are Welch Independents, Welch Calvinist Methodists, Unitarian Baptists, Roman Catholics, and a Jew's Synagogue in the White Walls.

There are a house of Industry for the poor, and an Infirmary, both under one roof; a Free Grammar School, Lancaster, National, and Sunday Schools; and The Cambrian Institution for the encouragement of Geology, Mineralogy, and Natural History.

As places of amusement, there is an excellent Theatre, The Public Rooms, Billiard Tables, Libraries, and Bathing Machines; and a grand parade, in Wind Street, on the pier, and on the beach; and there is a Newspaper, *The Cambrian*, published every Friday; so that my dear travellers, if you are not adequately amused, I really must think it will be your own fault; yet in closing my list of information, when you have exhausted the agreeables of Swansea, apply to me, and I shall be extremely happy in accompanying you to any object of your curiosity that may lie within a reasonable distance from our present head quarters—so adieu, *jusqu' au revoir!*

(The vicinity of Swansea, including Britton Ferry, the Vale of Neath, and the Land of Gower, in our next.)

## HORACE AT WOLLACOMBE TRACT.

ODE VII. BOOK I.

(Beginning at the 15th line.)

1.

As the broom of a Northeaster from the face of Pickwell skies  
To Plymouth sweeps the rainy cloud, piping at both eyes,  
So do you, my gallant PIPECLAV, keep your glass and humour  
dry,  
And from all accustomed sorrows to your smuggled spirits fly:  
Whether you reviewing go, in camps a volunteer,  
Or musing rove in shady grove to your reflections dear!

2.

When Sir DE TRACT, once for all determining to check it,  
At Canterbury shrine laid low the pride of Tom à Becket,

I.

Albus at obscuro: atterget nubiloscule  
Sepe Notus, neque pariterit inbecas  
Perpetuos: sic te capiens digne assensato  
Tristitiam, vixque laboris  
Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis  
Castris teneat, eorumque tenebit  
Tiburis umbrae tai.

II.

Tector Salamina patremque  
Cum fagevol—

But heard that cool king Henry, who prompted him the deed,  
 Had vengeance on the perpetrators solemnly decreed,  
 The hero armed his vassals all with sword and pocket pistol,  
 And rode for life and transport to the pleasant port of Bristol,  
 Where he mounted a sea-horse, but the breezes in his crupper  
 Died away off the *Flåtholmes*, and he went ashore to supper.

## 3.

There, his forehead wreathed with parsley,\*—when the silent meal was done,

He rose, and cried, "Ye partners of my dangers and my fun!  
 Come do not be down hearted at the change in worldly things,  
 This world it is a weathercock, and round about it swings;  
 But oh! what check of fortune shall ever more disgrace ye  
 While ye bear the cognizance and sword of a De Tracy?  
 A better Saint than *Becket* ever was, or ever will be,  
 Promises a new *De-Tracy-Castle* ours shall still be:  
 So ye, who fought with *former* woes, against the *present* brace  
 ye,

And huzza! for our title-deeds red-sealed with blood of  
 Tracy:

To-night your sorrow drown in wine—'tis care alone brings  
 man ill—

And to-morrow, boys, again we plough the roaring British  
 Channel!

## III.

-----tamen uda Lymæ  
 Tempora populeas fertur vinziasse corona,  
 Sic tristes adfatus amicos.  
 "Quo nos cumquæ feret melior fortuna parente.  
 Ibumus, O socii, comitesque.  
 Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro:  
 Certus enim promisit Apollo;  
 Ambiguum tellure nova Salamina futuram.  
 O fortes, pejoraque passi  
 Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:  
 Cras ingens iterabimus æquor!"

\* Probably the garnish of their cold supper-dish.

THE  
LYFE OF IPOMYDON :

(AN OLD ENGLISH ROMANCE.)

WE left our poet praising the beauty of the late king of Calabria's daughter ; he proceeds to describe her daintiness and difficulty on that material point, matrimony.

Dukes and kings own her command,  
And emperors have sought her hand ;  
But rank and titles strive in vain  
Calabria's princely prize to gain :  
The man with her that hopes to wive,  
Must be the doughtiest man alive ;  
Must be the first in battle fray,  
Must bear the tourney prize away,  
And at the feast in lordly hall,  
Must win the meed of grace from all.

This runs smother, but we do not like it so well as the original ; but as all tastes must be humoured, we shall sometimes give a version, sometimes an abstract, as the attorneys—we beg their pardon—the solicitors say, and sometimes stick to the old text to please ourselves. This account, which would have damped most people's curiosity, had, *selon les regles*, quite the contrary effect with the prince of Apulia ; just as a poor emetic had upon us \* when we were a little boy—we \* took the emetic like a bad boy ; but having vowed that we would not be sick, we kept our word like a good boy, and were not sick ; and of all the rules of life, we think the rule of opposition is the most general—first then, the prince frightened his governor, then the governor over-persuaded the king, and the upshot of it was, that the prince of Apulia, concealing his real dignity, like the prince of Saxe Cobourg, under a travelling title, set off with his tutor for the court of Calabria, under pretence of going the Grand Tour.

The lucky dogs arrive just in pudding-time, and after a little parley with the porter of the palace, desire him to 'go into the hall.'

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\* \* Us, we, the accusative and nominative singular of the first personal pronoun, periodical and regal.



"Go into the hall  
 And tell thy lady gent and free,  
 That men come from a far country  
 Would, if it please her, humbly pray  
 To share her bounteous board to-day."  
 The courteous porter bowed full low;  
 "To do your errand sirs, I go."  
 Then to his lady went in haste,  
 Where she presided at the feast.  
 "God save you mistress mine," he said,  
 "Strange men in strange attire arrayed,  
 Humbly do your highness greet,  
 And pray to taste your wine and meat."

The lady orders the strangers to be admitted, and Ipomydon briefly states, that hearing of her beauty and breeding, he was come to ask to be admitted to her service; he is immediately created cup-bearer, though, truly, the lady thinks that a man of his sinews and manners, scarcely came for a place only. Day after day the cup-bearer grew in favor with the princess; but as it pleased him to preserve his incognito; and as in those days it was against all rule to ask impertinent questions, the poor lady began to suffer the pains of active curiosity, and involuntary meditation.\*

The lady laid her in her bed;  
 But sleep was from her pillow fled;  
 And let the lady do her best,  
 Still on her squire her thoughts would rest:  
 His manly form, beyond compare,  
 His graceful limbs and noble air.  
 It was a tantalizing case;  
 She knew not whence nor what he was;  
 But woman's ways are ever wise;  
 She soon contrived a quaint device.

This device (we wonder she did not think of it sooner,) is to order a hunting match; and as proficiency in all field sports, from the finding of the game down to the homely processes which we in our refinement assign to the huntsman and cook, was a necessary accomplishment for squires of *high degree* in those days, the princess draws a very legitimate inference as to her cup-bearer's consequence, from the superior style in which he killed the deer, *blooded* the hounds, and cut up

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\* Ha, ha, ha, good, we recommend our contributor's phrase to all young ladies, who feel that they can't help a certain "fellow running in their head strangely."

the venison. Upon this she promotes him to sit at table by her cousin Jason, a promising youth with whom he had become very intimate. Now we can easily imagine that in the lady's state of mind, certain unequivocal uses of the eyes might call for corresponding glances from the gentleman, and nothing more natural; but the lady's dignity came to her aid, and either ashamed or afraid of encouraging him too fast, she proceeded to give him an oblique hint, by reproving her cousin Jason for ogling one of her maids of honor. Ipomydon takes the hint, but not as the princess wished; for he takes it in great dudgeon, and pleads business at home, and leaves the lady to languish and repent her severity at leisure.

When the lady found that he was gone,

Oh then arose her heavy moan!

"Alas, alas, and well-a-day,

That for a word he went away!

So fair a form, so strong a hand,

Is not again in all my land—

(To be continued in our next, and following Numbers.)

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## PORTRAIT CHARMANT.

### I.

An old maid, with a vinegar face,

An artist of merit would seek;—

So she laced herself up like a Grace,

And puffed a rose-tint on her cheek,

And hung, her decay to efface,

A lock on her brow, *a l'antique*.

### II.

Some one recommended the fair

To VARNISH, the Laurence of *his* age;

Who said, with an off-handed air,

(Being horribly given to quiz age)

"With pleasure I'll oil up your hair,

But, I cannot DISTEMP<sup>r</sup> \* your visage!"

A FRAMER, &c.

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\* A species of painting.

## THE STAG-HUNT.

A BALLAD.

THESEUS. This way the stag took ;——

GERROLD. Stay and edify !——

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

## I.

A vision of the olden day is to mine eye returning,  
 With its sun that rose in glory bright and set in ocean burning ;  
 When crowns were won by those who best could sword and buckler lift,  
 And the chase, it was the pastime of the valiant, fair, and swift.

## II.

O ! scarcely battle's trumpet-tone upon the welkin died,  
 When hunting horns from green-wood as gallantly replied ;  
 And gallants brushed the early dew from dingle, dell, and lawn,  
 And beauty lent her roses to enhance the blush of dawn.

## III.

There was grace in every form the early breeze out-braving ;  
 Feathers light, and tresses bright, all unconfinedly waving :  
 And graceful paced the palfreys, in their lovely burthens priding,  
 With arching neck, and ears erect, that drank the bay-hound's chiding.

## IV.

And graceful vailed to saddle bow the men of martial mien,  
 Gay knights, who doffed their armour bright for vest of Lincoln green ;  
 For crested helm the bonnet plumed, their manly foreheads shaded,  
 And hunting-sword, and chasing-horns, were slung in baldrick braided.

## V.

So point device in their array, so gallant in their bearing,  
 Wore those unto the royal chase at early dawn repairing :  
 Good sport befell the hunters bold, and lightly-vaulting steed,  
 And honor to the blanch-white hound, the Talbot's noble breed !

## VI.

Give space and law unto the stag ! for hark the tufters keen  
 Have tracked him out through all his haunts, into his covert green ;  
 And blow the horn up cheerily ! awake our hunting lay,  
 Due salutation to the chase, ere yet he break away.

## VII.

For as a king beleaguered, who hears the trumpet sound,  
And rushes forth to look rebuke on all his foes around ;  
So shews the stag undaunted, to the fatal morning's blaze,  
The branchy grandeur of his front, the lightning of his gaze.

## VIII.

In scorn he scents the morning air, his crest is tossed on high,  
And he clears the covert at a bound, the Field is in full cry !  
And doubly cheered the stag-hound staunch, and prized the gallant steed,  
Whose courage checks at nothing, and whose limbs ' are good at need.'

## IX.

Aye, good at need must be their speed, who seek the red deer's blood,  
O'er mountain, moor, and meadow, through forest, and through flood ;  
Unwearied with his toilsome race, undaunted still is he  
To swim the stream, or leap the cliff that overhangs the sea.

## X.

Call off the dogs ! the noble beast will yet regain the shore ;  
But feeble is our chance to-day of chasing him once more :  
As on his thronging foemen turns a chief in mortal fray,  
So faint, but fearless, on the beach, the stag has turned to bay.

## XI.

Now then beware ye mettled hounds ! beware ye hunters bold !  
(But of the maddening deer's-horn-hurt the leech hath vainly told)  
Unseen is fear of harm, or hurt, by him who leads the chase,  
For on the brave, the brave alone, will fortune shed her grace.

## XII.

While many a stag-hound rues the deed of baiting him too near,  
The hunter hath slipped off his horse, and stolen behind the deer ;  
Death's weapon from each antler's point is darkly glancing round,  
But the whinyard does his duty, and the stag is on the ground.\*

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\* Formerly when the stag was at bay, the huntsman, if he had sufficient skill, dismounted, and slipping behind the deer contrived to hamstring the animal with his whinyard, or double-edged hunting sword, and then cut the deer's throat. The Lady who was first in at the death was requested to make an incision in the breast of the stag, to ascertain the quality of the venison, and her health was drank by the huntsman, *PAR EXCELLENCE*, in a bicker of ale, or brandy. After this the deer was *BROKEN*, (as the phrase went) a share being allotted to the hounds, another to the huntsman, and a small grisly bone near the brisket was, by custom, dedicated to that ominous bird the raven.

## XIII.

Then rush the pack to slaughter, and the sword is at his throat,  
 And his dying groan is lost amid the horn's triumphant note;  
 Breathe sadly now ye hunting-horns that roused him to the sport,  
 The funeral honors o'er his corse, the solemn sounds of Morte!

## XIV.

And as the death note of the chase is ringing far and wide  
 Along the shore, from beach and rock, and over ocean's tide,  
 Up-gather fast the flagging steeds, and riders scarce in breath,  
 To signalize, by wild halloo, their presence at the death.

## XV.

Now fades the dream of days gone by, why should I sing the rest,  
 The fatal knife in beauty's hand to bare the victim's breast;  
 And beauty's health by huntsman pledged in ale or brandy blithe,  
 The breaking of the slaughtered stag, the raven's grisly tithe?

## XVI.

The vision fades upon my sight of all that gallant crowd,  
 The hunting chorus dies away that lately rung so loud,—  
 But still are left, and long remain! our latter days to cheer  
 With semblance of 'the olden time,' our chasings of the deer.

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### A COLLOQUIAL CAVEAT.

*Dedicated to the beautiful Miss \* \* \* \**

A.—Nay, urge no longer,—were the strain,  
 As sweet as Mercy's soothing pain,  
 Such influence She held before  
 She knows He cannot love her more.

B.—But there may be a silence chill,  
 As that of pride usurping will,  
 And passion's course may languish,—

A.——————Yes,  
 And He, perchance, may love her less.

## PUBLIC BATHS, PLYMOUTH.

*The sum already Subscribed to building the proposed Baths is 12,000l. Thanks are due to Mr. J. FOULSTON, the Architect, for his Exertions in maturing the Plan.*

## PLYMOUTH PAPERS.

I've a caution for Plymouth, a vain one I own  
 Not founded on fear, but on quibbling alone,  
 Now the rage for improvement has caught her ;  
 The builders of baths may put up with *foul* stone,  
 But the bathers will look for CLEAN WATER.

---

*By a celebrated Physician, on attaining his Fortieth Year.*

An Adage old, sagaciously  
 Lays down this hard condition,  
 " At forty every man must be  
 A Fool or a Physician."

I've been a Doctor long enough,  
 Thanks ! Adage, for the option ;  
 Throw physick to the Dogs ! the stuff !  
 Be Folly my adoption.

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## TO THE READER.

THE Editor did purpose to indulge himself in a tolerably minute theatrical critique, but, as far as minuteness goes, it must be deferred, for this reason :—ever since the theatre opened (and the company was not in much force then) a night has hardly passed without the appearance of a new actor. It would, of course, be unfair to criticise very strictly

those who are not yet familiarised to the stage and audience. But we have no hesitation in saying, that never season began with better promise, and better pledge of that promise being realized. Barnstaple may bear what repute fortune pleases, it is a long way from London sure enough, but we are well satisfied, that to acquire and retain the public favor in Barnstaple, is a greater proof of real theatrical merit, than similar success in Bath, Bristol, or even London.

The society in Barnstaple is unlike that of any other place, and as far as regards theatricals it is fastidious and implacable in no small degree. The theatrical world is a world of itself, and by itself; and it has its passions, its prejudices, its opinions, and its jealousies, peculiar and distinct from those of the real world, in every point but one, that of not being founded in sober sense and reasoning; and so we can account for many of those anomalies in management that create a world of whys and wherefores in the unreflecting public. On this occasion, however, we have fewer than ever to complain of; every thing goes on well; with one or two exceptions, every body has had the part they could best play, and as the exceptions have been chiefly among the ladies we shall say no more. The gentleman most out of his place is Mr. Chaplin, who ought to be in London: when he is stage manager *there*, we are sure he will have reason to give Mr. Montemar an engagement. Mr. Woodley's face is of a first rate comic cast; but we must see more of him. Of the ladies—but really we are *too young* to speak; it is provoking, too, to be upset in our criticism; but as we have no fault to find, we are the more easily consoled. We are in love, over head and ears, with Miss Norton, Miss Fry, and Miss Pindar, and only wish we were, as Mrs Malaprop says, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once for their sakes.

The Life of Ipomydon is necessarily curtailed in this Number, and Farrago Libelli, No. III, unavoidably postponed.

Our London friend also must wait till another month.

*The Self Justified Sinner*, now postponed for the third time, shall positively appear in our next Number.

In our earlier numbers we gave our Printer a rub or two, and gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity to administer a remedy in the shape of praise. He has excelled our expectations this month, and left us nothing to wish for.

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Scarle, Printer, Barnstaple.

THE

## North Devon Magazine.

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OCTOBER, 1824.

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*The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner :  
Written by Himself: With a detail of curious Traditionary  
Facts, and other Evidence, by the Editor.*

THE private memoirs and confessions of a Self-justified Sinner, written by himself! for such was the title of the book when it was first advertised; we knew not what to expect. The frenzied fooleries of fanaticism, are not subjects of probable conjecture. It might be, that some mistaken wight had deserted field preaching for the Minerva press. It might be that some hungry votary of Leadenhall Street, (a good name) had made a desperate dash, and, seeing that many excellent novels had, with good taste, good sense, and good feeling to back them, acquired a high place in public favour, by a judicious admission of religious principles, was endeavouring to overdo the thing, as a way to quicksale, and high price, of course, from the publishers, by availing him (or her) self of the untried ground of abstract, and high flown polemics. Little did we expect the stuff we have found; but having found it, and the title being a taking one, we shall, according to original intention, give it a place in our reviewing department. From what has now been said, the reader will not augur very favourably of the book, and we cannot say much to induce him to alter the impression. The work (its best recommendation is its size) is in a small volume of 390 pages. It contains the Editor's narrative, occupying 141 pages, and being, in fact, a work of itself, pretending to give the traditionary statement of the facts on which the story depends, as introductory to, or explanatory of the second part of the volume, designated in the running title as "the private memoirs and confessions of a sinner,"

VOL. II.

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and occupying 226 or 7 pages ; after which, the Editor's narrative resumes, and gives a short detail of which we shall avail ourselves by and bye.

In certain circles, too well informed we fear, this book is ascribed to our friend the Ettrick shepherd, Mr. Hogg. We are sorry for James : he is a fellow of prime talent, and if the present work should be considered as mere moonshine, we, nevertheless, must remember the beautiful vision, the fairy sunshine of the bonny Kilmeny. Hogg's error seems to be in attempting too much ; he can write a short story, no man better ; but his wind is short ; his PERILS were dangerous undertakings, and decisive failures ;—and the present attempt, if really his, though short enough, has the plague spot of Blackwood, and the London about it ; it smells of the poppy, second-hand, as if concocted during an imitation of Taylor and Hessey's Opium Eater ; now what trasherie must an imitation of trash be ?

We shun an enquiry into the metaphysical delusions of those wretched religionists who, with limited abilities, and imperfect education, and disordered imaginations, trammel themselves in the cumbrous harness, and entangle themselves in the intricate paths of mysticism, and self-interpretation.\* We leave *suck* to Bedlam, fleabotomy, (an excellent remedy if applied in early life) and the straight waistcoat. Suffice it for the present, that this horrible and unnatural story is founded on the supposition of such detestable delusion in one of two brothers, whose histories are minutely detailed. In the traditionary memoir, or Editor's narrative, we are told that the elder of two brothers was found dead, and that a friend with whom he had some altercation the night before, was suspected, and obliged to fly the country ; in fact, however, it was a business contrived between his brother, and a mysterious friend who had obtained a complete ascendancy over him, and who was either an agent of the Great Enemy, or the arch deceiver himself, not exactly in *propria persona*, but in very alluring personals, and who puzzles every thing by his talent for assuming the features and figure of any body at pleasure. In this way the murder of young Colwan was perpetrated, as we learn from an eye-witness ; the account is spirited, so we extract it :—

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\* Let us not be misunderstood ; our opinions do not trench upon individual liberty of conscience ; but there is a great difference between denying the Pope of Rome, and tolerating every conceited puppy who sets himself up for a Pope in his own person, and who is, in fact, more Popish than the Pope of Rome himself.

"In the mean while, as our apartment was a corner one, and looked both east and north, I ran to the easter casement to look after Drummond. Now, note me well: I saw him going eastward in his tartans and bonnet, and the gilded hilt of his claymore glittering in the moon; and, at the very same time, I saw two men, the one in black, and the other likewise in tartans, coming toward the steps from the opposite bank, by the foot of the loch; and I saw Drummond and they eying each other as they passed. I kept view of him till he vanished towards Leith Wynd, and by that time the two strangers had come close up under our window. This is what I wish you to pay particular attention to. I had only lost sight of Drummond, (who had given me his name and address,) for the short space of time that we took in running up one pair of short stairs; and during that space he had halted a moment, for, when I got my eye on him again, he had not crossed the mouth of the next entry, nor proceeded above ten or twelve paces, and, at the same time, I saw the two men coming down the bank on the opposite side of the loch, at about three hundred paces distance. Both he and they were distinctly in my view, and never within speech of each other, until he vanished into one of the wynds leading toward the bottom of the High Street, at which precise time the two strangers came below my window; so that it was quite clear he neither could be one of them, nor have any communication with them.

"Yet, mark me again; for of all things I have ever seen, this was the most singular. When I looked down at the two strangers, one of them was extremely like Drummond. So like was he, that there was not one item in dress, form, feature, nor voice, by which I could distinguish the one from the other. I was certain it was not he, because I had seen the one going and the other approaching at the same time, and my impression at the moment was, that I looked upon some spirit, or demon, in his likeness. I felt a chillness creep all round my heart, my knees tottered, and, withdrawing my head from the open casement that lay in the dark shade, I said to the man who was with me, 'Good God, what is this!'

"'What is it?' said he, as much alarmed as I was.

"'As I live, there stands an apparition!' said I.

"He was not so much afraid when he heard me say so, and peeping cautiously out, he looked and listened awhile, and then drawing back, he said in a whisper, 'They are

both living men, and one of them is he I passed at the corner.'

" 'That he is not,' said I, emphatically. 'To that I will make oath.'

"He smiled and shook his head, and then added, 'I never then saw a man before, whom I could not know again, particularly if he was the very last I had seen. But what matters it whether it be or not? As it is no concern of ours let us sit down and enjoy ourselves.'

" 'But it does matter a very great deal with me, sir,' said I.—'Bless me, my head is giddy—my breath quite gone, and I feel as if I were surrounded with fiends. Who are you, sir?'

" 'You shall know that ere we two part,' said he: 'I cannot conceive why the return of this young gentleman to the spot he so lately left, should discompose you? I suppose he got a glance of you as he passed, and has returned to look after you, and that is the whole secret of the matter.'

"When I peeped over again, the two men were disputing in a whisper, the one of them in violent agitation and terror, and the other upbraiding him, and urging him on to some desperate act. At length I heard the young man in the Highland garb say indignantly, 'Hush, recreant! It is God's work which you are commissioned to execute, and it must be done. But if you positively decline it, I will do it myself, and do you beware of the consequences.'

" 'Oh, I will, I will!' cried the other in black clothes, in a wretched beseeching tone. 'You shall instruct me in this, as in all things else.'

"I thought all this while I was closely concealed from them, and wondered not a little when he in tartans gayed me a sly nod, as much as to say, 'What do you think of this?' or, 'Take note of what you see,' or something to that effect, from which I perceived, that whatever he was about, he did not wish it to be kept a secret. For all that, I was impressed with a terror and anxiety that I could not overcome, but it only made me mark every event with the more intense curiosity. The Highlander, whom I still could not help regarding as the evil genius of Thomas Drummond, performed every action, as with the quickness of thought. He concealed the youth in black in a narrow entry, a little to the westward of my windows, and as he was leading him across the moonlight green by the shoulder, I perceived, for the first time, that both of them were armed with rapiers. He

pushed him without resistance into the dark shaded close, made another signal to me, and hasted up the close to Lucky Sudds' door. The city and the morning were so still, that I heard every word that was uttered, on putting my head out a little. He knocked at the door sharply, and after waiting a considerable space, the bolt was drawn, and the door, as I conceived, edged up as far as the massy chain would let it. 'Is young Dalcastle still in the house?' said he sharply.

"I did not hear the answer, but I heard him say, shortly after, 'If he is, pray tell him to speak with me for a few minutes.' He then withdrew from the door, and came slowly down the close, in a lingering manner, looking oft behind him. Dalcastle came out; advanced a few steps after him, and then stood still, as if hesitating whether or not he should call out a friend to accompany him; and that instant the door behind him was closed, chained, and the iron bolt drawn; on hearing of which, he followed his adversary without farther hesitation. As he passed below my window, I heard him say, 'I beseech you, Tom, let us do nothing in this matter rashly;' but I could not hear the answer of the other, who had turned the corner.

"I roused up my drowsy companion, who was leaning on the bed, and we both looked together from the north window. We were in the shade, but the moon shone full on the two young gentlemen. Young Dalcastle was visibly the worse of liquor, and his back being turned towards us, he said something to the other which I could not make out, although he spoke a considerable time, and, from his tones and gestures, appeared to be reasoning. When he had done, the tall young man in the tartans drew his sword, and his face being straight to us, we heard him say distinctly, 'No more words about it, George, if you please; but if you be a man, as I take you to be, draw your sword, and let us settle it here.'

"Dalcastle drew his sword, without changing his attitude; but he spoke with more warmth, for we heard his words, 'Think you that I fear you, Tom? Be assured, sir, I would not fear ten of the best of your name, at each other's backs: all that I want is to have friends with us to see fair play, for if you close with me, you are a dead man.'

"The other stormed at these words. 'You are a braggart, sir,' cried he, 'a wretch—a blot on the cheek of nature—a blight on the Christian world—a reprobate—I'll have your soul, sir—You must play at tennis, and put down elect brethren in another world to-morrow.' As he said this, he

brandished his rapier, exciting Dalcastle to offence. He gained his point: The latter, who had previously drawn, advanced in upon his vapouring and licentious antagonist, and a fierce combat ensued. My companion was delighted beyond measure, and I could not keep him from exclaiming, loud enough to have been heard, 'that's grand! that's excellent!' For me, my heart quaked like an aspen. Young Dalcastle either had a decided advantage over his adversary, or else the other thought proper to let him have it; for he shifted, and wore, and flitted from Dalcastle's thrusts like a shadow, uttering oftentimes a sarcastic laugh, that seemed to provoke the other beyond all bearing. At one time, he would spring away to a great distance, then advance again on young Dalcastle with the swiftness of lightning. But that young hero always stood his ground, and repelled the attack: he never gave way, although they fought nearly twice round the bleaching green, which you know is not a very small one. At length they fought close up to the mouth of the dark entry, where the fellow in black stood all this while concealed, and then the combatant in tartans closed with his antagonist, or pretended to do so; but the moment they began to grapple, he wheeled about, turning Colwan's back towards the entry, and then cried out, 'Ah, hell has it! My friend, my friend!'

"That moment the fellow in black rushed from his cover with his drawn rapier, and gave the brave young Dalcastle two deadly wounds in the back, as quick as arm could thrust, both of which I thought pierced through his body. He fell, and rolling himself on his back, he perceived who it was that had slain him thus foully, and said, with a dying emphasis, which I never heard equalled, 'Oh, dog of hell, is it you who has done this!'

"He articulated some more, which I could not hear for other sounds; for the moment that the man in black inflicted the deadly wound, my companion called out, 'That's unfair, you rip! That's damnable! to strike a brave fellow behind! One at a time, you cowards! &c.' to all which the unnatural fiend in the tartans answered with a loud exulting laugh; and then, taking the poor paralysed murderer by the bow of the arm, he hurried him into the dark entry once more, where I lost sight of them for ever."

The evidence thus procured is satisfactory; the witnesses identify, unsuspectingly, the younger brother as the murderer of the elder, and officers are sent to apprehend him, but in vain; he is never more heard of; and here the Editor's nar-

native closes; the private memoirs and confessions of a sinner follow, giving a clue to all the unaccountable incidents of the traditionary narrative, and we regret to say, that in looking over it for extracts, we fear the traces of Jamie Hogg's pen are visible, more so than in our first, and perhaps hurried perusal; and we decline giving any specimens from so horrible a composition. Even in the *Great Unknown's Novels*, we think that the peculiar dialect of Sectarians is too often introduced; but what possesses the true tragic terror in a master's hand, becomes a horrible caricature in the imitation of an inferior genius. Old Dryfesdale, in the *Abbot*, is a brilliant and effective sketch with his visionary predestination, and remorseless contempt for life, either his own or another's; but in this work the author has dabbled in horrors, *en cochon*, with a vengeance. Many parts are too absurd to be endured; the younger brother, for instance, in his first acquaintance with the devil, mistakes him for an earthly prince, instead of an aerial one, and absolutely surmises that he is the Czar of Muscovy.

The volume next contains a letter of Hogg's, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1803, giving an account of the opening and partial examination of the grave of a suicide. Probably he at first intended nothing further than to contribute a mystifying article; but, he now, under the guise of the Editor of this work, continues the hoax. The letter—he says—

“Bears the stamp of authenticity in every line; yet, so often had I been hoaxed by the ingenious fancies displayed in that Magazine, that when this relation met my eye, I did not believe it; but from the moment that I perused it, I half formed the resolution of investigating these wonderful remains personally, if any such existed.

“Accordingly, having some business in Edinburgh in September last, I took that opportunity to pay a visit to my townsman and fellow collegian, Mr. L——t of C——d, advocate. I mentioned to him Hogg's letter, asking him if the statement was founded at all on truth. His answer was, “I suppose so. For my part I never doubted the thing, having been told that there has been a deal of talking about it up in the Forest for some time past. But, God knows! Hogg, has imposed as ingenious lies on the public ere now.”

“I said, if it was within reach, I should like exceedingly to visit both the Shepherd and the Scots mummy he had described. Mr. L——t assented at the first proposal, saying he had no objections to take a ride that length with me, and

make the fellow produce his credentials: That we would have a delightful jaunt through a romantic and now classical country, and some good sport into the bargain, provided he could procure a horse for me, from his father-in-law, next day. He sent up to a Mr. L——w to inquire, who returned for answer, that there was an excellent pony at my service, and that he himself would accompany us, being obliged to attend a great sheep fair at Thirlestane; and that he was certain the Shepherd would be there likewise.

"Mr. L——t said that was the very man we wanted to make our party complete; and at an early hour next morning we started for the ewe fair of Thirlestane, taking Blackwood's Magazine for August along with us. We soon found Hogg, standing near the foot of the market, as he called it, beside a great drove of paulies, a species of stock that I never heard of before. They were small sheep, striped on the backs with red chalk. Mr. L——t introduced me to him as a great wool-stapler, come to raise the price of that article; but he eyed me with distrust, and turning his back on us, answered, "I hae sell'd mine."

"I followed, and shewing him the above-quoted letter, said I was exceedingly curious to have a look of these singular remains he had so ingeniously described; but he only answered me with the remark, that "It was a queer fancy for a woo-stapler to tak."

"His two friends then requested him to accompany us to the spot, and to take some of his shepherds with us to assist in raising the body; but he spurned at the idea, saying, "Od bless ye, lad! I hae ither matters to mind. I hae a' thae paulies to sell, an' a' yon Highland stotts down on the green every ane; an' then I hae ten scores o' yowes to buy after, an' if I canna first sell my ain stock, I canna buy nae ither body's. I hae mair ado than I can manage the day, foreby ganging to houk up funder-year-auld banes."

"Finding that we could make nothing of him, we left him with his paulies, Highland stotts, grey jacket, and broad blue bonnet, to go in search of some other guide. L——w soon found one, for he seemed acquainted with every person in the fair. We got a fine old shepherd named W——m B——e, a great original, and a very obliging and civil man, who asked no conditions but that we should not speak of it, because he did not wish it to come to his master's ears, that he had been engaged in sic a profane thing.

"Our guide said he had always heard it reported, that the Eltrive men, with Mr. David Anderson at their head, had

risen before day on the Monday morning, it having been on the Sabbath day that the man *put down* himself; and that they set out with the intention of burying him on Cowan's-Croft, where three marches met at a point. But it having been an invariable rule to bury such lost sinners before the rising of the sun, these five men were overtaken by day-light, as they passed the house of Berry-Knowe; and by the time they reached the top of the Faw-Law, the sun was beginning to skair the east. On this they laid down the body, and digged a deep grave with all expedition.

"To work we fell with two spades, and soon cleared away the whole of the covering. The part of the grave that had been opened before, was filled with mossy mortar, which impeded us exceedingly, and entirely prevented a proper investigation of the fore parts of the body. I will describe every thing as I saw it before four respectable witnesses, whose names I shall publish at large if permitted. A number of the bones came up separately; for with the constant flow of liquid stuff into the deep grave, we could not see to preserve them in their places. At length great loads of coarse clothes, blanketing, plaiding, &c. appeared; we tried to lift these regularly up, and on doing so, part of a skeleton came up, but no flesh, save a little that was hanging in dark flitters about the spine, but which had no consistence; it was merely the appearance of flesh without the substance. The head was wanting; and I being very anxious to possess the skull, the search was renewed among the mortar and rags. We first found a part of the scalp, with the long hair firm on it; which on being cleaned, is neither black nor fair, but of a darkish dŭsk, the most common of any other colour. Soon afterwards we found the skull, but it was not complete. A spade had damaged it, and one of the temple quarters was wanting. I am no phrenologist, not knowing one organ from another, but I thought the skull of that wretched man no study. If it was particular for any thing, it was for a smooth, almost perfect rotundity, with only a little protuberance above the vent of the ear.

"When we came to that part of the grave that had never been opened before, the appearance of every thing was quite different. There the remains lay under a close vault of moss, and within a vacant space; and I suppose, by the digging in the former part of the grave, that part had been deepened, and drawn the moisture away from this part, for here all was perfect. The breeches still suited the thigh, the stocking the leg, and the garters were wrapt as neatly and as firm below



the knee as if they had been newly tied. The shoes were all opened in the seams, the hemp having decayed, but the soles, upper leathers, and wooden heels, which were made of birch, were all as fresh as any of those we wore. There was one thing I could not help remarking, that in the inside of one of the shoes there was a layer of cow's dung, about one eighth of an inch thick, and in the hollow of the sole fully one fourth of an inch. It was firm, green, and fresh; and proved that he had been working in a byre. His clothes were all of a singular ancient cut, and no less singular in their texture. Their durability certainly would have been prodigious; for in thickness, coarseness, and strength, I never saw any cloth in the smallest degree to equal them. His coat was a frock coat, of a yellowish drab colour, with wide sleeves. It is tweeled, milled, and thicker than a carpet. I cut off two of the skirts and brought them with me. His vest was of striped serge, such as I have often seen worn by country people. It was lined and backed with white stuff. The breeches were a sort of striped plaiding, which I never saw worn, but which our guide assured us was very common in the country once, though, from the old clothes which he had seen remaining of it, he judged that it could not be less than 200 years since it was in fashion. His garters were of worsted, and striped with black or blue; his stockings gray, and wanting the feet. I brought samples of all along with me. I have likewise now got possession of the bonnet, which puzzles me most of all. It is not conformable with the rest of the dress. It is neither a broad bonnet, nor a Border bonnet; for there is an open behind, for tying, which no genuine Border bonnet, I am told, ever had. It seems to have been a highland bonnet, worn in a flat way like a scone on the crown, such as is sometimes still seen in the west of Scotland. All the limbs, from the loins to the toes, seemed perfect and entire, but they could not bear handling. Before we got them returned again into the grave, they were all shaken to pieces, except the thighs, which continued to retain a kind of flabby form.

"All his clothes that were sewed with linen yarn were lying in separate portions, the thread having rotten; but such as were sewed with worsted remained perfectly firm and sound. Among such a confusion, we had hard work to find out all his pockets, and our guide supposed, that, after all, we did not find above the half of them. In his vest pocket was a long clasp knife, very sharp; the haft was thin, and the scales shone as if there had been silver inside. Mr. Sc—t took it with him, and presented it to his neighbour, Mr. R—n

of W—n L—e, who still has it in his possession. We found a comb, a gimblet, a vial, a small neat square board, a pair of plated knee-buckles, and several samples of cloth of different kinds, rolled neatly up within one another. At length, while we were busy on the search, Mr. L—t picked up a leathern case, which seemed to have been wrapped round and round by some ribbon, or cord, that had been rotten from it, for the swaddling marks still remained. Both L—w and B—e called out that 'it was the tobacco spleuchan, and a well-filled ane too;' but on opening it out, we found, to our great astonishment, that it contained a printed pamphlet

"With very little trouble, save that of thorough drying, I unrolled it all with ease, and found the very tract which I have here ventured to lay before the public, part of it in small bad print, and the remainder in manuscript.

"Alongst the head, the title is the same as given in the present edition of the work. I altered the title to *A Self-justified Sinner*, but my booksellers did not approve of it; and there being a curse pronounced by the writer on him that should dare to alter or amend, I have let it stand as it is. Should it be thought to attach discredit to any received principle of our church, I am blameless. The printed part ends at page 340, and the rest is in a fine old hand, extremely small and close. I have ordered the printer to procure a fac-simile of it, to be bound in with the volume.

"With regard to the work itself, I dare not venture a judgment, for I do not understand it. I believe no person, man or woman, will ever peruse it with the same attention that I have done, and yet I confess that I do not comprehend the writer's drift. It is certainly impossible that these scenes could ever have occurred, that he describes as having himself transacted. I think it may be possible that he had some hand in the death of his brother, and yet I am disposed greatly to doubt it; and the numerous distorted traditions, &c. which remain of that event, may be attributable to the work having been printed and burnt, and of course the story known to all the printers, with their families and gossips. That the young Laird of Dalcastle came by a violent death, their remains no doubt; but that this wretch slew him, there is to me a good deal. However, allowing this to have been the case, I account all the rest either dreaming or madness; or, as he says to Mr Watson, a religious parable, on purpose to illustrate something scarcely tangible, but to which he seems to have attached great weight. Were the relation at all con-

sistent with reason, it corresponds so minutely with traditionary facts, that it would scarcely have missed to have been received as authentic; but in this day, and with the present generation, it will not go down, that a man should be daily tempted by the devil, in the semblance of a fellow creature; and at length lured to self-destruction, in the hopes that this same fiend and tormentor was to suffer and fall along with him. It was a bold theme for an allegory, and would have suited that age well had it been taken up by one fully qualified for the task, which this writer was not. In short, we must either conceive him not only the greatest fool, but the greatest wretch, on whom was ever stamped the form of humanity; or, that he was a religious maniac, who wrote and wrote about a deluded creature, till he arrived at that height of madness, that he believed himself the very object whom he had been all along describing. And in order to escape from an ideal tormentor, committed that act for which, according to the tenets he embraced, there was no remission, and which consigned his memory and his name to everlasting detestation."

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AN

### ELEGIAC BALLAD,

Pithy, plaintive, and pathetic, on the death of poor Peter Wilkinson, who died by the bite of a mad Cat, in the month of July, 1824.

I.

O! I could cry my pair of eyes  
Out of my drooping head,  
For poor young PETER WILKINSON  
He died—and so is dead.

II.

How did he die? a woful tale!  
No natural death died he,  
For bitten by a Cat he died—  
A sad *Cat-astrophe*.

III.

Ah luckless wight thy feeling heart  
For those fur off beat high,  
And therefore was it thou wert doomed  
A *feline* death to die.

## IV.

Now ever after all *black* cats  
 Be they accursed quite!  
 Since one hath been the cruel death  
 Of such a gentle wight. (*white*)

## V.

You would have thought at *Paddytown*  
 He drew his latest breath,  
 All overwhelmed upon dry ground  
 By a cat-her-act of death.

## VI.

Thus in his very prime of life  
 Did he go off from us;  
 Ah! little did we think he was  
 So *Pussy-lan*imous.

## VII.

The doctor to his mother said,  
 And his learned head he shook,  
 "Ah! madam—mad am I," said he,  
 And he gave us such a look!

## VIII.

You would have thought him in a *fit*,  
 But a fit alas! 'twas none,—  
 He upright in his bed did sit,  
 In a very *loose* night gown.

## IX.

We laid him in *St. Bride's* Church-yard,  
 His bed of rest was deep;  
 As beds should be when men are laid  
 With *such* a *bride* to sleep.

## X.

Upon the left-hand us you tread  
 The Church-yard path along,  
 We left him—to upon the right  
 You're sure to seek him *wrong*.

## XI.

Some slender lines record his fate,  
 Upon a tombstone grey;  
 The very place itself is dull,  
 And so, *in point*, are they.

## EPITAPH.

*Hic Jacet*, PETER WILKINSON,  
 His cipher used to be  
 P. W. English—turned at last  
 Into sad French C. G. (*Ci git.*)

DIEGO.

## STANZAS TO \* \* \*

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION AT CHELTENHAM.

## I.

If I have measured  
 Thy spirit aright,  
 And still thou hast treasured,  
 As visions of light;  
 The day-dreams that o'er us  
 Their influence flung,  
 When the world was before us,  
 And hope still was young,  
 And our hearts as then fearless—  
 Thy spirit would bow,  
 And thine eye were not tearless,  
 To think on me *now*!

## II.

Around and above *Thee*  
 All nature is bright;  
 And the beings that love thee  
 Are ever in sight;  
 The breeze of the mountain  
 Wafts health on its wing,  
 And for thee the cool fountain  
 Wells forth from its spring;

The roar of the billow,  
 The breeze of the West,  
 Bring sleep to thy pillow,  
 And lull thee to rest.

## III.

But none are about *Me*  
 Whose spirit would make  
 That world that's without me,  
 A home for their sake.  
 And within me is stirring  
 No pulse, at whose thrill  
 Young passion recurring,  
 Might solace me still :  
 For the hope that was nearest  
 My heart, is all crushed ;  
 And the voice that was dearest,  
 For ever is hushed.

## IV.

And life is to me an  
 Unlimited void ;  
 And the wide empyrean.  
 A waste unenjoyed.\*  
 In the world's blooming garden  
 I wander along,  
 Amid scenes that but harden  
 The sense of my wrong ;  
 Among joys newly bursting  
 For all, except me—  
 Like a mariner thirsting  
 Upon the wide sea.

## V.

Thus tracing my powers  
 In daily decay.  
 I drag the last hours  
 Of my life-time away.

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\* I have of late lost all my mirth ; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

With the rabble confounded,  
 Unsought and unknown;  
 By millions surrounded,  
 Yet ever alone,—  
 I long for the morrow,  
 The morrow comes fast;  
 But sickness and sorrow  
 Come with it at last.

EWEN.

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## CALENDAR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

### OCTOBER 1.

**REMIGIUS, BISHOP OF RHEIMS**, was raised to the episcopate at the early age of 22, in consequence of his piety and learning. He instructed Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks, in the doctrines of the Gospel, and baptized him at Rheims, by *TRINE* immersion. From this circumstance originated, (as it is supposed,) the titles of "Most Christian King," and "Eldest Son of the Church," which have so long been borne by the kings of France. Remigius died A.D. 535, greatly lamented, having filled the See of Rheims for 73 years.

**5th. FAITH, VIRGIN and MARTYR**, suffered death under Dacianus, about the year 290, the most cruel torments being inflicted upon her. Many churches, both in England and on the continent, have been dedicated to this saint. A great fair is held on this day, at the village of St. Faith's, near Norwich, at which the neighbouring gentry meet in gay attire.

**9th. St. DENYS, or DIONYSIUS, AREOPAGITE**, Bishop and Martyr, who was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Saint Paul, (Acts xvii. v. 34,) was at first one of the judges of the celebrated Court of the **AREOPAGUS** at Athens, of which city he was afterwards made bishop. He suffered martyrdom, A.D. 95. The French claim St. Denys as their tutelary saint, on the supposition that he first preached Christianity in France; an event, however, which did not take place till long after his death. The writings, which have been published under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, are the forgeries of a later age.

**13th. TRANSLATION of King EDWARD the CONFESSOR**. This Monarch ascended the throne of England, A.D. 1042. His greatest merit was the collecting together in one body, all the most useful laws which had been made by the Saxon and Danish kings. The additional title of Confessor was probably given him by the Pope, for settling the tribute to the Pope of Rome, which was then called *Rome-scott*, but has since been better known by the name of *Peter-pence*.

**17th. ÆTHELREDA, VIRGIN**, was the daughter of Annas, king of the East Angles, and early made a vow of perpetual chastity, which she is recorded never to have violated, though she was twice married: first to Thornbert an English lord, and afterwards to Egfrid, king of Northumberland, in the year 671. Having resided twelve years at court, she at length obtained permission to retire from the world, and took the veil at Coldingham Abbey. Being apprised of a scheme that was laid to force her from

her convent; she fled to the isle of Ely, where she founded a nunnery, of which she became Abbess, A.D. 678.

25th. **St. CRISPIN**, Martyr, and his brother Crispianus, were natives of Rome, whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion. Being desirous, however, of rendering themselves independent, they gained a subsistence by shoe-making. It having been discovered that they were christians, and endeavoured to proselyte the inhabitants, the governor of the town commanded them both to be beheaded, about the year 308. From this time Crispin has been selected as the patron saint of all those who occupy the "the gentle craft or mystery of a cordwainer, or cobbler," as it was anciently termed.

Nov. 2nd. **ALL SOUL'S DAY**. This festival was instituted in the ninth century by Odilon, Abbot of Clugny, to make intercession for the souls supposed to be detained in purgatory. In Roman Catholic countries, on the eve and day of All Souls, the churches are hung with black; the tombs are opened; a coffin, covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are half way plunged into flames. Various estates were anciently held by services to be performed on this day.

6th. **LEONARD**, Confessor, was a French nobleman, of great reputation in the court of Clovis I., who was instructed by Remigius, bishop of Rheims, and was afterwards made bishop of Limosin. Having obtained of Clovis the favor that all prisoners whom he went to see, should be set free, whenever he heard of any persons who were imprisoned for the sake of religion, or any other good cause, he procured their liberty. He died A.D. 500, and has always been implored by prisoners, as their patron saint.

11th. **St. MARTIN**, Bishop and Confessor died, and is commemorated on this day. See a notice of this saint under July 4. Martinmas day was, anciently, a day of feasting and revelry. In some parts of England the fine open weather, which is occasionally experienced at the commencement of November, is termed "Saint Martin's Little Summer."

13th. **BRITIUS**, Bishop, succeeded Martin in the See of Tours, A.D. 399. Some slanderous reports having been propagated against him, he appealed to a miracle, and to the fiery ordeal; but these had no effect upon the populace, and the saint was expelled from the city. After seven years absence he was restored to his dignities, and died A.D. 444.

15th. **MACHUTUS**, Bishop of Saint Maloes in France, was a native of Llancarvon in Wales, and flourished about the year 500. His pre-eminent sanctity is said to have enabled him to calm tempests, to give sight to the blind, to restore the dead to life, expel demons, and extract the poison of serpents.

17th. **HUGH**, Bishop of Lincoln, was a native of Burgundy in France, and raised to the See of Lincoln, by Henry II. In this See he obtained great celebrity, not only for his extraordinary austerity of life, and excellent economy, but also for his rebuilding the cathedral from the foundation. He died on this day, A.D. 1200, and, twenty years after, was canonized at Rome.

20th. **EDMUND**, King (of the East Angles,) and Martyr, having been attacked by the Danes in 870, and unable to resist them, heroically offered, (according to the Monkish writers,) to surrender himself a prisoner, provided they would spare his subjects. The Danes, however, having seized him, used their utmost efforts to induce Edmund to renounce the christian religion; but on his refusal to comply with their solicitations, they first beat him with clubs, then scourged him with whips, and afterwards, binding him to a stake, killed him with arrows. His remains were buried in 900, at Brediseworth, a town in Suffolk, since called St. Edmund's Bury, or



more commonly Bury. Subsequently, in 1010, they were translated to London, Suffolk being infested by the predatory incursions of the Danes ; but about eleven years afterwards, they were removed to their ancient place of interment, and Canute erected a stately monastery and church, in which the saint's relics were interred. The gifts presented at St. Edmund's tomb in succeeding ages, were of immense value ; and at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII, the revenues of St. Edmund's monastery amounted to more than 1500*l.* a very large sum in those days.

22nd. CECILIA, VIRGIN and MARTYR, was a Roman lady, who, refusing to renounce her religion, was thrown into a furnace of boiling water, and scalded to death. Other legends say, that she was stifled in a bath, a punishment frequently inflicted at that time on female criminals of rank. She suffered martyrdom about the year 225, and is regarded as the patroness of music, from the tradition that she was a skilful musician, the charms of whose melody attracted an angel from heaven to visit her !

23rd. CLEMENT I., Bishop of ROME and MARTYR, who is mentioned in Phil. iv. v. 3., was a Roman by birth, and a zealous co-adjutor of the apostles. He held the See of Rome for about fifteen years, from the year 64 or 65 to 81, according to some accounts, though others state that he suffered martyrdom about the year 100, in the reign of the Emperor Trajan. Clement was sentenced to work in the quarries, and afterwards was drowned in the sea, an anchor being fastened round his neck. Several pieces are ascribed to Clement ; but what is called his first epistle to the Corinthians, is the only one that is considered genuine. The 23rd of November was one of the four ancient quarterly days for the payment of rent, under the title of Old Martinmas. In some parts of England, rents are still made payable on this day.

25th. CATHERINE, VIRGIN and MARTYR, was born at Alexandria, and received a liberal education. About the year 305, she was converted to christianity, which she afterwards professed with the utmost intrepidity, openly reproving the pagans, and rebuking the emperor Maxentius to his face, for his flagrant acts of tyranny and oppression. After she had been racked and tortured with four sharp-cutting wheels, she was beheaded about the year 310. The peculiar wheel, termed Catherine Wheel, derives its name from the instrument of her torture.

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### COURTSHIP.

On this hint I spake.

OTHELLO.

I've been thinking, quoth He,  
You've been thinking, quoth She,

Of who, Sir ?

Of marriage, quoth He,  
Of marriage ! quoth She,

What, you, Sir ?

Aye, in earnest, quoth He,  
What in earnest, quoth She,

But why, Sir ?

I'm so lonely, quoth He,  
Are you lonely ? quoth She,

So am I, Sir.

## CANNIBAL CONSIDERATIONS.

How absurd people are in their notions of eating and drinking! they are quite as prejudiced and illiberal as they are about their religion; and, in fact, seem to have made it part of their religion to be extravagant in their tastes; but as we christians are under no religious restrictions in eating, I think it the height of folly to retain any personal prejudices. If I were to ask a few friends to dinner, and serve them up a nice fricasee of rats, fed upon my own wheat and barley in my own granary; the head and shoulders of a pug that had been fed on biscuit and roast chicken; a puppy pie, from a genuine litter of my beautiful lady setter, who has tasted nothing but oatmeal and milk since last shooting season; and a haunch of my boy Tommy's donkey, killed at the same time as the stag, after the hard chase last Tuesday, what possible objection, not founded on prejudice, could any body offer? Eat a dog do you say? yes I do, they eat wolves in Italy. Eat a rat? why not a rat as well as a rabbit? don't you eat snipes as well as woodcocks, the size is all the difference; puppy pie must be as good as veal pie, or lambs' tail pie—both excellent. We eat eels, and viper broth is a specific in consumption, why not eat vipers stewed or spitchcocked? Depend upon't we are narrow-minded in our culinary ideas.

To repasting upon ladies and gentlemen, usually termed cannibalism, I had long a considerable disinclination, but although my practice in that particular branch of my *métier d'homme de bouche* has been rather theoretical than practical, I am free to confess that my ideas are much more liberal than formerly. Objections to a manly or feminine diet, and the vulgar, superstitious repugnance to a body no longer in a state of bodily existence spring from ignorance, and have their resting place in our imaginations. This flesh which we are so chary of in what does it differ from that of bees and the woolly breeders of Exmoor? if you prick us do we not bleed? knock us on the head do we not swoon? cut our throats do we not die? salt us do we not keep? or spare the seasoning do we not decay? can a child grow to be a man, or a man protract his animal existence otherwise than as other animals grow and exist?

“Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,” and nobody cares about the matter; you may arrest a man for a trifling debt, break his heart and his wife's, ruin

his business, and starve his family; you may run away with a man's wife or daughter, after borrowing his money, and cheating him at cards; you may shoot him in a duel, or kill him in a mob; you may swear away his life at the Old Bailey, and see him hanged before your face, but—you must not set an *incisor* upon a muscular fibre of him. State this proposition to an inhabitant of the Dogstar, or the Georgium Sidus, and he will either pity you for your prejudices, or laugh at you for your absurdity.

As to the respect that people talk of for the bodies of their departed friends, consider it soberly, and it is absurd and ridiculous. If there be a choice in any thing it must be in churchyards, and if I am to be buried in a churchyard, let it be in a nice, clean, rural, rustic parish in Hertfordshire, where I can lie in a bed of chalk as nice and white as any linen that ever was bleached in Coleraine, or sold at the top of Cross-Street, in Barnstaple; but these are the delicacies of an unsound mind; what can it signify to a man whether he is buried, or burnt, or swallowed? Sooner or later the component parts of this body will resolve themselves into more elementary principles, and the process by which this is accomplished should be a matter of little interest to the living, for it is of none to him who has ceased to live; to him it is indifferent whether the means be tedious or brief, the road long or short, straight or winding, wide or narrow, plain or rough, his monument may be in Westminster Abbey, but his grave may be dignified or debased, in the abyss of an earthquake, or the explosion of a volcano; in the ocean, or on the earth, the food of fishes, or the prey of beasts and birds, what is it, what can it be to him? how can we better show our esteem and regard for our fellow creatures than by dedicating our own persons to their memory, and becoming their living monuments, and converting them into our own peculiar structure.\*

But my opinions on this point would not lead me into an indiscriminate practice. I by no means inculcate the propriety of consuming, for instance, a person who has been the victim either of malady, or medical mis-management, and

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\* Without assigning any particular age for the purpose, when a man has become very old, his relations collect about him and immolate him, as well as several victims from their flock. The flesh of ALL the victims is then cooked for the feast which follows. This death is considered as the happiest of any. Those who die of disease do not serve for the festival, but are buried with lamentations that they did not live long enough to be sacrificed.

HERODOTUS'S ACCOUNT OF THE MASSAGETES, A SCYTHIAN TRIBE.

that for many obvious considerations ; but there are plenty of cases to be met with affording every facility and propriety for the purpose. A coachman, for instance, slips from his box, and the wheel passes over his head : a carpenter, or a tiler falls from the roof of a house : love or liquor involves two young fools in a duel, and one or both fall : a robber cuts a rich rogue's throat, and war ! glorious war ! what opportunities does war afford ! but no ! the coachman, the carpenter, the tiler, the duellists, the rich man, all are buried, the robber is hung in chains to feed crows, and the miserable human blood-hounds die of fatigue and *hunger* in a *biouac* on the field of battle ! but we must end melodiously—

### Elegy

ON THE ~~Death~~ OF LESBIA ;

*After the manner of Tibullus, and Propertius.*

#### I.

Oh cruel death ! why couldst thou not have stay'd  
Thy fatal shaft \* from lovely Lesbia's life ;  
Why rob my arms of Nature's fairest maid,  
And leave her only to her lover's knife !

#### II.

Now till my earthly pilgrimage is o'er,  
Our parted spirits mourn the harsh decree ;  
But earth, nor man shall part our bodies more,  
*My own* before, *MYSELF* she now shall be.

#### III.

No ! that fond bosom's fonder heart I'll seek,  
And death's dividing hand I'll still defy ;  
Feed on the damask richness of that cheek,  
And drink the lambent lustre of that eye.

#### IV.

Lesbia ! for *THEE* no more *my* pulses beat,  
Thy life-stream swells thy lover's veins, sweet maid !  
Thy earthly essence and thy lover's meet  
To form *one* BEING faithful to thy shade. VAMPIRE.

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\* Poetically. The young lady was shot through the heart, at a review, by a Local Militia man, who had forgot to "return ramrods," as Sir David Dundas used to say.

ELEANOR,

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL EYES.

(CONTINUATION OF SOPHIA, OR, THE BLIND GIRL.)

*Recital of Henry P——, at 35 years of age.*

FIVE years glided away and I had not forgotten Sophia : no idea of happiness, unconnected with her, presented itself to my mind, no other woman had ever made an impression strong enough to efface the image of the interesting blind girl. The same sentiments were also felt by Charles, he was just as enthusiastic in his letters afterwards, as in the one he had written to announce his marriage to me. There was a something very singular to me in this correspondence ; if his letters were delayed longer than usual, I felt an extreme impatience for their arrival, the idea pursued me without cessation ; I sent to the post-office before it was opened, and was in a very ill humour if there were no letter for me ; and when one was brought I could not find resolution to read it, and left it unopened for days ; the colour of the seal assured me that Sophia still lived, and it seemed as if that were all I had any desire to ascertain ; when at length, ashamed of my weakness, I had sufficient courage to open it, after reading a few lines I threw it from me in a pet, exclaiming, " Sophia, always Sophia, I am the most happy of men," for ever this phrase ! well, so much the better ! I know the rest, the paper is full of it : has he nothing else to write about ? yet, if he had not spoken of Sophia and his happiness, I should have been much more displeased.

Fatigued at length with these contradictions, and the useless constancy of those sentiments which embittered my life, I sought to persuade myself that they existed more in my imagination, than my heart. How is it possible, I thought, that I can love a woman so passionately, to whom, but for one short hour, I am a total stranger ? an amiable woman tis true ; but deprived, notwithstanding, of those magic mirrors which reflect all the movements of the soul, where the lover or the husband may read how fondly they are beloved, without the aid of speech ; no, no, Charles cannot be so happy as he pretends he is, and perhaps I ought rather to pity than to envy him. Of how many plea-

sure does this infirmity of his wife deprive him ; what a melancholy obscurity must they feel, never to look at each other ! never to be struck at the same moment by the agreeable and rapid impression which the sight of a novel object sometimes inspires, and of which Sophia, with all her intelligence, can form no idea, and which it must be impossible to make her comprehend. Suppose, indeed, that her other senses, so well organized by her mind and her heart, supply to her the one she has lost, may not she be deprived of some of them also ? it is not impossible she may meet with some other accident ; if, for instance, she become deaf, what means of communication will then remain for her ? at all events Sophia, like every one else, must become old ; the freshness of youth and personal charms being flown, her heavenly countenance will lose its expression, her enchanting smile will be nothing but a grimace, and the eye which when all other beauty is gone, gives, by its expression, some idea of what it has once been, alas ! that sole surviving feature she has not. In age the loss will be doubly felt, and an increase of years will shew more in her than any other woman, whilst, unfortunately, *for her* nothing will become old, and if her heart retain its youthful feelings (which too often happens) she will know the torment of still loving and being no longer beloved in return ; she will attribute perhaps to indifference the coldness consequent to age, and she will be unhappy, her temper will be soured, and she will render her husband miserable. No, I cannot comprehend how I ever could have desired a wife whose looks could not sometimes assure me of her love, who could never seek me in the midst of a crowd, whose looks could not follow me with regret as I left her, nor be animated with delight as she saw me returning ; in whose looks I could neither read tenderness, anger, fear, nor happiness, and where the eyes are eternally covered with a veil which love can never raise. My imagination, as may now be perceived, was setting off full gallop, in a direction quite contrary to the way in which it had been exercised. I must confess all however—I made these wise reflections on my return from a ball, where I had flown to dissipate the inquietude of my mind. For three weeks I had received no letter from Charles, and I was willing to try if pleasure, or at least noise, could not withdraw my thoughts for a time from dwelling on the causes of his silence ; for a short period I was fatigued and absent, whilst picturing to myself how much happier I should feel in the harbour, seated tranquilly by the side of Sophia, how much more her voice would speak to my heart than the gay

and noisy music which nearly stunned me; however, the air of a dance, played in a minor key, of a sudden appeared charming, a something about it recalled Sophia's hymn to my mind, I was no longer able to refrain from dancing, and looking about the room for a partner I encountered the glances of the most beautiful dark eyes I had ever seen in my life. I moved that way; those beautiful eyes followed me; on meeting mine they were lowered, shaded by black lashes, falling on a cheek of a delicate colour. In this attitude this young person recalled Sophia to me, but otherwise there was no resemblance; however, I fancied one at the time. I offered myself to her for a partner for the dance, she raised her eyes and I thought no more of Sophia: I was engrossed by my lovely partner, her eyes had an expression so soft, so eloquent, that at the conclusion of the evening I wondered how it was possible to be charmed with any thing but large dark eyes.

The next morning I did not send my servant to the post-office; but as soon as I was up, went to a friend's house to find out the name and place of abode of the beauty with the black eyes; I there learnt that she was called Eleanor de M——, and that her parents being both dead, her guardian had the management of her fortune, and wished to establish her in marriage. When I returned to my own house, a letter from Charles was put into my hand; I opened it immediately, and very peaceably perused it from beginning to end; I even smiled at the eternal phrase, "I am the happiest of men." It is well that you are, thought I, but I envy you not your happiness.

The same evening I had the pleasure of meeting Eleanor at the fashionable promenade, and when I approached, I could perceive a kind of triumph in her eyes. "You see," said she to the friends she was with, "that it is M. de P. I saw you sir at the end of the walk, and knew it to be you before any one else could distinguish you, I have so good a sight that I am seldom deceived." "If your eyes are as good as they are beautiful," replied I, "you ought indeed to have an astonishing sight." "I don't admit the beauty of my eyes," said she, laughing, "there are many much handsomer, but none better: I see every thing—nothing escapes me; I do not deny that I feel a little self love, when I discover any thing which other people cannot see, or at least but poorly; this degree of perfection in one of my senses, flatters my pride. Herschell is perhaps less proud in discovering a new world with his large telescope, than I am, when, with my eyes alone, I see one of Jupiter's satellites,

or one of the stars that composed the milky way. I sighed and smiled, I remembered that Sophia had said nearly the same thing when speaking of her blindness, and of her pleasure in vanquishing difficulties; so true is it that woman's self love ever discovers something to feel proud of. The piercing eyes of Eleanor soon read in mine the sentiments they inspired, and were not slow in telling me she was not insensible; our romance was soon concluded; I one day made my declaration in form; she smiled, saying to me, "I have, for some time ~~foreseen~~ that you would say this to me," "and have you also discovered how I shall be listened to?" said I, pressing her hand; she withdrew it not; her eyes revealed her answer; I read my happiness in them with transport, and we soon understood each other. I was a very suitable match for her, she saw that I should be so considered; neither herself nor her guardian made any objection, and we were not slow in uniting ourselves for life.

In my turn I wrote to Charles, "I am also the happiest of men, my Eleanor has the finest eyes in the world; but these eyes only see your friend," Charles answered me thus—"I congratulate you on your happiness, may your Eleanor, with her fine eyes, see as clearly as my Sophia." My wife and I smiled at this wish—we were both wrong. When you see every thing, you run a risk of feeling more pain than pleasure, and I don't know but it may be better not to see at all, than to see too much.

I have never spoken either of the persons of Charles or myself; it will, perhaps, be concluded from my silence on a subject in general so important, that we were neither of us very handsome, and the conclusion will be perfectly just; but we were neither of us plain, in fact, our features were not remarkable one way or the other, we were young and well made, stronger built than most men; Charles was tall and stout in proportion, his hair and eyes were black, and his complexion brown; his exterior did not at all correspond with his sweet and calm disposition; but Sophia judged of his person by his character, and had such an idea of her husband's beauty, as one would have of an angel; but Sophia, guessing at his personal endowments from his mental qualities, had imagined a figure realizing the *beau idéal* of angelic beauty. His figure, as I have described it, was certainly far enough from possessing the elegance of shape, transparency of complexion, and curling locks, such as painters give to angels; but these personal endowments existed in her



imagination, more prized by him than if possessed in reality. I was, on the contrary, tall and thin, my hair light, and my eyes blue; but I was not the more like an angel for all that. I had some traces of the small-pox, which at present, thanks to vaccination is so seldom seen, and I had lost a tooth by an accident in my youth. Eleanor soon discovered these irregularities, thanks to the perfection of her sight. She pretended that my nose, which I considered the best feature in my face, was not quite straight, and her fine dark eyes were partial to their own complexion, so that my poor little blue ones became the constant objects of her pleasantry.

I conducted her to a charming house in the country, where I was always in the habit of passing the summer months; yet in spite of all my care to put this sweet retreat in order for her reception, it had too much the air of not having been arranged for a lady's residence. Her piercing eyes discovered the want of a variety of things which I had never thought of. It was much worse when she saw the drawing room; this was hung with a paper of the newest and most fashionable kind; but, unfortunately it was lilac! my wife was a brunette; she pretended that lilac was so unbecoming to her complexion, that she could not exist without a yellow paper: I was consequently obliged to change all the furniture. There were many other objects which wounded her sight and taste: I never knew so decided a person for perfection in every thing. For some time I was enchanted with all this; I had a sort of respect for a taste so pure and delicate, that it could not tolerate any defect or irregularity; but there are inconveniences even in perfection; I was soon tired of it, and foresaw that if it continued, I should stand a chance of being ruined. Perfection is a fine thing, but not soon obtained; and my fastidious Eleanor was seldom content for more than a day or two. "This now is perfect," she would say after any change in the furniture, "why did I not think of this before?" but, alas! the next day she happened, perhaps, to see some account of a new fashion, still nearer perfection, and her eyes could no longer be satisfied with the one which had appeared so perfect the day before. "It is not my fault," she would tell me; "that I have so delicate a taste as to have, I must own, an aversion for every thing which is not perfection." "Aversion! my dear Eleanor, that is a strong word, and it is very unfortunate, being far from perfection myself, that you cannot change me as well as your dress and furniture." She blushed, and embracing me, replied with

much grace, "that when the heart was content, the eyes were so also; they saw no faults in those they loved, and the faults in your house are so few, that perhaps no other woman in the world would have discovered them: you know that nothing escapes me; but I wish for no change in my Henry." My Eleanor was truly affectionate and good; she had many attaching qualities, and if she had been as blind as Sophia, I do not doubt she would have made me perfectly happy. I loved her passionately, and when I looked in her fine expressive eyes, I forgave their being so piercing and difficult to please. On her returning cheerful and agreeable from her visits, I pardoned her always beginning with "my dear I have seen," &c., &c.; but at length I had great difficulty in supporting this eternal phrase with any patience. I certainly was not completely happy, but I was very near it; the happiness of Charles had likewise been mixed with a few bitters; during the three first years of his marriage, his dear Sophia had presented him with two sons; the eldest named Julian, was a very fine boy; the other, Victor, an infant of equal promise, had the misfortune soon after his birth, by the carelessness of his nurse leaving some charcoal burning near him, to be nearly suffocated, and he suffered so severely in consequence of it, that although the cares of his parents restored him to life, they, in a short time perceived that he was deaf. His mother's blindness taking away from her all communication with this darling child, redoubled the grief this accident occasioned, and poisoned all her felicity; at length God took pity on the poor child, who died in his fifth year of the small-pox. Sophia, as may be imagined, mourned him greatly; but the idea of the privations he must have experienced in his growing up, contrasted with the certain happiness he then possessed, reconciled her in time to his loss; her resignation was rewarded by the birth of a daughter, for which she had ardently wished, and whom they named Henrietta, in compliment to me.

Eleanor also was become a mother. I flattered myself that this new and tender tie would so fill her heart, that she would not seek for perfection in her infant, and with this hope I bore with resignation all the fancies her situation gave birth to; but she saw in perspective a son, which she particularly desired, and this helped to support her through a pregnancy unusually troublesome; on the other hand, a vague project of an union between Charles's son, (who was then about six years old,) and a child of mine, made me

wish for a daughter. My wife, however, asserted me so often that she was certain of having a son, that she at length persuaded me it would be the case. The birth of the infant, notwithstanding her presentiments, gave me my wish; I had a daughter who promised to have eyes as beautiful as her mother. "May these charming eyes," said I to my child when blessing her, see as much as will make for happiness! may you, my child, see as well as if you were blind; I shall call you, Sophia, and may you resemble her." Eleanor was at first much mortified in being mistaken, and having only a daughter; but this unjust and improper feeling in a mother remained but a short time; the little Sophia was too pretty, and her eyes were too much like her own, not to flatter her vanity, and touch her heart. Whenever she was complimented on her infant's fine eyes, her constant reply was, "I hope she will be able to see as well as I do." I perceived, with grief, that she exercised the sight of the child more than any other sense; but I had, too soon, other objects of inquietude. Always animated by the desire of perfection, Eleanor never thought her infant perfect enough for her taste; after having nursed her herself for two months with the happiest success, she by chance saw the child of a peasant, (a large boy three months old) and he appeared in her eyes more healthy than her little girl. By paying the woman exorbitantly, she got her to give up her own child to nurse our little Sophia, the consequences were, that the poor boy died from the loss of his former nourishment; Eleanor was very ill from an overflow of milk, and our child suffered dreadfully from the change of nurse. This, however, did not prevent her taking another, and changing her several times when she thought she had discovered a better. It was the same with every thing; she bathed the child in cold water to strengthen her, and then in warm to make her joints pliant; at one time she wanted to teach her her letters before she could speak, and at another declared she would not have her taught any thing till her ideas were formed, and all this was ever upon the authority of some author she had been reading, for it was necessary, she said, to read every work that treated on education now she was a mother; or from something she had lately seen, as it was also necessary to see every thing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PARNAGO LIBELLI.

NO. III.

WE are very quiet, and, as we said before, *eclectic* in our politics. We love and honor the King, and have a great regard for George Canning; moreover, we hate a radical worse than any thing in nature—except the necessity of turning radical ourselves. But, “touch my palate take my life.” If there be not a great alteration soon in the duties upon wines there’s no saying what may happen. We are not usually very observant of the Edinburgh Review, having a very contemptuous opinion of its vacillating principles, and even of the literary talent as recently displayed in it; but the last number contains an article upon the wine trade, which caught our eye at once, as, in fact, every thing connected with the subject will ever do; and we were struck with its merit—for novelty is a merit; and this article was both reasonable and moderate. We advise our readers to read it, or, what is better, do as we do on such occasions, send for the books (perhaps only *nominally*) reviewed, and judge for themselves.

It appears most clearly from authentic documents, that every increase of duty upon wines has been followed by a *diminution* of receipts at the Exchequer, and *vice versa*, every diminution of duty by a large increase of receipts. For instance, in 1786, Mr. Pitt reduced the duty on French wines from 7s : 10d\* to 4s a gallon; on other wines, from 4s : 6d to 2s : 6d. Would not any body suppose, that, at any rate for some years, the increase in the consumption *could* not compensate for *so great* a reduction? But the fact is, (and a most valuable fact it is) that the amount of the total receipt from excise and customs in 1785, was 642,519*l.*; while it amounted, under the low duties, to 804,167*l.* in 1790, an increase of 161,648*l.* Taking the average of the last three years of the high duties, and the same of the three years following that in which the treaty with France was made, the annual increase amounts to 88,556*l.*

New boys, mind—this is more serious business than politics—here is proof positive that we can drink Hermitage,

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\* Omitting fractional parts.

and Burgundy, and Champaigne, at the price of common Bourdeaux wine; Claret at the price of Port, and Port at the price of home made raisin or currant wine, and that all the time we are drinking we are putting more and more money into the king's pocket. Now let us ask Paley, (only he is *dead*) or Locke, (only he is near a century *deader* still) what sort of a crime it is *not* to reduce the duty on wines? first and foremost, it is an offence against good-fellowship, for which there should be no forgiveness nor benefit of clergy, in *Banco Regis*, or in *foro conscientie*; secondly, it is high treason against the king's exchequer; and lastly, it is plain that the more wine people can sell the more cloth and cutlery, calicoes and cotton twist, they can buy, so that in fact it is a mere and sheer stifling of your own manufactures. Down with the duties then, out with the long corks, and long life to the king and a wise wine minister!

We shall resume this subject in our review of Henderson's History of Ancient and Modern Wines.

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THE favorite English game of whist, or whisk, so called from the silence observed at it, differs but little from Ruff and Honours. It is supposed to have been invented between the years 1664, and 1680, for it is mentioned as very commonly known in the second edition of the *Complete Gamester*, published in the later of these years, and it is not alluded to in the first edition of the same work, of the former date. It used to be played with *swabbers*, an additional stake, which the holders of particular cards swept off the boards, as seamen clear their decks with instruments of the same name. It was formerly usual to deal four cards at a time, and to put out the twos in this game, which with Put and All-fours was originally confined to the servant's hall. About the year 1730, a club of gentlemen, among whom the first lord Folkestone is named, cultivated it scientifically at a club at the Crown Coffee House, in Bedford row. The term *loze* applied to the scale in this game by one party, when the adversaries count none, has been traced both to Scotland and Holland. The first supplies the word Luff, the hand. So many, love, so many in hand. Loof, in dutch, is the weather gage; so many on the weather gage, *i.e.* to advantage.

Certain cards also have received cant names, the origin of which has deeply exercised antiquarian ingenuity. Among these may be mentioned the queen of clubs, which is called queen Bess, as is said from the swarthy complexion of that

princess : the nine of diamonds, the curse of Scotland, because every ninth monarch has, in that kingdom, produced misfortune; not because the duke of Cumberland, on the night before the battle of Culloden, accidentally issued orders on the back of that card that no quarter should be given, since it is clear, that the name was used before 1745: for Ned Stokes, the title given to the four of spades, we are unable to assign any reason.

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On the fifth of November 1514, Mary, sister to Henry 8th of England, and wife to Louis 12th of France, was crowned at St. Dennis, the Duke d' Angouleme, afterwards Francis 1st, holding the crown over her head during the greater part of the ceremony, on account of its weight. On the sixth she made her entry into Paris. The rejoicings of the Parisians were great. The reader, it is presumed, will not be displeased at the insertion here of one of the Parisian ballads.

CHANÇON FAICTE EN L' HONNEUR DE MADAME MARIE.\*

Reveillee vous cueurs endormis

Qui des Anglois estes amys

Chantons AVE MARIA.

La Thoison d' or et le pourpris

Des Chasteaulx, aigles, et des litz

Joyra Dame Maria.

Reveillee vous, &c.

Marie fille du vrai litz

Henry septiesme Roy de pris

Prince sur tous les Princes.

Reveillee vous, &c.

Delyvreia de grans ennuy

Tout Flandres de ses ennemys,

Remontant les Eglises.

Reveillee vous, &c.

Rejoissez vous, je vous dis,

Chantez Bourgunynons tous unis

A ce haut mariage.

Reveillee vous, &c.

Car dicy a nulle foiz dix,

Ne sera ny fut au pais,

Tel paix, tel lignaige.

Reveillee vous, &c.

Nous pryions, grans et petis,

Que les Roys soient tous bons amys,

Et paix par tout le monde.

Reveillee vous, &c.

Et que en la fin en Paradis,

Noel chantons tous resirays

De voix et de cueur munde.

Reveillee vous, &c.

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\* We request a translation from our kind contributor to the History of Barnstaple. He is not less an elegant versifier than an accurate French scholar.

Louis the twelfth was in declining health at the time of his marriage. He died on the first of January following, having been married eighty-two days only.

The letter which we now offer to our readers was written by Mary, on the ninth day after the death of Louis, to Cardinal Wolsey, and will be thought a little curious, as it refers to advice which he had taken upon himself to give to the Queen, even at that early period, not to promise herself in marriage. OUR ladies, we trust, have indifferently reformed their style and spelling.

My nanne \* good Lord, I racomend me to yow and thankyng yow for yer kynde and lovyng Letter, dysstryng yow of yer good contenevans † and good lessones that yow hathe gyffen to me ; my Lord, I pray yow as my trust ys in yow, for to remember me to the kyng my brother, for sowche causes and bessynes as I have for to do ; for as now I have no nother to put my trust in but the kyng my brother and yow. And as yt shall ples the kyng my brother and hys counsell I wolbe horderd. And so I pray yow, my lord, to shew hys Grace, seying that the kyng my howsbande ys departed to God, of whos sole God pardon. And wher as you a wyse one that I shalde snacke no promas, My Lord, I trust the kyng my brother and yow wole nat reken in me sooch chylldhode. I trust I have so horderd my selfe so sens that I came hether, that I trust yt hathe ben to the honar of the kyng my brother and mesens I come hether, and so I trust to contenev. Yf ther be any thyng that I may do for yow I wold be glade for to do yt in thys partes. I shalbe glad to do yt for yow. No more to you at thys tyme but I shal preserve yow. Wretten at Pares the X. day of January 1515.

By your lowying  
frende MARY

To My Lorde of Yorke.

QUEENE OF FRANCE.

Perhaps our fair readers will be pleased with another specimen of a lady's composition ; at any rate it will gratify our more serious friends to see Anne Boleyn in the amiable light of a moral and Protestant Queen.

By the Queene.

ANNE THE QUEENE.

Truefye and right welbiloued we grete you well. And whereas we be credible enformed that the berer hereof Richard Herman marchaunte and citizen of Antwerpe in Brabant was in the tyme of the late Lorde Cardynall put and expelled frome his fredome and felowshipe of and in the Englishe house there, for nothing ells (as he affermethe)

\* Mine own.

† V, u, and w, are used indifferently.

but oonly for that that he dyd bothe with his gooddis and pollicie, to his greate hurte and hynderans in this Worlde, helpe to the setting forth of the New Testamente in Englisshe. We therefore desire and instantly praye you that with all spede and favoure convenient ye woll cause this good and honeste marchaunt, being my Lordis true faithfull and loving subjecte, restored to his pristine fredome, libertie and felowshipe aforesaid, and the soner at thisoure requeste, and at your good leyser to here hym in suche thinges as he hathe to make further relacion unto you in this behalfe. Yeven under our Signete at my Lordis manoure of Grenewich the xiiijth daye of May.

To our trustie and right welbeloved  
Thomas Cromwell squyer Chief Secretary  
unto my Lorde the Kings Highnes.

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### STANZAS.

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The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it:—and I have heard stories of the breeze that sets in when day-light is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing.

ANNE BOLEYN.

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#### I.

The fond delights of other days are faded and are past,  
My morning sun in storms is lost, and my day of life o'er-cast,  
My spirits faint—my very heart is withering in its cell,—  
For there rests on earth no one of all that I have loved so well:  
But where the foliage strews the ground, and the Autumn  
branch is bare,  
The glorious sun will penetrate, and sometimes linger there.

#### II.

So o'er the désart waste of life before me now outspread,  
At times will *others'* glittering hopes a mellowed radiance  
shed;  
I see them in their pride of youth with spirits bounding high,  
As tho' no cloud of sorrow e'er could darken o'er their sky,  
And that refreshing influence o'er half-forgotten woes,  
Is like the breeze that rises soft when day begins to close.

WALSAVLAN.



THE  
LIFE OF IPOMYDON :

(AN OLD ENGLISH ROMANCE.)

(Continued from page 87.)

IPOMYDON takes care however to leave a spy at the court of Calabria, while he journeys to his own country, where he is received with "right glad cheer" by his majestic parents. Patience and constancy are often pretty severely tried in old romances : we are next informed that they lived many years in much mirth and game, during which time Ipomydon accomplished himself in all feats of chivalry. In the mean time however matters were getting out of their smooth current in Calabria ; the natives admired their queen vastly, as the English afterwards did their lioness in petticoats, the virgin queen Elizabeth, but (still like the English) they prayed the lady to marry for the good of her people, insinuating, as delicately as could be expected in those days, that, be the incumbent of a throne male or female, it was part of the royal duty to provide for the legitimate succession of the crown. The lady was very brief and peremptory in her reply ; she would not marry—*yet*. Purposes of state cannot be so slighted, and the Calabrian barons next applied to Me-leager, the queen's uncle, whose interference was of such weight that the lady was brought to terms, and she agreed to marry the conqueror in a tournament of which six months notice was to be given by proclamation.

From this convention three things immediately resulted ; first the queen thought of nothing, neither by day nor yet by night, but this unknown squire, and came to the right romantic conclusion, that if he were the man she took him for, so doughty, and so bold,

For my sake then will he be here,  
And win my love at point of spear.

secondly, Ipomydon's spy ordered post horses, and set off full speed to tell his master ; thirdly, (and we give it in the original :)

Ipomydon in heart was glad  
When that he the tydings had :  
He called his maister Tholoimew,  
That ever was full good and true,  
And said, " sir, make us ready,  
For into Calabria now will I."

He purveyed him iij noble steeds,  
 And also three noble weeds :  
 That one was white as any milk,  
 The trappure of him was white silk ;  
 That other was red, both stiff and stour,  
 The trappure was of the same colour.  
 Black then was that other steed,  
 The same colour was his weed.  
 Three greyhoundis with him he hadde, (led)  
 The best that his father hadde ;  
 Red and white, and black they were :

Thus provided (not to mention a fair maiden besides) he took his way to Meleager's country, and ordered his tutor, Sir Tholomew to secret himself and the horses in the city, while he himself contrived to meet the king a hunting, and a curious request he made ; no less than that his fair companion should be made bower-woman to Meleager's queen, while he should hold the place of body-squire, without other fee or reward than a kiss of her majesty every time he attended her ; strange to say, his majesty immediately granted the request, seeing, perhaps, (for he was a man of penetration) that other and very different views were hid behind this pretence.

Time past very pleasantly at Meleager's court, till the six months were expired, and all the knights, especially Sir Campanys and Sir Caymys, prepared for the tourney. The king invites Ipomydon to the justing, and is answered that a squire's business is to wait upon his lady, and that tilting is quite out of his way. As soon as the tilting folks are gone for Calabria, Ipomydon asks the queen's leave to go to hunt with his greyhounds, and now his plan is becoming intelligible ; he sends Sir Tholomew to hunt the dogs, while he repairs to the tournament, on his white horse, with white armour and trappings. Arrived at the lists,

He took his spear, anon right,  
 And leapt upon his steed so light ;  
 In he came among them all  
 Through the clouds as he had fall.  
 The first knight he gan to ride,  
 With a spear that wold abide ;  
 In midst the shield he set his spear,  
 That horse and man he down gan bear.  
 Another knight he met also,  
 That his back to-brast in two.

In short they all shared the same fate, and at the end of the sport Ipomydon's old friend Jason invites him to avail

\* Clothing, horse furniture.

himself of his conquest, instead of which he reveals himself, desires his kind love and compliments to his mistress, and rides off under plea of urgent business. To Jason's earnest entreaty that he will

Come now and with my lady speak,  
Or else, I wot, her heart will break ;  
For if she knew thou went'st away,  
She liveth never to-morrow day.  
" Thou shalt, Jason, understand,  
I would not tarry for all this land."  
He took his leave and went his way.

Jason makes his report to the queen, who takes on prodigiously, but still hopes that he wont give her up quite so lightly.

Ipomydon meantime returns in haste to his post by the queen of Meleager, meeting, as agreed, with Sir Tholomew by the way, discarding his white horse and armour, and receiving the hounds and plenty of venison, which he displays at the feast, boasting that the king had not such luck in jousting as he had in hunting. At supper a king's messenger arrives with details of the tournament, in which, of course, the exploits of the white knight make a great figure. Ipomydon turns every thing into a joke, and pits the feats of his white hound against all their tilting.

The following day he plays the same game with the red armour, horse, and hound.

Fast they jousted on every side ;  
And ever looked that lady bright,  
If she could see her bold white knight ;  
But none for him could she mistake,  
She thought her very heart would break,  
A knight that day was Jason made,  
And richly for the field arrayed :  
And in the m  l  e as he fought,  
The stoutest foe he ever sought ;  
But little guessed his friend so dear,  
The knight who ever shunned his spear ;  
And let him gain on other shields,  
His spurs in this his first of fields.

Ipomydon's courtesy to his friend Jason is well repaid by his defeating every other knight, and, as before, at the close of the sport Jason invites him to seek the reward of his valour, thanks him for his considerate help in the tourney, and declares him to be without peer, save indeed the white knight the day before, but he had left the country,

I wot thou shalt be Lord here,  
 For I know none that is thy peer;  
 Save yesterday the white knight;  
 But he is out of the land dight. (cleared)

To be sure it sounds like a bull, that the man had no equal in the country but another who had left it. Again Ipomydon discovers himself to Jason, and again resolutely rides away.

On the third day he repeats all his pretences, and appears as a black knight, and finds in the field a gallant knight in red, who is mistaken by the queen for her lover in his second day's dress; he clears this up by upsetting the stranger, and leading away his horse as a prize. Then came Sir Camys, a stout knight enough, but doomed to see his horse placed by the captive red one. Sir Campanys, thinking to redeem his comrade's honor, next assailed our hero, and had the pleasure of standing in one tilt, and falling in the next, his horse also being led away. King Meleager, by this time, had worked himself into such a passion that he forgot himself entirely, and attacking Ipomydon behind his back, wounded him in the left arm with his spear. Ipomydon did not lose the opportunity of shewing his superior manners.

As thou art kind, gentle, and free,  
 Abide and joust a course with me,  
 And I forgive this villany.

The king had better have been quiet, for he lost his horse and almost had his neck broken into the bargain.

Jason's rhetoric is again unsuccessful. Ipomydon loves, and Ipomydon fights, and Ipomydon rides away.

Jason turned home full of care;  
 And when he came into the hall,  
 He told his lady what had befall:  
 "The black knight was the squire so strong,  
 That erst had dwelt with her so long;  
 And how he won her with his hand;  
 But he is passed out of this land."  
 The lady sighed so full of woe,  
 And thought her heart would break in two;  
 But yet she trowed in her heart,  
 So lightly he would never part,  
 From one for whom he ventured life,  
 With headed lance in tourney strife.

Meantime Ipomydon, as usual, is home by supper time, and amuses the ladies of the court by his usual jokes on kings and knights who go to tournaments and lose their horses, while he goes to the forest for venison. The wound

in his arm falling a bleeding, he ingeniously fabricates a story of a fall from his horse, and a thorn running into his arm. To an invitation to attend the claiming of the prize next day he gives a plump negative, and further intimates that his own affairs call him away; and he must trouble the queen for his damsel again. We know by this time that when he takes a thing in head, ropes and horses can't hold him; and next day he departs, having first disposed of his own, and his prize horses as follows:—His white horse and armour he sends to the king, confessing that he, the queen's body squire, rode him at the first day's tourney; the red steed and armour he sends to his mistress the queen; the black horse and armour to Sir Campany's; the king's own horse he sends to his lady love the heiress of Calabria; Sir Campany's steed he sends to Jason; the red horse of the other red knight he gives, with all these commissions, to his landlord at the inn, charging him to be precise in delivering his messages, and paying him forty pounds for his bill: all this the landlord does in a manner quite satisfactory to all but two of the party—the heiress of Calabria who is in despair at the loss of her lover, and swears she will never wed man, but the man who won her in the field; and Sir Camy's who swears that he will fetch Ipomydon back again for breaking the queen's bower, and carrying away her waiting woman, and so he takes horse accordingly.

In the mean time Ipomydon was proceeding on his journey, till coming to a forest, he ordered a halt for the purpose of procuring a little horizontal refreshment, dismounted, and laying his head in the lady's lap, went fast asleep. The innocence of manners in those simple times, cannot be better expressed than in the two lines to that effect:—

He laid his head on his mayden barme,\*  
And fell on slepe; he thought no harme,

Nor is the simplicity of expression less worthy of notice. Coleridge comes the nearest of modern poets; but even Coleridge cannot excel the moral and physical beauty of those two lines; but not to digress—Camys soon interrupts Ipomydon's slumbers, and another tilting match is the consequence, and however richly the poor man deserved a lesson, we think he is harshly treated. Ipomydon not only unhorses him (in both senses of the word) but (although his arm

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\* Angle-Saxon, bosom, or lap.

is broken in the fall) ties him on a miserable hack, with his face to the tail, and sends him back to court, "wilt thou n'yllthou," which is old English for *nolens volens*.

Ipomydon continuing his journey is encountered by messengers from his own land, to announce to him the death of his father. His grief, and the rites attendant on his father's funeral and his own succession are briefly described. We quote four lines to shew the antiquity of a common Devonshire expression: when a man is later than he should be in coming home at night from market, or other merry making, his careful wife is sure to send somebody "against him."

Ipomydon held forth his way;  
Full glad he was of his journey.  
He saw grete folk ADVAYN him hyde,  
The which had sought hym wonder wyde.

We wish that somebody well qualified for the task, would undertake a rational exposition of our Devonshire tongue: we seriously consider it to contain a *pure WELL* of *undefiled English*.

Here for the present we must leave off, for Ipomydon's mother makes a disclosure to him of so extraordinary a nature, that we must take leisure to devise the terms in which we shall communicate it to our readers.

THE beautiful song of *Charmante Gabrielle*, by *Henri Quatre*, is well known to most French scholars, and even to music-dabbling misses. The following, also by the great *Henry*, is less known, but equally, if not more, beautiful.

### CHANSON.

VIENS, Aurore,  
Je t'implore,  
Je suis gai quand je te voi.  
La bergère,  
Qui m'est chère,  
Est vermeille comme toi.

De rosée  
Arrosée,  
La rose a moins de fraîcheur;  
Une hermine  
Est moins fine;  
Le lait a moins de blancheur.

Pour entendre  
 Sa voix tendre  
 On déserte le hameau,  
 Et Tityre,  
 Qui soupire,  
 Fait taire son chalumeau.

Elle est blonde,  
 Sans seconde ;  
 Elle a la taille à la main ;  
 Sa prunelle  
 Etincelle  
 Comme l'astre du matin.

D'ambroisie,  
 Bien choisie,  
 Hébé la nourrit à part ;  
 Et sa bouche,  
 Quand j'y touche,  
 Me parfume de nectar.

We have tried to offer a translation, but cannot please ourselves. We shall be extremely happy to receive one.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been so much in the habit of having a parting word with our small public, that whether we have any thing to say or no, say something we must and will. One thing we can say safely, that the present number shall be the last DULL one; how many BRIGHT ones may follow it depends not upon either the public, or the present writer.

*Festina Lente* does not mean, as our correspondent supposes, *Feasting in Lent*: our opinions about eating and drinking may be very singular, but we beg to say that we keep all the facts as rigidly as any mitred abbot, aye, even the prior of Jorvaulx Abbey himself. It means that the best way of doing a thing well, is to do it coolly, or, make as much haste as you can without being in a hurry.

Z's enigma in our next.

The *Essay on Courage* also in our next, if we can find room for it; altho' it reads to us as if our own writing, especially from the meaning being very imperceptible.

The charade, by an original correspondent, shall certainly have a place in number XI or XII.

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Searle, Printer, Barnstaple.

THE  
**North Devon Magazine.**

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NOVEMBER, 1824.

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**ANCILIA.**

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**CREST.**—On a wreath a plain shield argent.

**MOTTO.**—FORTE SCUTUM SALUS DUCUM.

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SIR Richard le Forte is the traditional ancestor of the Noble Family whose crest and motto are prefixed to the following stanzas. He bore a shield before William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings. The French word Escu (a shield) being added to Forte, conferred additional honor on his name; and the motto 'A strong shield is the security of generals,' recognized the circumstance of his serving his leader to some effect on that eventful day. Two more of the family in question, as knights of St John of Jerusalem, accompanied Richard the First to the Crusades in Syria; and a third signalized himself under king Henry the Fifth, in his wars in France.

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It is reported by the Roman Historians, that in the reign of Numa, there fell from heaven a brazen or silver shield, afterwards called Aneyle, upon the preservation of which, depended the safety and ascendancy of the Roman Empire.

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I.

'Twas a legend of *Rome*, ere her battlements rose  
To their after imperial height,  
That the portals of heaven were seen to unclose,  
And a *shield* fell on earth glowing bright;  
Sure pledge to the nation, that valued the prize,  
And its lustre unsullied should treasure,  
Of an empire as wide as yon arch of the skies—  
A dominion the day-beam should measure.

VOL. II.

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## II.

So bright the *Escutcheon*, thro' ages unstained,  
 That, FORTESCUE, falleth to thee,  
 In the castled domain, where thy ancestors reigned,  
 By the laws of the gallant and free ;—  
 That buckler was lifted of Hastings the boast,  
 It was borne to the Syrian shore,  
 To reflect the defeat of the Saracen host,—  
 And was van-ward at red Azincour.\*

## III.

Yes, it hung just as bright on the warrior's arm  
 As the fabled Palladium of Rome ;  
 But the SERVANTS OF PEACE have redoubled the charm  
 Of its *argentry*—purest at home :  
 No longer a pledge of the sway of the sword,  
 Of the slave to the victor's control ;—  
 But, of Charity's reign to her sceptre restored,  
 And the gentler dominion of soul !

## IV.

Proud symbol of all we should honor on earth,  
 Mortal virtue by manners refined ;  
 In its purity type of a FORTESCUE's worth,  
 And his true love of country and kind :—  
 Bright mirror reflective of goodness and fame,  
 May the poet prophetic declare ;  
 How assured is the promise, a long-honored name  
 Will preserve its emblazonry fair.

## V.

Though it fell not from heaven, by a mortal assumed,  
 Oh ! deem not that heaven will reject  
 The device of that shield by compassion illumed,  
 That is raised like its own—to protect : †  
 O'er the daring escutcheons of mortal pretence,  
 Be the world's glowing heraldry cast ;  
 But *the Shield of ' THE RIGHT,'* and misfortune's defence,  
 Will be blazoned the brightest at last !

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\* Azincour, or, as it is commonly written, Agincourt, is here Poetice for the wars of Henry the 5th. The Sir John Fortescue here alluded to was probably present at that gallant action ; but it was afterwards, at the siege of Meaux, that he was more particularly distinguished, and won his knighthood.

† It is almost unnecessary to remind the Christian reader how often, in Scripture, the protection of Providence is figured by a shield or buckler.

AN HISTORICAL NOTICE OF  
THE SIEGE OF MEAUX

In the Year 1421, and the events which led to it. Chiefly extracted from  
Mortimer's History of England, vol. ii.

On the 10th of June, 1421, Henry the Fifth crossed the sea from Dover to Calais. According to Monstrelet he carried over with him an army of four thousand men at arms, and twenty-four thousand archers. On his arrival at Calais, he heard that the Duke of Exeter was almost blocked up by the Dauphin's troops in Paris; upon which he sent a considerable detachment before him to the Duke's relief, and another under the Duke of Gloucester to recover certain places in Picardy, of which the Dauphin had lately made himself master. Then marching with the rest of his army, he came to *Bois de Vincennes*, and thence he afterwards proceeded to join his father-in-law in Paris. When he had dispatched his affairs there, he joined the rest of his forces in Normandy, and led them to the relief of *Chartres*, which had been for some time besieged by the Dauphin, who knowing himself unable to make head against such a numerous army, retired behind the *Loire*, the English pursuing him even to the gates of *Orleans*. Henry then investing *Dreux*, took it on the twentieth of August by capitulation, and soon after reduced *Tilliers*, *Nogent*, *Gallardan*, with other castles in the neighbourhood.

Upon advice that the Dauphin lay, with a great army, on the banks of the *Loire*, preparing for a general engagement, he marched to *Baugenci*, and taking the place, waited there a fortnight, in hopes of that prince offering him battle; but, the enemy dispersing, he turned off to *Villeneuve sur Yonne*, which had been lately taken by the Dauphin, and having recovered that place, he sat down on the 6th of October, before MEAUX, a strong town situated on the *Marne*.

The siege of *Meaux* proved a work of great difficulty: it was strongly fortified by art and nature, and provided with a numerous garrison, commanded by the Bastard of Vaurus, who had distinguished himself by his activity and rancour against the adherents of the Duke of Burgundy, whose party was then triumphantly in possession of Paris. Henry, in fact, undertook the siege of *Meaux* at the request of the Parisians, who were much harrassed by the garrison of that place. The place was invested by Henry on the 6th of

October, 1421 ; it continued to make an obstinate defence all the winter, during which, the English lost a great number of men, from fatigue, the inclemency of the season, and the valour of the besieged. The town of *Meaux* was divided into two parts, called the city, and the *Marché*, or Market Place ; the first of which was taken by storm in the winter ; but the latter was defended with infinite resolution. The Lord Cornwall's son, a youth of great expectation, and the Earl of Dorset, both lost their lives at this remarkable siege, besides a great number of other gallant officers, in two successive assaults, both of which miscarried in spite of all Henry's conduct and intrepidity. At length the garrison being reduced to the utmost extremity, after a defence of seven months, demanded a capitulation on the second of May, 1422, which Henry granted on the following terms :— " That all the inhabitants and soldiers should preserve their lives, but nothing else : that the English, Welch, Irish, and Scots, bearing arms in the place, should be entirely at the king's mercy, together with the Bastard of Vaurus, and three other officers of the garrison, and that the place, with all the neighbouring forts, should be surrendered by the eleventh of May." The besieged were obliged to submit to these terms. After Henry had taken possession of the town, he commanded these officers to be instantly beheaded ; and likewise put to death without mercy, all the English, Scots, and Irish, who were found among the defendants, with all those who had been concerned in the late murder of the Duke of Burgundy, at Montereau.

As for the governor Vaurus, he underwent an exemplary fate : the bravery of this officer could be exceeded by nothing but his cruelty ; he was wont to hang, without distinction of age or quality, all the English and partizans of the Duke of Burgundy that fell into his hands. Henry in reprisal, caused him to be hanged on the same tree which he had made the instrument of his inhuman executions, and which was thence called after him *The Oak of Vaurus*. The reduction of *Meaux* was soon followed by that of *Compeigne*, *Gamaches*, and *St. Valery* ; and Henry saw himself master of all France on this side the Loire, except Anjou and Maine, and the castles of Guise and Crotoy in Picardy ; and, to add to his satisfaction, just at this time his queen, attended by the Duke of Bedford, arrived from England ; the two Courts joining at *Bois de Vincennes*, went, soon after, to keep the Whitsun holidays at Paris, which they did with great splendor.

## THE SWANSEA GUIDE.

A SEA TURN, NO. III.

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There were three jollie travellers,  
 Zacht, Zwansea, Copprewerkes strong,  
 Like a zowie puffe of gunpowdre,  
 Blawne out of the king's cannonne.

OLD BALLAD.

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A CARD, WITH ENVELOPE.

*The Swansea Guide presents his Compliments to his Fellow-Travellers for their very attentive resignation to his Conduct both by sea and land, and regretting his present inability to accompany them in person over the interesting vicinity of Swansea, recommends the perusal of the enclosed Document, containing a discursive memorandum of reference to the Scenery and Curiosities yet worthy of their particular observation.*

Barrows, Swansea, August, 1824.

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THE views from the Jews' burial-ground, and from the turret of Swansea castle, are very beautiful; but a far more extensive one of the same description may be obtained by ascending to the top of KILVEY HILL, that abrupt and lofty slope which rises from the eastern bank of Swansea river. The view-hunter who is partial to these 'heaven-kissing hills,' will easily find his way to the ruin of a windmill which crowns the summit of Kilvey, and thence he will have a complete panoramic view of the town and bay of Swansea, the coasts of Somerset and Devon, the Land of Gower, and the borders of Carmarthenshire. When tired of this splendid expanse of sea-view, he may turn his back upon it, and look down landward upon the valley of the Tawe, and the town and VALE OF NEATH, the principal of their diversified objects being Neath Abbey, about the centre of the plain below:—this prospect is terminated by the Brecknockshire hills. Then, turning again eastward, his eye will encounter the rich environs of Britton Ferry, and Margam Park, and the more distant coast of Glamorgan-shire, thus completing the panorama.

VOL. II.

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Below the wooded\* range of KILVEY HILL, are CRYM-LYN BURROWS, the scene of Swansea Races, and over which your road passes to BRITTON FERRY. In crossing the river Neath, which is there both wide and deep, I hope you will not have to pass it in the abominable dirty little ferry-boat in which I was obliged to trust my valued person. Lucian, writing in the character of Charon, has described it in all its particulars,† and it certainly would be a disgrace to any one to be drowned out of such a penny pontoon. BRITTON FERRY is sequestered from the world; hidden from all distant points by woods and hills that enclose it on every side. These woods rise at once with a luxuriant sweep from the sea-beach up to the top of every principal eminence, uniting, in one point of effect, the utmost comparative grandeur and beauty. Below these flow the waters of the river Neath, upon the brink of which, itself embowered in deep foliage, is the villa of the late Lord Vernon, a plain square built mansion. You will not fail to remark the ever-greens upon the lawn, conspicuous for their growth and altitude: adjoining the villa is a small church, and a very secluded burial-ground.

If you stay at Britton Ferry you will find good and roomy accommodation at THE VERNON ARMS.

From Britton Ferry you can proceed to MARGAM, the residence of Thomas Rice Mansel Talbot, esq., celebrated for its beautiful woods and ruins, and one of the finest orangeries in the kingdom. In order to see the VALE OF NEATH, you must branch off in another direction, by a road which passes the corner of the villa, and you will soon come into the direct road to the town of Neath, a place of no material resort as any object in itself, but there are the ruins of a castle remaining, once the palace of JESTYN AB GYRGAN, Prince of Glamorgan. I should advise you now to drive through Neath by the village of Cadoxton, to the water-falls at ABERDULAS MILLS, and MELINCOURT a little beyond them; and proceeding farther up the vale you will be gratified by an abundance of romantic scenery of various descriptions. On the opposite side of the vale you will not fail observing KNOLL CASTLE, a castellated mansion, the seat of H. Grant, esq., situated on a very abrupt eminence, backed by luxuriant woods; it is a *shew place, a lion of no common*

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\* Amid these woods is Dan-y-graig, the seat of T. Lockwood, esq., brother-in-law to the Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

† Mikrou humin, hose horate, to skafidion, kai hapesathron esti, kai diarthrei ta polla.

*order.* Not far from this is EAGLE-BUSH, the seat of H. Evans, esq.

Returning again through Neath, on your way to Swansea, you may take a passing glance at NEATH ABBEY, a very extensive ruin, once pleasantly situated, but now the atmosphere is tinged with the smoke of the Foundry fires continually burning around it. In this Abbey Edward the second found a momentary refuge from the pursuit of his enemies, and in one of the rooms are the arms of England, and of John of Gaunt, (more properly written *Gand*) cut out in stone. The ruins that have fallen around, and the walls yet standing, will impress the beholder with a most magnificent idea of its former grandeur, and of the power of its ancient possessors.

But, perhaps, the most astonishing object upon this road, to a person who has never before been in a manufacturing and smelting district, are the Iron and Copper-works, a little more than a mile from Swansea. What language shall adequately describe the immense extent of the premises occupied by these works; the mountain of clinkers, and mixed earthy and metallic refuse of past operations, scattered about on every side of your path; the sulphureous cloud, and exhalations that assail the visual and nasal organs; the perpetual rattle and clanking of hammers upon masses of iron, and sheets of copper, and the roaring blazes that unite in annihilating the use of your ears; the mean, miserable, and pent-up-looking habitations of the work people, and the mysterious looking forms of the furnaces that rise in almost dusky grandeur through the lurid atmosphere they have breathed around themselves, poisoning the vegetation of the neighbouring acclivities, and baring the earth, as it were, through all its moist and verdant integuments, down to its red flesh and craggy bones?

Through this region also, with several inferior branches for the use of the works, flows the Swansea Canal, whose waters seem to have imbibed all the ferruginous and coppery qualities of the superjacent atmosphere.

Conspicuous above the site of these works, and on the opposite side of the road is Morris-town, a recently built village, with a population of fifteen hundred persons, principally employed in the founderies and smelting-houses.

The preceding excursion to the eastward of Swansea, ought to occupy at least three days, to do it any justice: the western tour, towards the *Mumbles*, may easily be accomplished in one summer's day; but if you go to enjoy a ramble in

**CASWELL BAY**, or, further on to gaze on the craggy pinnacles of **POLDIE QUARRIES**, you will require two at least; and **OXWICH BAY**, beyond again, will take you another.

There is a vehicle called a **TRAM CAR**, which leaves Swansea every morning at ten o'clock, for the Mumbles, and returns again in the evening; it runs the whole way, about five miles, upon an iron rail-way, (which would be more properly termed a rut-way,) and is drawn by one horse, but carries in its capacious interior an infinity of passengers. The road you travel to the Mumbles, runs parallel all the way to the sea beach curvature of Swansea Bay, and is intercepted from the sea by a range of low sands or burrows. You have, therefore, an open view of the bay on one side, and on the other landward, meadows and cornland sloping towards an elevated ridge of woodland and park scenery. At the foot of these woods, at various distances from the road, are many pleasant residences, farms, and cottages. The principal seats are **ST. HELENS**, the residence of Captain Jones, about a mile from Swansea, once the site of a castle, from which tradition says there were two subterranean passages to the several castles of Swansea and **OYSTERMOUTH**. Then there is **FYNNONE**, the residence of Col. Cameron; and near it is **RHYDDINGS**, the habitation of Thomas Bowdler, esq., F.R.S. and A.S., known in the literary world as weeder in ordinary to the ladies, of the improprieties of Shakespear, &c. &c. &c. A little further on is **THE MARINO**, one of the first residences in the county, now the seat of J. Vivian, esq., proprietor of some of the extensive copper-works before mentioned. Then there are **PARK-WERN**, the castellated mansion of Captain F. Hickey, R.N., **SKETTY PARK**, the splendid villa of Sir John Morris, (in whose park is a Gothic building, the roof supported by a central pillar, branching at the top) and **WOODLANDS**, the residence of General Wardé.

Having thus, as the poet Moore proposed on the part of Sir Walter Scott,

“ Done all the gentlemen’s seats on the way,”

I have brought you to the foot of a small eminence, a field-width or so from the road, which is crowned by the ruins of **OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE**. Oystermouth is the name of the village now lying before you, with its church and line of neat cottages in a semicircle, backed by lofty cliffs of limestone, that are terminated in the Mumbles light house. This view altogether, is one of the prettiest in the vicinity of

Swansea. Oystermouth is singular in its position under the shadow of its limestone rock, by which it is said to lose all sight of the sun for three months in the year.

The form of the castle, (built by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, and now the property of the Duke of Beaufort,) can scarcely be discerned upon this side, from the profusion of ivy with which its walls are mantled; but, proceeding a little way further, you may approach its front by means of a lane to your right hand, which passes within a short distance of the gateway. This entrance is flanked by lofty towers, and before entering its extensive interior, you may now perceive that the castle is in plan an irregular polygon, a form probably prescribed to the builder by the nature of the ground. Entering the gate, you may ramble at leisure over the inside, the several apartments of which are yet readily distinguished. The prospect from a gap in the keep over the gateway is very beautiful, and there is also a fine view of the bay towards Swansea, from a similar opening in the western wall. Time has rendered the descent of the ruined stair-cases rather dangerous, but the ascent is easy enough. Close to the castle you will observe some lime-stone quarries, which furnish marble to the beautiful manufactory of Messrs. Griffiths, and Co. Quitting the castle, I leave you to ramble at pleasure in the church-yard, and over to the village of Oystermouth. You will find civil accommodation at the sign of THE OLD MERMAID, in the garden harbour of which Inn, those who can enjoy their bottled porter and biscuit, *à fresco*, may do so to their entire satisfaction.

For any farther excursion I would recommend those, whose limbs are capable of the fatigue, to return through the village by the castle lane, and leaving the castle upon their right, continue straight up hill to the village of Newton, through which a road passes to Poldie Quarries, three or four miles distant, which having duly explored, let the traveller who has nerve enough, follow a sheep track from Poldie, round the promontory into Caswell Bay; this is a beautiful bold walk, but requires a cool head and a firm foot.

Arrived at Caswell Bay, he will find a more beautiful beach than I have seen any where else, as smooth and level as a card-table; and a grotto with three natural arches, enclosing a fountain or rock-bason of the finest water. Leaving this bay by a road you cannot well miss, you will again ascend to the village of Newton; then, instead of going down again to the castle, keep to the right over some fields,



whence you will have one of the most beautiful views of Swansea Bay, with Oystermouth Castle, and the quarries appearing to the greatest advantage in the foreground. From these fields you may continue the walk down some fields and a narrow lane to the head of the village of Oystermouth. There again instead of returning to the strand, a slight ascent, after you cross the road, will bring you out upon the Down, above the village, over which you will have a fine breezy ramble, till you come in sight of the Mumbles Lighthouse, situated upon the extreme point of land far beneath your elevated point of view. In returning over the Down you have *the reverse of the picture seen from Kilvey hill*, the entire circle of the bay from West to East. From the Down you may scramble or slide down into the village in the best manner you can; there are many paths, and *the steepest is the shortest*. If you are in time for the Tram-car it will return you to your lodgings, or hotellery at Swansea.

Such are the excursional fascinations of Swansea Bay; and before I take my leave of the pleasant party I have had the honor of attending, either in person or by precept, I shall suppose there is one among you smitten with the charms of poetry, to whom I need make no apology for introducing the following proslusion, actually written amid the pleasant scenery it endeavors to illustrate.

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## SWANSEA BAY.

### I.

THE breeze is in our swelling sails  
 From topsail gaff to mainsail boom,  
 And free our course we lay for Wales,  
 Then fare Thee well! fair ILFRACOMBE.  
 No coin have I to fling to Thee,  
 And, what is worse, must now refuse  
 To proffer even your claim on me,  
 A poet's lyrical port-ducs.  
 Thus in thy harbour's mouth I wished  
 To string my harp, but have no time,  
 The packet sails, and I am dished  
 If you arrest me now for rhyme.

One day I shall return from Swansea,  
 And, thus I pledge my promise true,  
 Some glowing strain of future fancy  
 Shall make us quits,—adieu—adieu!

## II.

Fast fadeth Devon from our eye,  
 And Oxwich comes in place of 'Combe;  
 We pass the shores of rude Poldie,  
 And list the quarry's echoing boom;  
 With nitrous grain, of fell intent,  
 The quarr'-man\* loads his rocky bore,  
 The train is fired, the rock is rent,  
 A sound—then silence as before.  
 We pass the shore of CASWELL BAY,  
 Whose charms demand a longer glance,  
 On such a beach, by moonlight ray,  
 In Propero's isle did Ariel dance!  
 Hold close in shore, the tide has power;  
 And now we round the Mumbles Light,  
 Far seen by day its lofty tower,  
 Far seen its brilliant star by night!

## III.

Now crowd all sail upon our skiff,  
 Bright SWANSEA BAY is opening fast;  
 The village white and limestone cliff  
 Of OYSTERMOUTH are gaily past;  
 Yet not unmarked, the beach beside,  
 Her lowly House of mortal prayers;  
 And near, in scorn of time and tide  
 Its verdant garb the Castle wears.  
 Along the Bay's retiring curve,  
 From oaken copse or sheltering wood,  
 Full many a mansion we observe,  
 That looks upon the salt sea flood.

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\* The Quarries of Poldie are locally known by the appellation of 'The Quarr.'

## THE NORTH DEVON

Ah ! happy they,—the dwellers there,  
 With wealth content, and spirits free,  
 To look from out their mansions fair  
 Upon their country's guardian sea !

## IV.

The bay is crosst—the port we near;  
 And lightly furl our weary sail ;  
 And welcome Swansea town and pier !  
 Though clouds betimes their beauty veil.  
 Yet shall the canopy above,  
 That seems to bode up injured health,  
 Drop like the cloud encircling Jove,  
 In Swansea's lap a shower of wealth.  
 Betimes that sulphury canopy  
 Hangs o'er the town and distant main,  
 And then the sea-breeze rising high  
 Will sweep it to the North again :  
 And while that breeze is blowing fair  
 We'll climb to yonder ruined mill ;  
 Enjoying, while we breathe its air,  
 The boundless view from Kilvey Hill.

## V.

Now have we reached our lofty watch,  
 The summer day is almost done ;  
 And wave, and wood, and headland catch  
 Soft beauty from the parting sun.  
 We stand beside the ruined tower,  
 Where mountain airs are fresh to breathe,  
 And Westward mark THE LAND OF GOWER,  
 Or turn to view THE VALE OF NEATH :  
 Description's hand may twine a wreath  
 Of beauty, but how faint her power !  
 To sketch the glowing vale of Neath,  
 Or paint the lovely shores of Gower ;  
 Or count the charms that win our eye,  
 Till BARCON MOUNTAINS bound its reach,  
 Or number grotts and caves that lie  
 Round Oxwich Bay, and Caswell beach.

## VI.

When shall we wander far from home,  
 By other hills and distant floods,  
 Nor thought to BRITTON FERRY roam,  
 To 'DULAS-FALL, and MARGAM Woods?  
 When shall we wander by the sea,  
 And CASWELL-BAY remembered not  
 By all who once have seen it be,  
 For sand-sward smooth, and mermaid's grot?  
 And that beloved—o'erflowing spring,  
 Of charms the purest, brightest, best!  
 When noon-day tamed Excursion's wing,  
 And bade the thirsting traveller rest.  
 Yes—though the passing sketch be faint,  
 And feebly flow the poet's lay,  
 Shall recollection's pencil paint,  
 On memory's tablet, SWANSEA BAY.

## A PAGE OR TWO

## OF HUMAN LIFE, AND HUMAN CHARACTER,

## FROM

*The Diary of a Religious Man of Business. Written by  
 Himself, at \* \* \* \* in — County, North America.*

Between the bigot and enthusiast led,  
 Thou hast a world of miseries to dread.

CHABRE.

## EXTRACT I.

Sunday, April 22nd.	I was at Easton, nothing material; Mr. Grun-ton preached a comfortable sermon to some, and the people gave tolerable attention.
23rd.	This day I warranted, or got a judgment for Mrs. Mary Bruff, against James Roper, and Thomas Mc Ceall; I came home
24th.	What is entered for the 23rd belongs to this day. I bought of Mr. Sharp 60 yards of linen, at 1s. 6d.
25th.	I set off after an early dinner and got down to the island about dusk, to my brother's. After breakfast Miss E. P. came here; I was not

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- thankful for her visit, and I refused to go to meeting with her.
- April 26th. I went down to Mr. John Carter's, and called to see Mr. J. S. Carter and father; then went up to friend Tobias Well's, staid all night: E. P. was not at home, thank God for it!
- 27th. After breakfast took leave of my respected friend, and went to my brother's. Called as I went home at Mr. Arthur Carter's, and paid 10s. for wintering my cow.
- 28th. I set off up Chester;—much fatigued;—got to William Jefferson's;—staid all night;—no news worth mentioning. I find my mind much confused through the multiplicity of business. Good Lord be pleased to succour me in all my difficulties!
- Sunday 29th. I went to hear friend Moose, at Church-hill, and I think he preached a great sermon, and I hope good was done; I felt some comfort, and thank God for it.
- 30th. I went from my brother's, and about dusk I got up to Capt. James Henry's, near Duck-Creek, Cross-Road;—staid all night—was kindly received. May the Lord reward their labor of love.
- May 3rd. I went in search of evidences to prove the bounds of Simpon's land. This evening I went to Mr. John Jesty, lodged at friend Little's. I feel a great deadness and dullness; I find myself much fatigued. Good Lord help me!
- 6th. I went to meeting, and it was my lot to preach, and it was a tolerable large congregation, and I felt liberty and comfort, and a love for souls; and I hope my labor was not altogether in vain. I hope God reached some sinner's heart this evening. I buried man Jesse, husband of Judy, and came home. I was much tired with Mrs. R. G. and Mary T. for their conduct. Good Lord forgive them.
- 7th. I bought six negroes of Woolman Hervey, and am to give him 100*l.* to be paid first day of May, 1793, and interest from the date. This evening I seemed to be directed to a mourner, who had been much alarmed by his dreams. I bless God

- that he seems bound for heaven—may the Lord be with him.
- May 8th. I set out for Baltimore, staid all night, and got to Annapolis about twelve o'clock. The next day I was something \* \* \* with Drunken Man, deceived by the devil and sin \* \* \*
- 9th. I got up to Baltimore about twelve o'clock at night, much fatigued and tired; I find the want of patience and resignation; may the Lord help me to conquer all my enemies both ghostly and bodily.
- 11th. I continued purchasing what things I wanted—a number of articles too tedious to mention, and a barrel of flour for Mrs. R. G.
- 12th. I am truly tired of Baltimore. We left this evening, but it was calm, and we only got down to the *Point*, and staid till morning.
- 13th. It was calm in the morning—we had a leading breeze about ten o'clock, that took us down to the *Bodkin*, where we had a smart gust, and one boat sunk, or overset; two men got safe from the *rack* to the shore.
- 14th. I got to Easton about twelve or one o'clock, where I found (all) reasonable well:—I desire to be thankful for it.
- 16th. It rained in the morning, and after breakfast I sat off up Queen Arm's to meet the commissioners on Simmond's Land. This night I lodged at Mr. John Godwin's:—I find my body weak, and my mind much opprest with worldly business.
- 17th. I called at my brother John's to get my *papers*, but he was gone from home, so I went on to Mr. Thomas Roberts, and, to my surprize, he informed me that Simmonds forbid the commissioners from meeting—O the *navory* (knavery) of man! but I will disconcert their diabolical scheme. I warned the commissioners to the appointment, and they did so, and came up.
- 18th. I met the commissioners at the appointed place, and neares time; we run one line, which stooped short of the place we had proved *the tree*, and here Thomas Harris treated me extremely ill, and I behaved shamefully in not showing more of the lamb-like spirit. Good Lord pardon my

- unwatchfulness, and grant not to forsake while I am in the wilderness.
- May 19th. We established, and put up a stone between Charles Simmonds and my brother; and then I went to my brother Vinsom's, and found him but poorly.
- Sunday 20th. I went to the Brick Meeting House. Frd. William Jackson preached from the words I was awakened under; but the words did not seem to profit, as I expect it was not mixed in faith in the hearer. I fear but little good was done. Good Lord pity the dead souls which are in living bodies.
- 21st. I set off from Wm. Jeffers—went to Court; I waited to see Mr. Robert Wright, and after he came he refused to resolve me my question. I know the cause, he wants a little *priming*; but I will strive to manage him better. I went down to the island this evening, and found all reasonable well: thanks be to God.
- 22nd. I was at home; Mrs. S. Sneed came here to settle; I wished some person present, and begged she might meet me at Mr. Samuel Blunt's; we met accordingly, and settled; and I paid her 1*l.* 7*s.* 9½*d.* which appeared to be the balance due to her husband.
- 23rd. I paid the sawyers 6*l.* and then set off for Easton; but called at queen Ann's Court, and employed Robert Wright to appear the *Action Book* against G. V. B——ton. But he need not thank me for it: may the Lord direct my course,
- 24th. I bought a frame for Mrs. Rachel Goldsborough for 6*l.* 9*s.* and had it drawn on her ground. I sent and paid Mr. Alexander Mc Calm 3*l.* for a Mr. J. Clash, and it was a dollar too much.
- 26th. At home; nothing material, only Mr. Mealy and I agreed for 40,000 bricks, and he is to take my wood in part payment. We went in Mr. S. Nicholl's wood, and counted 44½ chords, which he is to take at *his risk* hereafter. I am 3½ chords deficient, that some persons have got away.
- Sunday 27th. I was at home. Went to preaching; brother Greentree preached a very great sermon! and the Lord rendered it a comfort to my soul, and

- I am in great hope many was comforted. Friend Greentree and his wife dined here.
- May 29th. I was at home; nothing material. I order an execution for Thomas Mc Ceal, at the suit of Mary Bruff, and put it in James Nabb's hands. I find my mind much opprest with worldly cares. Good Lord support me.
- June 6th. I went down to friend Morland to get a tree to make laths; got the promise of one; came home, dined on *drum-fish*; I found myself amazing heavy; I lay down and take a small nap.
- 7th. Brother Moore preached in Easton. This evening brother Painter came; we all went over to Capt. T——'s. Mrs. T—— made a very candid confession of her short commings, and of what she wanted to make her happy. While we were here there was a refreshing rain fell. Glory be to God for it! it was much wanting, the earth was very dry. We cannot, I believe, safely say we have had as much since some time in March past.
- 15th. This day we draw'd home our burnt lime, and slacked it in the cellar, it seemed to slack tolerable well. This day I obtained leave of Mr. Wm. Hayward to get sand for my buildings. Thank God for it, I went over in the forenoon to see my (intended) rib; but I could get no opportunity of conversing with her, therefore came home; I felt somewhat sorry; but God has promised all things shall work together for good to them that love and fear God. Therefore *seem* to be resigned—the Lord's will be done. Miss E. Skinner here, she said M. T. wished to see me at Captain T——'s. I felt a fear at the thoughts of going, lest I should trifle and reproach religion. *However I went*, and got a positive answer to what I wanted to know, that her mind was S<sup>d</sup>. and I was the only person. I thank Thee O Lord for this display of thy goodness and power towards unworthy me!

END OF EXTRACT I.



## THE PLEASANT ROCKS.

Vivoque sedilia saxo.

ÆNEID I.

LET ERIN boast her lakes, let ALBYN shew her lochs,  
 Be our's dear ENGLAND's ocean-wave, beside the pleasant rocks !  
 Where mountains close the lake around, the prisoned eye will mourn,  
 But here are mingled wave and sky, fair Freedom's type and bourn.  
 The sun comes warmly off the sands, or brightly from the wave,  
 And when the noon oppressive wears, behold our shadowy Cave !  
 The sea-mew perches on the rock, or startled soars on high,  
 The vessel spreads as white a wing to summers gentle sigh.  
 With tide-swoln ripple ocean comes into our Western Bay,  
 O ! where on earth's the waterfall to match that curling spray ?  
 The stream that breaks o'er inland fall may yield a startling dash,  
 But vainly in its grandeur mocks the thundering ocean's lash.  
 Earth's tide is born a tinkling rill to dread the summer's noon,  
 But here are floods that maddening hail each orb and crescent moon.  
 From bay to bay the signal runs,—a voice from shore to shore—  
 Curve after curve upon the beach to flow for evermore !  
 Then boast no more ye western lakes, and quail ye northern lochs,  
 Be our's dear England's ocean-wave, beside THE PLEASANT ROCKS.

*The Cave, August 1824.*

## RIDDLE.

I AM ever changing yet always the same, a very Proteus as to my form, some times decorated in the most splendid manner, while at others I have not covering to hide my original nakedness. I am constant in my connexion with the established church, though not unfrequently found occupying an elevated situation among sectarians ; often do I not only accompany but also prove the guide and friend of the profane and dissolute, though it is no uncommon circumstance to see me surrounded by literary characters of the first consequence, while the virtuous and well disposed are known to consult me ere they move in matters of the highest import. Z.

## FACTS, FANCIES, RECOLLECTIONS,

AND

## OBSERVATIONS,

*En passant regardant.*

NO. II.

*Two slight Mistakes in Modern Literature.*

NO. I.

"True union of elegant taste with ferocity of conduct is less common than might be imagined; and the annals of France and Italy furnish some striking proofs that Horace's remark '*Ingenuus didicisse*,' &c. is not of universal application."  
 EDINBURGH REVIEW, NO. 80, PAGE 454.

The Latin sentiment here alluded to does not occur in the works of *Horace at all*, but in the 2nd book of Ovid's *Epistles*, *Ex Ponto*, at the 47th line of the 9th Epistle.

*Add, quod ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes  
 Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

Add, that to soften man there are no fetters  
 Of such avail as art, and the belies letters.

I may add, in passing, that the Epistle altogether is a good sample of blarney from Crim Tartary; being addressed to *Cotys*, a nephew of some Thracian king, with whom he divided the kingdom, and by whom he was afterwards killed: while alive however he was a small poet, and president of the society of *Getican Blues*, in which latter character the Roman poet sufficiently soaped him.

NO. II.

At page 407 of a work entitled "*The Bachelor's Wife*, by *John Galt, esq.*" the author alludes to the talents of Mr. Jeffrey, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; he insinuates the general want of talent among Reviewers, but cites what he calls "An excellent compendious estimate of the most cele-

brated novels and romances, by Mr. Jeffrey; one, in fact, of those articles which have established his fame as a critic," &c.

The extract begins with

"The first rate writers in this class are of course few."

Now then, N.B. *nota bene!* the criticism in question was not written by Mr. Jeffrey, *but by Mr. Hazlitt*; and occurs at the 211th page of his (Hazlitt's) "Lectures on English Comic writers." An octavo volume, published by Taylor & Hessey, in the year 1819! Mr. Galt's volume "The Bachelor's Wife," bears date 1824!

### *Authors and their Works.*

THE Heraldic motto of Lord Byron, whose works are so imbued with scepticism, was *Crede, Biron*.

The name of the Poet whose works his particular admirers alone set such value on, is *Word's-worth*.

The works of Alfieri are *all fiery* as his name.

The Poet who has illustrated Scotland, and the Scottish character, is a *Scott* by name as well as by birth.

Is it not curious that *Godwin* has published a novel entitled *Man-deville*?

### *The Useful and the Ornamental.*

THERE are two portions of a Newspaper which I always skip over, viz. *The Fashions for the Month*, and *The Agricultural Report*!

Motto suggested for *Maturin's 'Bertram,'* or *'The Pirate,'* by the Author of *Waverley*.

Le Pirato etoit jeune et beau ;  
Le travail du chemin, l'humidite de l'eau  
Faisoit languir ses yeux, et palir son visage  
Il avoit l'air doux et discret,—  
On est tenté pour le secret!

GREGOIRT.

### *The Winds.*

Some learned man in such matters has published his 'Theory of the Winds,' as follows:—

"If the first appearance of the New Moon in the East be like an imperfect eye-brow, and it remains so till it is due South, the winds will be Northerly till next Full Moon.

"When the New Moon appears at first quite erect to the Westward, the wind will be Westerly and Southerly till the next Full Moon."

I do not comprehend the theory, but the reader may, and at his leisure betake himself to Lunar Observations.

In ' *The Evening Mail* Newspaper, April 8th, 1822, is the following Case :—

LENT ASSIZES, KINGSTON, APRIL 4th. (CIVIL SIDE.)

Before the Hon. Baron Graham, and a Special Jury.

*Xerxes*, versus, *The South London Water-works*.

Verdict for Plaintiff.

In the History of Greece there is a Case,

*Xerxes*, versus, *The Hellespont Water-works*.

Defendant sentenced to be flogged and put in irons.\*

### *Speeches.*

One of the finest speeches made within the last few years, is to be found reported in " *The Globe*," & " *Traveller*" Newspaper, of June 26th, 1824. It was spoken by Mr. T. Macauley at the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society.

### *A Speaking Statue.*

The guardian genius from the sacred dust,  
Re-kindling upward, waked the quickning bust,  
Glowing from every awful feature, broke  
Disdainful life—and thus the marble spoke.

### *Kicking the Stars.*

Horace was for running his head against the stars; *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. These words are equivalent to our common phrase of "kicking the stars," which I first heard from the lips of one of the faculty.

Doctor.—Well, how do you find yourself this morning?

Patient.—Oh, a great deal better, quite another man!

Doctor.—Well, take care you don't catch cold, and you will soon kick the stars again.

The doctor did not specify what stars were to be so saluted; but perhaps in kicking, one might properly begin with *The Dogstar*, notoriously influential over the diseases of Summer.

### *The Author of Waverley.*

"THE characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women, as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. 32.

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\* *Xerxes* ordered a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, a tempest destroyed it; the great king ordered the builder of it to be beheaded, and the sea to be punished with 300 stripes, and a pair of fetters to be dropped into it.

GILFILLAN'S GREECE.

*This beautiful Epigram is not generally known.*

We pledged our hearts my love and I,  
I in my arms the maiden clasping;  
I could not guess the reason why,  
But Oh! I trembled like an aspen.  
Her father's leave she bade me gain;  
I went, but shook like any reed!  
I strove to act the man in vain,  
We had exchanged our hearts indeed!

COLERIDGE.

*Remonstrance with an untractable Stage Coach.*

Whelp of no lion, bull, or beagle,  
But offspring of an old spread-eagle,\*  
~~PARCEL-AND-PASSENGER-ABODE!~~  
How couldst thou linger on the road?—  
Or swaal out of thy way,  
To smash a neat po-shay?  
And further, by a mile at most,  
Run ' *plum* sed'†  
With your clumsy head,  
Against an innocent post?  
Which ne'er ran in your way,  
Poor ignorant! but stood still all day:  
And thro' the darkest night  
Looks ghostlily lily-white.  
'Twas very ungenteeled,  
To make your tenants feel,  
(Both those that inhabit your roof  
And those that were weather-proof)  
They had not ribs of steel:—  
But you know best—  
And so I mean to walk the rest.

*Anecdote of Napoleon.*

THE following anecdote deserves to be better known:—  
Trefort was, during sixty years, Grand Vicar of Troyes en  
Champagne; and on his decease was refused burial by his  
brethren, because he had received Bonaparte, in place of  
the Bishop, who was absent.

Napoleon on his arrival called for the Grand Vicar, who,  
being taken by surprise, had not time to shave, and went to

\* Fincharch Street, London.

† Full But.

Bonaparte with a three-days' beard. The Emperor asked him, 'if he shaved himself;' Trefort said 'yes, but he was unwilling to make his Imperial Majesty wait;' 'I see,' replied the Emperor, in a beautiful compliment to the old man, 'Que la probité n'a pas la main tremblante;' 'The hand of an honest man does not shake.'

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## CALENDAR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90.)

### DECEMBER 6th.

NICHOLAS, BISHOP OF MYRA in LYCIA, was born at Patara, in Lycia, and was raised to the episcopate by Constantine the Great. He was remarkable for his piety and charity, and was considered the patron of sea-faring men, and of virgins; the latter probably because he once perished three young women, who were in reduced circumstances, by secretly conveying a sum of money into their father's house. The Dominicans adopted him as their tutelary saint; and the Russians hold his memory in great veneration. He died about the year 392.

8th. CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY. This festival was instituted by Anselm, Arch-bishop of Canterbury, on occasion of the deliverance of William the Conqueror and his fleet from a storm; but the Council of Oxford, held in the year 1212, permitted every one to use his discretion in keeping it. Peter Lombard first agitated the question of the immaculate Conception, in 1160; and Peter d'Alva published only forty-eight folio volumes on the Mysteries of the Conception!

13th. LUCY, Virgin and Martyr, was born at Syracuse, and educated in the principles of Christianity. Having determined to devote herself to religion, to prevent the importunities of a young man who paid his addresses to her, she gave her whole fortune to the poor. The lover enraged at this denial, accused her before the Beathan judge Paschasius, of being a Christian, and after much cruel treatment, Lucy fell a martyr to his revenge, in the year 305.

16th. O SAPIENTIA. This day is so called from the beginning of an anthem in the service of the Romish Church. (O Sapientia, quæ ex ore altissimi prodisti,) which was anciently sung from the sixteenth of December, until Christmas Eve.

31st. SILVESTER, Bishop of Rome, succeeded Miltiades in the year 314, and filled the office with moderation and wisdom, until his death in 335. He is the reputed inventor of asylums, corporals, palls, mitres, unctions, and other rites and ceremonies peculiar to the Church of Rome.

ELEANOR,

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL EYES.

(CONTINUATION OF SOPHIA, OR, THE BLIND GIRL.)

*Recital of Henry P——, at 35 years of age.*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100.)

WHENEVER she came to my room saying, in a solemn tone, "my dear I have read," or, "I have seen," I groaned to myself; a paternal instinct made me take my child in my arms, as if to guard her from danger. I then endeavoured to speak with the authority of a husband and father; but the first plea I must acknowledge was soon shaken by Eleanor's tears, and when I had yielded as the husband, the mother reclaimed her rights upon her daughter, assuring me it was all for her good, and from her wish to bring her to perfection; although I was well convinced that perfection in any system of education was not to be attained. Our little Sophia had an excellent constitution, she bore, without suffering much, what would have killed most children; happily for her when she was entering her third year, a speciously written work on education made its appearance, and met with much success. The author laid great weight upon one thing, the obligation of placing a child under the care of some well-chosen person, who was never to quit his or her charge for an instant. "Parents," said he, "have other duties to fulfil, and, notwithstanding all their tenderness, are, consequently under the necessity of sometimes leaving their children under the care of servants, when one hour of bad example, may engrave a bad principle in their minds, and do them an irreparable injury." He spoke also of the result of the blind indulgence of some parents. "The interest of a mother," said this sophistical author, "is much too lovely, and will generally veil the errors of her child; that of a good governess or tutor will, on the contrary, clear their sight, and their self-love will make them endeavor to rectify the failings of the little beings committed to their charge; whilst a mother will seek to hide them even from her own

eyes." Eleanor was intoxicated with this system of education only because it was new. I could have refuted many of the arguments if I had so chosen to do, for what can ever replace the eyes and heart of a good mother; but in my particular case I thought it much better than the continual changes of my wife, and I therefore started no objection to it, only making this proviso, that it should be some years before she sought for a better governess than a good nurse which I would myself provide. Accordingly I addressed myself to the blind Sophia, who I thought the most likely person to see the best on this occasion, and she sent me one of her own *protégées*, who was affectionate, simple, patient, gay, and intelligent, I put my child under her care, with an entire confidence, only recommending that she would not accustom her to say, "I have seen," this expression was insupportable to me.

My wife returned to the world again, from which she had entirely absented herself since the birth of her daughter; she was always in extremes; I had seen her with regret give up all society, to bring an infant to *perfection*, and now I saw her, with still more regret, enter into an excessive dissipation, never absent from an assembly or fête of any kind, she had no time for domestic happiness, and instead of our morning conversations, those hours were now devoted to her pillow, after having been up the whole of the night; and, what is worse, she generally returned in an ill humour, discontented with the amusements of the evening. My poor Eleanor had hoped that three years of retreat from the world would have given to her the charm of novelty; but she who saw every thing else so well, had not perceived in her mirror, that to a female of twenty-five, three years had added no charm. Her eyes were still remarkable for their beauty; but those of young girls at sixteen or seventeen, perhaps though less beautiful than her's, were more attractive, from owing their lustre to fresh complexions, unindebted to art. If Eleanor had been a reasonable woman, she would have felt, that her powers of pleasing ran no risk in comparison. A lovely woman of thirty, by the charms of a cultivated mind, a character more formed, talents more developed, and conversation not obstructed by the awkwardness and timidity inseparable from extreme youth, has every advantage. She must not, of course, ape the dress and manner of those in the first freshness of their beauty, she must seek less to seduce than to attach, she must disdain the impression of the moment, to produce one more durable; prefer a friend to an admirer, and



having no pretensions she will be at once beloved and respected. Oh! that woman knew how much more dangerous she would be at thirty or even forty were she but to study those allurements. Woman complains without ceasing of the flight of time, and the inconstancy of man; it is, for the most part, in her own power to retain her empire over both.

Eleanor had every quality to please and attach. Her wit was original, her mind well cultivated, and she was of a truly good and virtuous disposition. If her eyes had been contented to look *only* far enough they would have been irresistible. She was as yet every thing to me, and my readers may judge, from my long and hopeless attachment to Sophia, that I was not of an inconstant character. Since my marriage I had never felt admiration for any other woman than my wife, notwithstanding which I had never been able to prevent Eleanor's suspicions; from one end of the room to the other her piercing eyes followed me, and if I but spoke or smiled with any female, she saw it instantly, and believed, or feigned to believe, I was in love with her: on our return she would rally me with bitterness or pleasantry, according to the whim of the moment; but would always boast of her penetration, and say as usual, that nothing ever escaped her. How often by the idea of seeing so well, did she see things that existed only in her own imagination. "Oh! if you were but blind," said I sometimes, "how much more amiable you would be;" but I was wrong: she would have experienced equal inquietude. It was a reasonable and calm disposition I ought to have desired for her; that was Eleanor's only want. Such ingredients are always necessary to happiness, and those who are without them are for ever committing a thousand errors. All this time however I had no reason to reproach her, but for a silly wish for general admiration: her regard for me continued the same, her head only was agitated and dazzled, her eyes alone were in movement, her heart remained fixed, and this sweet assurance made me, I acknowledge, but too indifferent to every thing beside. I looked forward to the time (too long retarded perhaps) when her own good sense must point out, that those vague pleasures, without either end or object, would bring nothing but satiety and fatigue. "Then," said I to myself, "we shall be happy, she will, with a heart such as hers, once more return to domestic comforts." With this hope I let her mix with the world with entire confidence, business, as well as inclination, often preventing me from equal dissipation: by this I, at least, gained

one advantage, that of not having a false interpretation put upon my looks and actions.

One evening on her return from a brilliant assembly, I expected, as usual, an animated description of all she had seen, with a few sarcasms upon younger beauties, and profound discoveries of the bad taste of men; but to my surprise she was silent, and appeared buried in thought; she did not even perceive a new piece of furniture, which she had long wished for, and which had been brought, by my desire, during her absence: seated in an arm chair, her head resting on her hand, she seemed to have no thought of retiring to repose. Her appearance satisfying me as to her health, I was fearful she might in some way have been offended, or treated with contempt. At length, after a deep sigh, she began, "I have seen," she stopped, blushed, and faltered. "Ah Eleanor, I breathe again, and what have you seen?" "Something quite new I think, a man perfectly agreeable!" "And who is this Phoenix?" "A stranger, a French gentleman who lives in Paris, Count Adolphus Kaunai." "He is doubtless very handsome, since you have seen that he is so perfect?" She blushed and slowly answered, "yes, his figure is good, and he has the finest eyes possible!" "I lay any bet he has said the same thing of my Eleanor." She lowered hers, and made no reply; but what hurt me the most was her forgetting to go to her daughter, and, as usual, enquire if her nurse were satisfied with her, this had, until this eventful evening, been always her first errand on her return. The next morning her eyes, less brilliant than usual, denoted that her repose had not been undisturbed; I was not by nature, given to jealousy, I have enjoyed my wife's being admired, because I saw that her vanity only was gratified by it, and mine felt elated from the same cause; I loved her tenderly, and attached a great price to being the first object in her affections, or at least to have no other rival but our daughter in her heart. I shall be pardoned therefore, for feeling some secret inquietude, and for enquiring every thing about this Count de Kaunai; what I heard of him then, and afterwards myself saw, did not reassure me. His person was certainly very fine, his conversation insinuating, and he was a great adept in flattery. He was very adroit in seizing the weak side of the ladies he wished to please; his eyes expressed every thing he wished them to express, and he had the art of appearing deeply influenced by the sentiments he sought to inspire. I learnt that few women resisted him, and that he possessed the secret

of appearing so passionately in love, as to make them fear for his life, and many had been subdued by pity, or even by fear, before their feelings had ripened into love.

I observed, without appearing to do so, that such were his manners with Eleanor. Though she was very handsome and captivating, circumstances, and her own natural character, had hitherto exempted her from being the slave of a violent passion. I was passionately in love with her when I offered her my hand; but I was so soon accepted, that I had not time or occasion to *excite* a vehement passion; mine, calmed, but not extinguished, by marriage, had more the appearance of a tender friendship than an ardent love; my wife, notwithstanding her mania for perfection, loved me, and repulsed rather than encouraged the love of any other, during the two first years of our union; from the moment she became a mother, she devoted herself entirely to her child, occupying herself with systems of education, and seeing little company. On her return to the world, she was at first intoxicated with pleasure; but afterwards wounded by not being considered *very young*; and having her beauty much celebrated, and it was at the time of her mortification, that the Count de Launai attached himself exclusively to her. He boasted of his penetration, entreated her to introduce him to the society she approved;—swore that he never had met with taste at once so charming, so just, and so pure as hers; after having intoxicated her mind with praise suited to her ruling passion, he attacked her heart, by painting in energetic language, the deep sentiment she had inspired him with: moved, astonished, by a language so new to her, she mistook these sensations for an irresistible attachment: and this mistake became the more dangerous to a woman of her age, as she felt that this would be the only violent passion she would ever be likely to inspire.

“But, my good friend,” says my reader, “how could you know so much of the true or false passion of the Count de Launai, or of the sensations, or sentiments of your Eleanor? had you an invisible ring, or magic mirror to shew you their hearts?” No, I had no talisman, but the unexampled friendship of the celestial Sophia; it was this angelic blind creature, that cleared the sight of my companion, and put us in the true road to happiness.

I saw, I felt all the danger of our situation, without having the power even of imagining a means of preservation; my wife was on the brink of a precipice, and I knew no means of drawing her from it; I was acquainted too much

with the human heart in general, and with hers in particular, to betray to her any suspicions or fears. "This dangerous man," thought I, "will endeavour to detach her from me, by representing me as a jealous tyrant, or at the best a despotic husband, and will at length persuade her that she is an unfortunate victim; he will then endeavor to enveigle her into a private correspondence, and far from preserving her, I shall but perhaps hasten the moment of her ruin. I was undoubtedly able to withdraw her from her intended seducer's power, by taking her a journey; and I thought of going with her to pay Charles and Sophia a visit which had been long pressed by them. But it was not alone the fidelity of my wife I wished to preserve: I knew her principles too well to be at all doubtful of that as yet: it was her heart I wished to possess entirely; and if I tore her from a brilliant conquest at the time she was in the height of her triumph, I was fearful I should be the means of her nourishing the growing inclination, by the fancied pangs of a forced absence from its object; he would always have appeared in her imagination the same adorer she had just parted from; whereas by remaining near him, perhaps his own natural inconstancy might be the means of withdrawing the illusion. A Paris Fashionable coming into the society of a small town, has generally the power of turning the heads of all the women; they, no doubt, envied my wife her conquest, and would seek to detach him from her; and in the number of eyes forever directed towards him, he would perhaps soon discover some others as fascinating as my Eleanor's; already more than once I had observed those of the Count unusually animated on meeting the glances of a young woman, dazzling with beauty and coquetry: Eleanor who saw every thing, would, no doubt, soon perceive this, and her wounded pride would then prove a salutary medicine for her heart. But she seemed to have lost this active faculty of which she was formerly so fond of boasting. Was this owing to love? or was it vanity which placed a bandage on her usually piercing eyes? I hazarded a few jokes upon the success of the beautiful Adélaïde; she answered me quickly, that I was deceived, as she knew that the Count de Launai had too much mind to attach himself to a child that had none, and had merely youth and beauty to recommend her, as she was otherwise totally insignificant. These reflections were the result of a letter I wrote to Charles, and in which I indulged myself by opening all my heart, and ended by requesting his advice. "I do not ask for your Sophia's," said I, "a stranger to all the intri-

gues of society, and to such men as the Count de Launai, as well as to the character of Eleanor, she could neither comprehend nor assist me." But there was nothing impenetrable to such a mind as Sophia's. She comprehended that I was unhappy, and her heart burnt with the wish of restoring me to Eleanor's undivided love, Sophia totally blind, to whom a long journey must be a pain, without any pleasure to counterbalance it—Sophia accustomed to her home, and her garden, which she could traverse without a guide—Sophia the happy tender mother of a daughter too young to travel—the charming Sophia hesitated not an instant in the cause of friendship. "Henry is right," said she to Charles, "he ought to exact nothing at this time, it must be his wife that must wish to withdraw herself; and I am in hopes of being the means of her wishing to do so; who better than myself can paint the felicity to be derived from domestic life, from an adored husband and cherished children?" Oh I shall persuade her! I feel I shall!" putting her hand on her heart. "I cannot, it is true, imagine how it is possible for any other man than the father of her child, and who is one with herself—how any other man than Henry who loves her so fondly can for a moment please her: I have heard in conversation or from books it is true, of such things, and I have always been astonished at them, I should never think the heart could err in such a case, and if the eyes do, I bless God that I am deprived of mine. I am here wrong, however, for I am sure they would only see my Charles beautiful as an angel of heaven. This can only be a passing illusion of Eleanor's, she will soon return to herself; let us set out tomorrow, I warrant we shall not have been with her twelve hours before she will wish to return with us: Oh! what happiness to have her here with her husband, in our arbour, and her darling little girl. Let us go to them immediately, and leave Henry no longer in pain, or Eleanor in error." Charles was delighted with this resolution, he would not have asked it of Sophia, nor did he like to leave her: all was soon prepared, the little Henrietta was left under the care of her grandmother; Julian came with them, and let any one judge of my joy, my ecstasy, when one evening as I was anxiously waiting for an answer from Charles, I heard a carriage stop at my door, and recognized his voice, enquiring if this was my house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA.

A leaf out of Marshall's Epigrammatical Pocket Book for 1835;

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

THEIR SPECIFIC GRAVITIES

THE IMPUGNERS OF PUNNING.

I.

There's a change in the ministry under King Cupid  
I find to my utter vexation;  
My letters *all torn* might convince the most stupid  
Who doubted the Nymph's *all-tearation*.

II.

A Watchmaker who died in debt,  
Left his creditors in a pet:  
No wonderful *case*, if you stoop to pick  
His *mainspring* up—he lived on *tick*.

III.

*On hearing a person say he had a horse (hoarse) in his throat.*

When a child cries for cake it has swallowed, in vain,  
I have heard people say " 'tis gone down the *red lane* ;"  
Now a lane for a sort of a road we may quote,  
And I wonder no more at the *horse* in your throat.

IV.

We supped at *Hilario's*, and coming away,  
For lanterns to light us occurred some delay;  
When a gentleman said, who in punning delights,  
" Here are many good *livers*—but where are the *lights*."

## V.

*On observing Lydia riding in a Car.*

Single once that lady rode  
In a cart, a cart-horse load;  
Now she's married, seen afar,  
She goes flaunting in a car.

*Reply to the above.*

Though Lydia we see, since her marriage,  
No longer goes jogging in a cart,  
Becoming more exalted in her carriage,  
No pride such a *lift* doth impart:  
So no more reflections, to mar  
The macadamized road of your urbanity,—  
The lady fair that rides in a car  
Cannot surely be accused of any *Van-ity*.

## VI.

May we not lay it down as a positive rule,  
Though the worthy proprietors brag on,  
That a *Van* is a sort of VEHICULAR MULE,  
Between a *Stage-coach* and a *Wagon*.

## VII.

Walking down to the Quay we happened to meet  
A cart from the wine-merchant's drawn up the street:  
Now a pun is a quibble two meanings condensing,  
So says Tom "there's a thing that reminds me of *fencing*;"  
"Reminds you of *fencing*? your reasons impart;"  
"Why don't you perceive? there's a *tierce* and a *cart*."

## VIII.

*Goods to the amount of 40l. were stolen from the shop of Mr.  
Chasty, Jeweller, of Teignmouth.*

PLYMOUTH PAPER, NOV. 1824.

Some thieves for Chasty's jewellery lately showed their taste,  
And we must own, if he pursued, his ornaments were chaste.  
(chased.)

## IX.

*On observing that one Monsieur Hittorf was concerned in arranging the Funeral honors of Louis XVIII.*

The French have a taste for *spectacle* you know,  
And this truth will within a late fact lie,  
When HITTORF got up the King's funeral show,  
He hit off their liking exactly.

## X.

"*Carnacole* may I now," quoth a collier's bay foal,  
"Prance about for a time—I must soon carry coal!"

## XI.

How d'ye do?—pretty well; how's your wife?—very bad.  
To this news you must say you are sorry or glad;  
As far as good manners at least you intend  
To rejoice or condole with acquaintance or friend;  
*You may be a savage*—but, seeming sensation,  
If well put in words, proves your *civil-lies-ation*.

## XII.

That cats have long lives may Philosophers surprize,  
But this truth need not cause them debate,  
For their lives, I suppose, last as long as their eyes,  
And their pupils are given to die late. (*dilate.*)

## XIII.

There's a reason at least for some *conjugal* wars,  
That the fanciful reader may tickle;  
The man must look out for some *Family Jars*  
Who for life takes to keeping a *pickle*.



## THE PHILOSOPHY OF APPLE-STEALING.

Hesperidum templi custos !

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH DEVON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I believe it is not generally known, that among the manuscripts discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, there are some Fragments of the Enchiridion, or Philosophical Pocket-Book of EPICKTETUS SECUNDUS, a nephew of the great Stoic Philosopher, the favorite of Marcus Aurelius. Like his uncle, the younger Epicktetus resigned himself to the study and exposition of morals; but his mode of illustration widely differs from the sententious gravity of the Stoic school, and is more akin to what we Moderns understand by the word '*Banter*.' Instead of seizing on some abstract point of doctrine and enforcing its truth with plain and irresistible argument, or enlarging on its importance with energetic eloquence, he works the question by insinuating railery, and deals *Vice a mortal stab with the dagger of panegyric*.

Observing, Mr. Editor, some instances of this sort of argument in the pages of your North Devon Magazine, I venture to enclose you a free translation of the 14th chapter of the young Philosopher's Moral Pocket-Book; the *Argument* is APPLE-STEALING, or the Robbery of Orchards, and I think you will agree with me in admiring the truly philosophical manner in which he has handled the subject. I sometimes imagine that the writings of the author in question were not unknown to our immortal Milton; and that there is some reconдите allusion to the subject preserved in that passage of his '*Comus*,' wherein he makes the lady's second brother explain——

How charming is divine Philosophy !  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But——

——a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

I should add perhaps, that mine is rather a loose version of the original; that I have modernized the most piquant expressions; and that where the author alludes to a Tragedy

of Euripides, '*the Dunes*,' (now lost) I have substituted a parallel passage in '*Hamlet*,' a play you may perhaps have seen or read, but which is generally known and admired in London. Besides this slight alteration I have inserted the name of *Sir Isaac Newton* for that of *Archimedes*, the Mathematicist of Syracuse.

I am,

SIR,

Yours faithfully,

Barring my Signature,

FLAMEN POMONALIS.

Cheriton Fitzpayne,  
Nov. 17th, 1834.

## FRAGMENT

Translated from the Greek of Epiktetus Secundus.

## CHAP. XIV.

### ON APPLE-STEALING.

AN idea has gone abroad for many years, that *Stealing Apples*; or the robbery of your neighbour's orchard is a sin—a sort of *high treason*\* against Pomona; and accordingly it is looked upon as a low, ungenerous, and thieving irregularity, wholly incapable of any defence or extenuation: But has not this inference been drawn from prejudice, without reference to the peculiar circumstances which involve it? Let us enquire. An orchard is robbed—this is the indisputable fact—Thomson's, or Johnson's, or Wilkinson's, or Dickenson's—Brown's, Green's, Black's, or White's—Cooper's, Carpenter's, or Taylor's;† no matter whose, so it be neither yours nor mine. This is the naked fact—when the trees are stripped; the apples are gone most mysteriously! but, many-the-less, and never-the-more, they did not go by magic. The age of Chivalry is past, and a better has succeeded it; and apples are no longer, as in the time of *The Hesperides*, liable to enchantment: nor can witches any longer blight, by their maledictions, the promise of a fair cider-crop.

\* Or rather '*trees off*.'—zorra.

† These general names are synonymous with the Jullorum, Flavium, and Corneliurum of the original.

The key to this mystery is, that Orchard-robbing is an *art*. Now there is a mystery in all arts, up from the craft of a Shoemaker to the craft of a General;—from the science of vamping to the theory of properly encamping: and it follows from this general proposition, that, independent of those *liberal*\* propensities specially moving him thereto, the man who undertakes to rob an orchard must be possessed of many valuable properties and qualifications, for the successful pursuit of his profession. There may, *perhaps*, be something *low* in robbing a gooseberry bush, or a bed of strawberries, but the man who would denude an apple-tree of its rich and rosy pendants, must, of necessity, have a certain elevation of ideas. Like the poet, he will most likely be given up to lofty contemplations. Like the philosopher, he will entertain many abstract notions, and look on ‘mine’ and ‘thine’ as mere terms invented by prejudice, and honored by the ignorance of the world we live in! while to this exalted temperament of imagination he will moreover unite the predilection of the painter for the rich and golden tints of the autumnal season.

He will rival the astronomer in midnight observation, and with the wise man reap the reward of early rising: dear to every apple-stealer are the *hoary-mornings* of our climate. In his taste he will be royally legitimate, and feel a sacred thirst for those drafts of science which are hidden from *immediate discovery*. ‘The Royal Dane’ was accustomed to take his siesta in an orchard;† and he was not the last to whom loitering in that tempting enclosure has been fatal. And, *comical* as it may at first sight appear, it was in an orchard that Sir Isaac Newton discovered the gravity of the world, from the fall of an apple, which had

‘Of honey-dew imbibed a drop too much!’

There are solid reasons then for venerating an orchard: The fruits of meditation and *discovery* are there to be obtained: but not by every one, as the laws of the Decemvirs very absurdly decree. Why not, I would ask, by every one? Shall one man steal a whole *branch* of scientific knowledge out of his friend’s laboratory, or a poetical passage out of the *Iliad*,‡ (which has ever been the common property of poets) and be

\* Liberal, from the Latin *LIBER*, free—and thus, *LIBERO*, I make free.

† Sleeping within mine orchard.

My custom always of the afternoon.—HAMLET, ACT I. SCENE 5.

‡ This seems to be a hit at the *Æneid* of Publius Virgilius, Maro, &c. &c.

nevertheless applauded to the echo! while another who takes a sack or two of apples out of his neighbour's orchard, (merely to complete his experiments upon the strength of staves and hoops, or the acetous fermentation of cider) be upbraided for the *extent* of his researches, and die the victim of his *fruitless* inability.

But, independent of all these elevated views of the profession in question, should the orchard be remote or well protected, the Apple-stealer must be endowed with various accomplishments. He must be well acquainted with *fencing*, or he will be *foiled* in the outset, or rather inset, of his attempt. Nor will he require less proficiency in music, it being his continual object to produce an *effective shake*. It is almost needless to remark how often he is obliged to dance off without enjoying the Balls he goes to. Again his mechanical ingenuity will be constantly needed in detecting and avoiding the *engineeunty* of the determined man-trap, and escaping the *unseasonable peppering* of the *spring-gun*. What right, in fact, people have to set *Spring guns* in Autumn, were a question worthy of the Areopagus.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Concerning the morals of our Apple-stealers, I may remark in brief, as honorable to the character, that he is no *French*† *Cadlin* in morality. *Red-ribbed Greening* as he may be in his youth, and liable to be infected with the principles of those who have earlier broken through the laws of *Quarantine*,‡ he yet retains many of the *Pips* of virtue, that *Spice-apple* of our mortal life!

And although I cannot say much of his *Resignation*, (not having received back any of my stolen apples) I may affirm that he is a *Nonpareil*, without an equal in the graces of humility—a virtue that has ever been contented with its *Russet*||. Then his courage is as tough as the *Irish-buff-coat* that encumbers the motion of his body; and for his economy, though he rend a garment in the hedges, yet will his *Hem-mings* infallibly repair the damage. You may, if you please, call him a *Costard-monger*,§ but this would be only to shew your ignorance of a character who is often on a level with the

\* Areopagus, an ancient law court, celebrated for deciding in the dark.

† In the original. Ionia. The ancient seat of dissipation, quadrilles, and dandyism.

‡ So commonly called—more properly Quarenden.

|| Russet. Can silent glens have charms for thee,

The lowly cot, and russet gown!—OLD BALLAD.

§ Costard-monger, a dealer in apples.

*Grand Sultan*; and who, as the Greek poets would express it, rises like the cloud of night to spoil the *Glory of the West*.

\* \* \* \*

*Intertineary Note by the Translator.*

[THE Author next passes on to point out, in his peculiar and convincing manner, the great advantage of being without apples; and the accommodation arising from having neighbours inclined to rob one's orchard. He defines an apple to be a solid mass of indigestible vegetable flesh, better without than within any man's stomach; and proceeds to quote many mythological authorities in proof of its deleterious nature, beginning with the Golden Pippin of Discord which was presented to a young lady (Venus we believe) by a shepherd's boy, on Mount Ida; when Juno was too proud to regret the decision, and stalked indignantly again up into her garret, and Minerva seriously regretted ever having learnt to play the flute! He records the lamentable fate of the lovers of Atalanta, who all died of indigestion from running races immediately after dining on apple-dumplings; and is very eloquent upon the case of Hercules, whose robbery of the orchard of the Hesperides is alluded to by all ancient authors of any reputation for truth, and a strict adherence to historical veracity. He decidedly attributes the death of that hero to an attack of the Colica Pomona, the cider gout, or, as you call it in Barum, the Devonshire Cholick: although it must not be forgotten, that some authors affirm his disorder to have been a sort of rheumatism, brought on by the hero's having slipped on, when in a hurry for a shirt, a damp apple-sack, which his wife had forgotten to air. This portion of the ENCHIRIDION of my original is, however, too learned for the generality of your readers, and I therefore omit the literal translation of it, conceiving an abstract of its contents quite sufficient for all present purposes. The concluding fragment runs as follows, full of candour, consideration, and simplicity, and fully developing the design of the learned and persuasive moralist.]

Nevertheless, while I have endeavored to exhibit the weakness of those prejudices which are connected with a property in orchards, and which lead us to look upon the orchard-robber as an enemy—a *man of unsightly rind and cankered core!*—though I have endeavored to prove him both useful and ornamental as a member of society, yet I am well aware that man is too prone to envy the talents and ingenuity of his neighbour whenever those advantages approach him too closely. The fairest virtues are distorted into monstrosity by a too microscopic survey of their beauties and proportions! and I therefore enjoin my Followers strictly to keep to the sure and beaten path of the Roman Satirist. Be their motto 'SUA CUIQUE', and henceforth LET NO MAN STEAL ANY MAN'S APPLES, BUT HIS OWN!

THE SPIRIT OF  
THE NORTH DEVON JOURNALS,

FROM 1586, TO 1666.

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Quantum mutatus ab illo!

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PREFACE.

EVERY succeeding generation of mankind has made the remark, that if its ancestors could rise out of the grave to look at the alterations and improvements of the passing day, the said worthy progenitors would not be able to credit the information of their own senses—as the poet has facetiously imagined—

So vast and unmeasured would be their surprise,  
That their spectacles only would keep in their eyes.

If any one question the truth of this proposition, I only ask him to glance at the present state of North Devon, by sea and land, to look at its accidentals ‘by field and flood,’ and compare them with those circumstances by which our ancestors were so perilously environed. And that he may do this the better, I beg leave (as the phrase goes) to lay before him certain memorials of the past, being the *Spirit of the North Devon Journals*, as it appeared somewhere between the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the Restoration of Charles the Second. How I became acquainted with this representative of the by-gone time, must be buried in oblivion; like Junius, ‘I am the depositary of my own secret;’ but this much I may creditably avow:—although I live in a very secluded situation, and am not much given to entertain the scandal of the present or the past, yet I am by no means without conversation, as most conversation is, sometimes dull and sometimes lively; now and then I manage to talk to some purpose with my typographical friends, the *folios*, *octavos*, and *duodecimos*; and sometimes at the midnight hour venturously colloquize with some thin and *sheeted manuscript*,

that has risen from the deep grave of my portfolio, or the innermost recesses of my cabinet; for there is this similitude of difference, or alternation of relationship between a ghost and a manuscript, that the former is the spirit of what has existed in life, and the latter of what *may* exist in print: allow me then to lay to rest the last spirit of my literary lucubrations, which loudly called on me for publication.

PHILIP WYATT! Town Clerk of Barum, *vade in pacem!*  
I obey thy will, and print thy manuscript.

You then that have eyes to read, and understandings to ponder withall, consider well the advantages and accommodations of the life you now lead in Barnstaple. Call to mind the improvements of your native place—its convenient, elegant, and accumulating residences—your facilities and securities in travelling—your *now* unquestioned right of absence from the town for the purposes of business, or of pleasure—the acknowledged respectability of your mayor and town officers—your entire freedom from plague, plots, pestilence, and war! and bless the absence of that once grim custodier the Castle of Barum, and the gentle gibbet that civilized the *High-cross*, and *Castle-green*: and remember you have all these advantages with wheat at nearly the same price as it was in the ‘days of danger, and the nights of waking,’ the ‘Good Old Times,’ as unconscious satirists have so charitably be-christened them.

Thus much for the land, let us go upon the water. Shall we glide down to our lodgings at Appledore, and Instow, to gaze at the *evolutions* (as the French call them) of the *Murs*, and *Buculus*? or watch the white-sailed pleasure-boats that rival the seagulls on the wave? shall we dash across the bar, and visit Hartland and Clovelly, or double the dangerous cape of Morté, for the pleasure of seeing our friends at ‘Combe?’ Let us go to *Landy*, that lonely island which so many have seen, but so few have visited; let us traverse the channel to Tenby, and to Swansea, or skirt the sea-board up to Bristol, or down to the Land’s End, where Lieutenant Goldsmith has lately been pleasantly amusing himself with rocking the cradle of Druidical superstition. All these things are no sooner said than done; what the expanded sail, and the laboring oar cannot effect, the paddles of the steamer will perform.

But it was not thus in the days of yore. Other keels than English were the lords of Bideford Bay,\* and happy was

\* In almost all the older charts, Bideford gives a name to that Bay which is now laid down as Barnstaple Bay.

the residence on shore, that was free from the incursions of the Dane,\* and the Pirates.

Through all the period of the Civil Wars in England, from the reign of Henry the Third, down to the troubled time of Charles the First, *Lundy Island* was the continual resort of the out-casts of the various parties, who betook themselves to piracy as a means of subsistence; and in the reign of William and Mary, the French surprised it, and having plundered the inhabitants, retained it for some time as a privateering station. Nor was *our Bay* safer in the reign of Queen Anne, during which, the attention of Government was called off, by foreign wars, from all Colonial objects, and the commerce of Bideford suffered considerably:—the coasts being left unguarded, and exposed to the depredations of French privateers, who made such a number of prizes, that they emphatically termed it the *Golden Bay*.

EXTRACT

*From the Manuscript of Philip Wyatt, Town-clerk of Barnstaple.*

FROM A.D. 1586, to 1608.

1586,  
Feb. 24th. A GREAT muster here before my lord of Bath and others, of all the able men, with their arms, artillery, and furniture, of the hundreds of Brauntou, Sherwill, and Fremington.  
April 2nd. Corn dear:—Wheat 8s. Rye 6s. Barley 5s. 4d. per bushel.

Died Sir John Chichester, knight; also Sir Arthur Basset, at Omberly, and was buried at Atherington; also on Easter Day, died at Tawstock, Lady Fitzwarren, mother to the Earl of Bath; also the Wednesday before Whitsunday, Mrs. Elizabeth Chichester, late wife of Mr. Philip Chichester, of Tawton, and was buried at Brauntou by her said husband.

On St. Luke's day this year, there was a *Trental* of sermons at Pilton, so that divers men and women rode and went thither; they called it an exercise or holy fast; and there were some

\* The Sea-kings as they were called, were occasionally baffled by the natives, and, independent of the defeat they suffered at Appledore, in the days of Alfred, two of them, Crida and Putta, sleep sound enough, the one under Middleborough, in Croyde Bay, and the other at Puttborough, to which circumstance those hamlets are indebted for their names.



- offered as they did when they went on a pilgrimage: and the like was kept at Sherwell, to the admiration of all Protestants.\*
- December. Sir Richard Greynfield brought here a prize, laden with sugar, ginger, and hides.
1587. One Menardo of Exon, had his ears cut off, his nostrils slit, and was burnt in the hand with the letter F.
- June 13th.
- June 14th. Lord Bath and his Countess dined with Mr. Mayor; the women this year were not bidden (to the feast) wherefore there was much chattering amongst them.
- Aug. 15th. Wheat 3s. 6d. Barley 2s. 2d. Oats 14d.
- Oct. 15th. This day Lord Bath's son was christened, called *Robert*. Godfathers, Sir Richard Greynfield, for the Lord Chancellor; Sir William Mown, for the Earl of Essex, and Lady Denys for the Old Countess of Bedford.
1588. Wheat 2s. 8d. Barley 1s. 8d. Rye 1s. 10d. Oats 11d. Much afraid of a Spanish Invasion. Six ships sailed over the *Bar* to join Sir Francis Drake, at Plymouth. Two hundred trained soldiers of Braunton and Fremington hundreds viewed in Castle-green, by Mr. H. Fortescue, their captain.
- October. Wheat 3s. Rye and Barley 1s. 6d. Beef 1d. per lb. North pier of the great bridge built on wood, taken down, and re-built in three weeks on an arch,—cost 26*l*. On the Friday before Easter, 110 Fat Oxen in the market in one day, the like never seen before.
1589. Mr. Rob. Apsly, the elder, gave great charity to this town. Order from Lord Bath to constables of Braunton hundred, to provide 500 bushels of wheat, and as much butter and cheese as could be got in, to be sent after Sir Francis Drake.
1590. Wheat 6s. 8d. Assizes held at Honiton, in consequence of a pestilence at Exeter. Seventeen prisoners executed; the most part for murder.
- March. Assizes held here before Lord Anderson, (to avoid the plague) in the quay hall; a gibbet was

\* Trentals, or Trigintals were a number of masses, to the amount of thirty; instituted by St. Gregory.

- erected in Castle-green, and eighteen prisoners hanged, four of them of Plymouth for a murder.
- May 22nd. Edward Chichester of Arlington, was stabbed with a dagger, by one Gamon, a captain of a ship, and was killed.
- July 8th. Eight ships sailed over the Bar for Rochelle. Michaelmas sessions held at Great Torrington; plague raging at Exeter. The ship *Prudence*, belonging to Mr. Dodderidge of this town, arrived with a prize taken on the coast of Guinea, having in her four chests of gold worth 16,000*l.* and divers chains of gold, with civet, and other things of great value. Such a prize was never brought here before. She was brought to the quay head here, and the chests and baskets of gold weighed 320 lbs.
- 1591, Jan. 24th. The *Prudence* brought hither a prize worth 10,000*l.*\* Nineteen Nobles paid for a heifer that had new calf. Peas and beans in pods 12*d.* per bushel: Cider 3*s.* per hogshead, 6*s.* per pipe. Watchmen continually employed to prevent persons, suspected of having the Plague, from entering the town.
1592. In September, October, November, the Church thoroly painted, with divers texts of scripture written on the pillars; and the twylds begun to be painted.
1593. Chimes cost 25*l.* Because of the long drieth this year, people from Hartland came to Rawleigh and Bradiford Mills with grist.
1594. Wheat 5*s.* Barley and Rye 3*s.* 2*d.* Oats 1*s.* 6*d.*
1595. Wheat 9*s.* The two aldermen the first coroners in the town.
- Nov. 28th. Earl of Bath &c. ordered the *bills* to be changed into *pikes*; and *bows and arrows* into *muskets* and *calyvers*.
- Dec. 21st. John Norrys, a burges, brought a new charter to the town, which was read in English before the mayor and most part of the common council. Thomas Skinner, a common councilman, elected clk. of the market, according to New Charter, and sworn, &c.

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\* What, another prize? well done *PRUDENCE*.

## ODE

## ON A DISTRIBUTED BIBLE.

MAN is a passing pilgrim here,  
His daily burthen care and fear,  
And faint his smile, and dark his tear—

Yet shall he look  
For tidings of immortal cheer—  
This HOLY BOOK.

## II

Hail message of unwearied love !  
Hail Spirit, shadowed in the Dove !  
All mortal hope or claim above :  
No gloomy nook  
Of sin or sorrow, but shall prove—  
This HOLY BOOK.

## III.

Yea, all that breathe the vital air,  
Shall, by this *Eastern Star*, repair  
To worship God with offerings rare ;—  
The shepherd's crook,  
The faithful guide to pastures fair—  
This HOLY BOOK.

## IV.

Pure be the moral myrrh and gold !  
 For HIM, the Saviour long foretold ;  
*One Shepherd, known of all his Fold,*  
 Whose sins he took,  
 And kept *the promise* given of old—

This HOLY BOOK.

## V.

All Oracles were dark of speech—  
 The Moralist beyond our reach—  
 Man could not man's salvation teach—  
 All hope forsook !

Till Christ, in mercy, came to preach—

This HOLY BOOK.

## VI.

Then soared our HOPE above the cloud  
 Of mortal shade ; while through the shroud,  
 As but a veil, with strength endowed  
 That never shook,

Looked FAITH to her assurance proud—

This HOLY BOOK.

## VII.

And CHARITY, the bond of all  
 That e'er have known temptation's thfall,  
 Her invitation kind let fall,  
 Like flowing brook,  
 Soft music for the soul !—her call—

This HOLY BOOK.

O.

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It was our intention to have appended an English Translation of the Motto of this present Number ; but the ingenious Reader will discover that it may be more easily transferred into the Latin Tongue.

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*All contributions promised for this Month are, for want of room, postponed till the following Number.*

*No. XII. will appear somewhere about the last week in December.*

ED.

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Searle, Printer, Barnstable.

# THE North Devon Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1884.

ELEANOR,

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL EYES.

(CONTINUATION OF SOPHIA, OR, THE BLIND GIRL.)

*Recited of Henry P., at 35 years of age.*

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 142.)

It will be easily imagined how quickly I rushed out, and what I felt when he presented his Sophia to me saying, "behold my Sophia, your Eleanor is saved." I was so overpowered I could not utter a single syllable. "will you not speak to me Henry?" said she in her soft tone, "I know you are near, and I have not forgotten your voice." "Angel of heaven," was all I was able to utter, it was with the same words I had quitted her; she ought to have remembered the accent, for that was also the same.

Eleanor was at an assembly to which I had accompanied her. An unquiet feeling would not permit me to remain in one place; the fear of not being able to hide my displeasure at seeing the Count attending my wife; or if I succeeded in constraining myself, to have the air of approving his attentions, was what I could not bear: I sighed at leaving her, in an animated conversation with the Count, after having declined dancing again that evening. We had time before her return to converse on the subject of my iniquity, it dissipated gradually while looking at, and listening to, Sophia; it seemed to me impossible to resist her sweet manner; I saw calmness, reason, wisdom, happiness, in the form of an enchantress: she was very little altered—the same sweet smile,

the same oval face—a little fuller perhaps—her figure was still celestial; but she had a more imposing air, with a mixture of affability and dignity that at once inspired respect and admiration. Sophia was a wife and a mother in every sense of the words, and appeared the happiest of women as both. With what emotion, what pride she presented her son to me, “may he become one day yours,” said she, pressing to her bosom her god-daughter who had been brought to her, and was seated on her knee: it seemed as if my little girl knew her already—Theresa, (which was the name of her nurse) had constantly talked of Sophia to her, and when she said “this is your god-mother,” my child threw her little arms round Sophia, and covered her with kisses which were returned with extreme tenderness. “Amiable child,” said Sophia, “ah! how” she stopped, but in my heart I finished the sentence, “how can your mother leave you?” Sophia, however, after a little hesitation, terminated it differently, “how can we entertain a doubt of succeeding!” she said with an expression of confidence and virtue. “Open your eyes god-mamma,” said my little one, putting her pretty little fingers on the lowered eye-lids of Sophia, “open them and look at your little Sophy! mamma says every one must look.” I felt my tears ready to flow; Sophia smiled, and put the little Sophy’s hand upon her heart, “I cannot open my eyes, my love, I have none; but don’t you feel something which beats there?” “Yes, God-mamma, very strong,” “well my dear, there my eyes are, and there I see you.” She passed her hand over the little girl’s features, and described them exactly. “I do not well know what constitutes beauty, (said she,) but these little round cheeks, this soft skin like satin, the turn of this little mouth, the form of this little nose, please my fancy! tell me—Julian, is she pretty?” “She is prettier than my little sister, and I love her with all my heart,” said he. He was himself a lovely boy, very much resembling his mother; but she would never believe this, assuring me she felt in her heart, that he was the exact image of her Charles. We were still in the same attitude, Sophia seated between her husband and me, with my little girl on her lap, and Julian upon my knee: Charles had one arm round his wife’s waist, when Eleanor, dazzling in dress and beauty, entered. Come, (said I to her,) and see all that was wanting to my felicity, let me introduce you to my Charles, and his Sophia, with their son—all that I love in the world at present, surround me. Sophia rose from her seat, and conducted by Charles, threw herself into the arms of my Eleanor;

calling her sister, and friend. Our husbands love each other like brothers, (said she,) will you not accept me as your sister? as we have neither of us the happiness of having such a near relation, let us give each other what nature has denied us. Little Sophia holding the hand of her friend Julian, jumped round her mother saying, "see mamma, I have also a brother, much bigger than me, but so good." Charles kissing my wife's hand, also demanded her friendship. At first surprise overpowered Eleanor; but the amiable manners of my friends re-assured her; she had heard so much of them from me, that they hardly appeared as strangers to her. I believe, however, from the bottom of her heart, she would have been just as well pleased if they had remained at home. To be tied to the house by a blind friend, where she could not expect to see much of the Count, was not a very agreeable idea; but nothing of this appeared in her manner, which was all I could have wished on such an occasion. When the children had retired, such an animated conversation succeeded, that it was past midnight before our travellers found themselves in want of repose. Eleanor, although at times rather absent, was, herself, much surprised at hearing the clock sound the hour, so agreeably had time slipped away. It is true that she bore the principal part in the conversation; the amiable Sophia asking a description of the gay world which she was entirely unacquainted with; and far from turning my wife's animated descriptions into any ridicule, she seemed to enjoy, and enter into them, with equal spirit as the relater. Eleanor, at first, as I have said, rather absent, found all her vivacity return, when speaking of every thing she had seen, and which, for the present, she forgot she should not see again for some time. In truth, my dear sister, (said Sophia,) you paint so well, that I fancy I see every thing you describe—the idea of the gaiety and brilliance of your assemblies delights me, and I have no doubt, if able, I should enjoy them as much as you without fatigue, every evening, as they need not separate one from the husband one loves; the only thing I object to is, that they must separate you from your little Sophia, who, I will make any bet, is a thousand times prettier than all the women you meet with, and my Julian a hundred times handsomer than any of the men. Eleanor smiling, suppressed a sigh; she thought the Count de Launai at least as handsome as the little Julian. She then spoke of her favorite system of education, detailing her motives for it, and thanked Sophia for the excellent nurse she had sent her. Yes, (said Sophia,) Theresa does very well



for the present age of my little god-child; but soon she will require something more, never having kept the same society as her charge will keep, it will not be in her power to give her proper ideas on that subject; she will only be able to give her general principles, which will not do to act upon in particular cases, and it is in this point of view that the best instructress can never replace a mother, who, from her own experience, is so well acquainted with the society in which her daughter will be called on to move; at that time the interest of the governess generally ceases, as they do not remain with their pupils when they begin to mix with the world; in short, (said she with tenderness,) *your system, my dear sister, of not educating your daughter yourself, disconcerts a scheme of mine: I was in hopes you would have assisted me in the education of mine, and have taught her many things which the loss of my eyes will prevent me from doing.*

Eleanor thanked her for this mark of her confidence; and when we retired for the night was eloquent to me in praise of her new friend.

The next morning we all met at breakfast with pleasure. There was, to be sure, a slight shade upon the brow of Eleanor, when she arose to write a note to excuse herself from a party in the evening. Sophia, who was prepared for this, insisted upon her keeping all her engagements; she assured her that *she* should not feel one moment of ennuï with the children about her, and the excellent piano which was in the drawing room, and upon which Julian, who touched the instrument very well for a boy of his age, had promised to give lessons to my little girl. Charles and myself assured her that we could not be prevailed on to leave her: Eleanor however, was more complaisant; she yielded after a few compliments, only going later, and returning earlier. She gave all her mornings to her new friend; which the latter, by her soft and captivating manner, profited so well by, that in a very short time she obtained the entire confidence of my poor Eleanor, who suffered too much not to be happy to have it in her power to lay open her whole heart to a sensible friend, and ask her counsel. Sophia treated her with the utmost tenderness, calmed and consoled her, raised her in her own eyes, and made her feel all the horrors of an illicit attachment, and all the charms of a legitimate one; where *to love is a duty*. Her precepts were so well followed by example, she had the air of being so perfectly happy, (notwithstanding her privation of sight,) that she almost persuaded

Eleanor to be the same, though she always finished by saying, "But the Count will certainly die if he see me no more! he loves me so passionately, and only wishes me to hear him; he will certainly die, oh! if you could but see and hear him!" "To see him is impossible, but nothing can be more easy than for me to hear him, and I much wish to do so." Charles, with Henry and Julian, are going to-morrow into the country; let us take that day to receive the Count's visit"—Eleanor was enchanted with the idea, and arranged every thing with him the same evening at a party. The Count came with avidity, in conversation with a blind person for a third, was almost equal to a *tête à tête*; but he had not reckoned upon the little Sophia, who, by chance, was seated upon her god-mother's lap, during the whole time of the Count's visit; and of all things a young child being with her mother is the most inimical to a lover, who has designs against that mother. But what the Count the least reckoned upon was, that this blind woman really was able to read his heart, unravel all his speeches, and warn Eleanor, even in his presence, of the dangers of giving ear to his passion. The conversation at first was upon indifferent topics—the Count, who wished to please, and really was able to do so, made himself very agreeable; with his eyes rivetted on Eleanor he addressed many compliments to Sophia, and caressed my little girl, whom he then saw for the first time. This manœuvre rarely fails of taking effect; there is no child more noticed than that of a very interesting woman; and nothing moves her heart more in favour of the man who appears fond of her child. She is charming, delightful, (said the Count,) the very image of her lovely mother, and I love her dearly. Sophia took this opportunity to speak with frankness, which he had been all the time wishing for. You love her Count, (said she,) you think her charming, and no doubt, you think the same thing of her mother; and yet you would be their most cruel enemy, and make them miserable. I don't understand you, madam, said he, embarrassed by the turn the conversation was taking. "When we do not wish to understand, it is easy to effect ignorance; but I will endeavor to explain myself more easily:—Yes, (said Sophia with a firm and commanding accent,) you are preparing for this interesting woman, whom you say you adore, and for this innocent child, whose graces charm you, the heaviest of all misfortunes—that of separation: you wish to take from this lovely child the mother, whose delight and glory she ought to be, and prevent her from being her daughter's guide in the road to

virtue and happiness; you wish to take from her, by your seductions, her own esteem, and that of the world; and her husband's confidence. Do you think he will leave her child with her? this perhaps will be his *only* vengeance; but how terrible a vengeance! and who can blame him for an instant; does *she* who fails in a wife's duties, deserve to be entrusted with those of a parent? does *she* merit to be a mother, who can only afford a bad example to her daughter? and what will you put in competition with those pure sentiments you wish to root from her heart? a love which has been already offered to many others; and which, perhaps, only exists in your imagination; seduced by those charms of person, which tears and remorse will soon destroy; *true* love, Count, wishes for nothing, desires nothing, but the happiness of its object; it is always ready to sacrifice every selfish feeling; will you dare to say to me, that you feel this love for Eleanor? you who went to conduct her to an abyss, where her happiness, her reputation, her beauty will be sacrificed, and perhaps her life—for will she survive, think you, deprived of all these? I know, (for she has told me,) that you have made her tremble for your own life, if she disdains your passion; an unworthy and cruel threat, and of which you well know the falseness; a threat which you have, perhaps, employed a thousand times before, with simple and credulous females; you may still find too many to affright with it; but for Eleanor there is but one man in the world, and that man is her husband, he to whom she gave voluntarily her hand and heart; who loves her only, and to whom she is indebted for the first of felicities, that of being a mother. I am well acquainted with this felicity, which fills the whole soul of a woman, and for the lots of which, nothing, no, nothing can recompense her. What man in the world can, by his flattery, obliterate a child from its mother's memory; however she may be led astray for a moment by passion, nature will soon resume her rights, and inspire her with a just aversion for him who has sought to usurp them: and do not believe, my poor abused friend, (said she to my wife who hid her tears and confusion upon the bosom of Sophia) that you can ever reconcile these two loves, that you can preserve the seducer and the child, even if your deceived husband should leave her with you; your own conscience would never permit it—take your choice then; if you renounce your daughter I will be her mother—choose then, Sophia shall never be abandoned. Eleanor groaning with horror, seized her child, repulsing at the same time the Count,

who had thrown himself at her feet, with an air of the most despairing passion. Rise, sir, (said she to him with dignity,) my eyes are opened, and my resolution is taken—I shall see you no more; my child is mine, and mine only, I will never give her up, even to the perfect friend, who, by her sensible arguments, has enlightened my hitherto dark understanding; judge then if I will sacrifice her to a man who wants to tear me from her: oh! my child! to you I swear love; to your father fidelity incorruptible.

The Count rose, and leaning on the back of a chair, put his handkerchief to his eyes, either to hide his disconcerted countenance, or that he really was touched by what had passed, it is of no consequence which, as the result was the same, and that was all that Sophia wanted; perhaps he saw that with such a friend the conquest of Eleanor would be very difficult, and that Adelaide\* might not have one so clear sighted; let it be as it might, it was as well to assume the attitude of despair before two women, one of whom could not see him, and the other was too much moved to penetrate his real feelings: he took leave of them stammering out some passionate phrases about sacrifices, adoration, &c., &c., pressed their united hands to his lips, and left them. It is true that no other woman than a blind one could have held such language to a man she was a stranger to before, and in the presence of the woman he was seeking to seduce; she would have been shaken by their surprise, their confusion, their grief even; she would have, perhaps, been afraid of the ridicule of a man of the world, who could give what turn he pleased to her conversation and the scene, with an ironical smile; but Sophia, who saw nothing, dreaded nothing; and her interest for her friend placed her above those foolish and vain considerations which she might have been restrained by, had she been more acquainted with the world in general; she would then have failed in detaching Eleanor, and reducing the passion of the Count to its proper value.

As soon as he was gone, Sophia embraced her friend, and bathed her with tears: "here is your recompense my wise and courageous Eleanor, (said she giving her child to her, who gave her mamma a thousand kisses, and said to her in a sweet voice, papa and Julian will soon come back, and your little Sophy loves you so much.) Eleanor endeavored to calm herself, but could not help saying to her friend, "he will die, I am certain he will." At the end of eight days she was,

\* See page 141.

however, assured of the contrary, as she saw the Count fill of life and spirits, attached to the young Adelaide's chain, who triumphed in having taken him from Eleanor, saying to those who would listen to her, "we see nothing now of Mr. P., she is killing herself because the Count de Larnai prefers younger women—what folly to think he ever could admire—: she deserves to be undeceived." Sophia, by pouring the balm of friendship and sensibility upon Eleanor's heart, or rather upon her wounded vanity, profited by her mortification to detain her at home, and to make her in love with domestic happiness. Every hour she became more serene, more gay, more tranquil, more tender to her child and myself; she corrected all her little errors, of which no trace remained. After she had passed some months with the adorable being who spread her sweet influence upon every thing which surrounded her, Eleanor had too much feeling to boast of the goodness of her sight before a blind woman, and to be incessantly saying, "I have seen," to one who saw nothing, so she insensibly lost the habit of saying it; without speaking of it, she employed her own excellent sight in supplying that of her friend, and to soften to her the pangs and privations of blindness. "You have cleared my soul," (said she,) it is but just that in my turn I should see for you." She attached herself so much to this incomparable Being, that she could not bear the idea of parting from her; and when she was going to rejoin her mother and daughter, Eleanor recalled to her mind that she was to aid her in educating the latter. She begged me to remove from the town we inhabited, and reside near our friends. I was too happy, from this desire of my wife, to refuse any thing; I therefore sold all my property there, and took Charles's house, who gave it up to me readily, as he lived in his mother-in-law's. In short the garden, where I had first seen Sophia, became common to both our families; and the arbour, the temple of love and friendship: we met there every fine day, while our children played in the garden together. Eleanor's eyes are still beautiful, but they see no farther than they ought; those of Sophia always closed, are supplied by her excellent understanding—she is at once our tutelary angel, and the charm of our happy society.

A PAGE OR TWO  
OF HUMAN LIFE, AND HUMAN CHARACTER,  
FROM

*The Diary of a Religious Man of Business. Written by  
Himself, at \* \* \* \* in ——— County, North America.*

Between the bigot and enthusiast led,  
Thou hast a world of liberties to dread.

CRABBE.

(Continued from page 159.)

EXTRACT II.

Nov. 3rd. Our family busy in preparing for quarterly meeting; Nancy and Mrs. Trewit went to setting things in order; we killed a small hog, weight about 60lbs.

4th. I went over Risdon Downey's and took two bills of sale on their property; sent Jim an austerling (oystering) he got about 7 bushels, and cleaned them; the people getting wood.

5th. I was at home; friends Joshua Sylvester, Miss Sally, Rachel, and Polly Brown, and Joshua Kinnaird supped and lodged here; Joshua had taken a drop.

6th. Went to quarter meeting; Nancy said nobody came to dine but old Mrs. Sylvester; Nancy seemed tried. I asked about 15 persons.

7th. We went to the love-feast; had a tolerable good one, bless God, and friend Boyer preached a good sermon; and he, and wife, and Mrs. Emery, and Miss Hammond, and two Miss Harringtons, all dined and lodged here; and my cawsway broke a fourth time with the tide.

15th. Nancy went to her pappy's, and Miss Mary Thompson came here; staid all night.

24th. Friend Ridgaway and Carter, and Miss Mary Thompson, and Hesse Carter, all went away:—we have been near nine weeks, and have scarce seen the days without company being here.

Dec. 1st. My intended vendue day; there was a great fall of rain last night and to-day; did no business, only partially; sold Mike, (a negro) for 50l.

3rd. Much tried with my overseer and people for their suffering the stock to destroy my fodder.

VOL. II.

B B

1803, Jan. 9th.

I staid at home; the weather was very cold; Nancy complaining; yesterday she put a heavy cross on me about taking Naomi Osborne.

14th. Nancy very poorly, wanted a doctor.

15th. Nancy still poorly; I sent for Dr. Tilding, and went and brought Mrs. Carter.

16th. I carried home Mrs. Carter, and brought Miss Polly Thompson here.

17th. Yesterday we lost a cow, called the Bodkin cow, by carelessness in feeding with Nubbins, supposed her choaked; Dr. Tilding visited Nancy again.

19th. Still very cold, but moderated a little this evening; Nancy a little better; I have lost about three out of four night's sleep.

20th. Still cold; drawing wood and heaping brush; I went to prayer with Nancy, and she got very happy; and Miss Polly Thompson shouted aloud.

\* \* \* \*

## EXTRACT III.

1806, Dec. 22nd.

I was at home repairing and cleaning the hen house, and turkey house, and find our people has stole about half or two thirds of my dung-hill fowls, and two turkeys, and two ducks; this game they have played with me for about four years.

1807, Jan. 28.

The weather yesterday evening began to soften. The boys was cutting and drawing wood to-day.

29th. I read NEWTON on the PROPHECIES. I went to Basil Boltons to get money—got none; as I came home met the fiddle and fiddler.

31st. I intended off to Canterville, but was disappointed by rain; yesterday Nancy finished my black corded britches, and they fitted me well.

Feb. 7th. Was the coldest day this winter, and the wind blew a storm; I had ice froze to my eye-lashes by the water running out of my eyes, and the creeks froze up, and was severe frost.

20th. The boys was putting up the fence, and finished that next the windmill; bought a gound pattern 4s. per yard, 6½ yards for Nancy.

22nd. Yesterday Jim came here, ran away from Carington; went to meeting, friend Dodson preached.

**23rd.** Nancy, Mrs. Ringgold and I went to meeting, friend Dodson preached; we had a good season in class this evening; Richard Carington and V. Benton came after Jim; I acted as mediator, and made peace.

**March 19th.** Friend Thomas Jackson here, and staid all night, and met with a trial in hearing about his girls' great coats, and something Nancy said.

**22nd.** Nancy and I went to meeting, and I had to try to preach; I had hard work, however I gave such as I had, and tried to reconcile myself; we had a tolerable time in class meeting, thank God!

**30th.** I was at home all day; cleaned my carriage; John put a great cross on me, and I intend to pay him at a convenient opportunity, if I am spared.

**April 8th.** Borrowed Mr. Denny's scow, and went to Bodkin after my corn; met with a cross by T. W. telling a lie to get a barrel of corn; I got only six barrels for my share this year; may God forgive the poor sinner; got home about sun-down with the corn. This night Nancy put a cross on me, and I lost my sleep.

**May 13th.** Nancy and I dined with Mr. Denny and his wife; they were married yesterday; there was a number there religious, and some bold sowers for satan; I tried to watch and keep my garments unspotted.

**June 10th.** Mrs. Carter and Nancy making a shambro ground for Nancy; very warm weather.

**15th.** John and Steve working the corn; Lyd and I working in the garden, and I fatigued myself and worked too hard; felt very poorly.

**28th.** I went to meeting, friend Larkins preached a good sermon; but we had but a dead class meeting: I subscribed 3 dollars to buy Mr. Larkins a carriage.

**30th.** I hired three men to cut grass, Isaiah Lewis, Jacob, and Andrew, two free black men; gave them 7s. 6d. per day, and we had a gust in the evening and wet my hay.

**July Sunday 5th.** This was a day of great trial, and I had to fight John, Steve, and Dave, and I was very poorly, and felt great debility.

**18th.** Mr. Wm. Ringgold, and Miss Kemps, here to tea; we finished getting in our wheat, and this evening had another great fall of rain; about dusk Mrs. A. Carter pitched here to lay in—this was a great cross to me, and ill treatment; Lord help me to bear this and many more crosses.

**21st.** The weather still cloudy and like for rain: last night about midnight Mrs. A. Carter was laid of a fine son.



- August 8th. I was at home ; Nancy, and her brother Arthur went to the camp meeting ; the boys deepening the ditch at the road.
- 10th. The camp meeting broke up after holding ten days, and from the current report was a great time, such as never was seen before in this part of the world ; this evening Nancy and Arthur came home.
- 11th. Nancy and I went to class meeting, and we had a refreshing time, thank God ; this evening Mrs. Carter went home, she has been here better than three weeks, a tiresome time !
- Sept. 9th. Last night I had a powerful shaking ague, and perhaps the strongest I ever had.
- 13th. I staid at home—feel weak, but, thank God, I have lost my ague.
- 21st. John and Steven spreading manure ; I sent my ox-cart to help draw plank for camp quarterly meeting ; friends was very backward in assisting.
- 22nd. Yesterday begun my tent, and we begun to put up the seats and stands for preaching.
- 23rd. Finished cutting out my tent ; and it took between 90 and 100 yards of linen.
- 24th. We finished our tent, or nearly so ; friends Sparkes and Larkins lodged here.
- 25th. I went to the camp ground and put up my tent, and let it for the accommodation of preachers ; my wife and I came home to lodge at night ; we were both poorley, and Mrs. Ringgold very ill—like to die, and Lydda sick.
- 26th. Family very ill ; I went and Nancy staid ; the people behaved badly, and it seemed to hurt the feelings of the preachers.
- 27th. Nancy and I went again ; both sick all day.
- 28th. Meeting broke early ; we came home with our things.
- October 5th. We are still poorley ; but thank God for his mercy ; I do hope we are mending.
- 6th. Still some prospects of amendment ; Nancy and myself walk about the house, and eat a little. Lyda is very poorley, and Deb wants to lay up ; I thank God, for though we have been chastened it is for good.
- 7th. One cross more—this day got part of the iron work of my cart broke, drawing the plank, and was hard on me at this time, having no wood at my door, and my family sick.
- 12th. The boys pretended to cut tops, but not half work ; I

went out to hire hands, but could get none—all sick and lazy.

- 13th. I was sick, but saw I must work, or not save my fodder; went to cutting tops.
- 16th. I was obliged to thatch fodder for the first time for about 34 years; I found it a hard job of work in my weak estate of body.
- 26th. I went up to court on a fool's errand; lodged with Mr. Joshua Kinnards.

1808, Feb. 1st.

Was a rainy day; I made John and Stephen shell corn; Ned very sick, I suppose pleurisy.

- 2nd. Ned appeared much worse than he has been since he was taken last Tuesday, and was very delirious; had him bled; I thought he would die this night.

- 7th. I was at home tending on Ned, who was very poorly; we had him cupped by Mrs. Sarah Baxter, and he appears more in his senses than he has been.

- 16th. Nancy and Betsy Jackson went to class meeting; I staid at home to wait on Ned; to-day makes three weeks since Ned was taken sick, and for two weeks he has been as helpless as an infant; hard work for poor me; I expect I have not slept five whole nights out of fifteen; I am almost worn out.

- 23rd. I was at home nursing Ned; this makes five weeks since he was taken, and four weeks we have sat up with him.

March 1st. Nancy and I went to meeting, and, thank God we had a good time; I came home and had to go to fighting; whipped John, Steve, and Lyd, and Jenny and Deb for lying and stealing: Mr. and Mrs. Woolhand put a great cross on me.

- June 7th. I was at home, and made John draw some wood for his rebelling against my lawful commands; and reproved Mr. James Sneed's keeping company with negroes, and he promised to quit it.

- July 4th. There was much firing on Independence.\* I am afraid this feast is too often kept with the old leaven of malice and wickedness.

- 8th. I went to meeting; friend Randall preached, and friend Dawson exhorted; and thank God we had a good meeting

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\* The 4th of July is the day from which the United States of America date their Independence of Great Britain.      Eo.

- in Class; and a heavy cross at home; Steve broke the cart, and Deb the pitcher; I whipt Lyd and Deb.
- 17th. Nancy and Betty went to meeting, and I staid at home, and in the evening I tried to preach at Silas Leg's child's funeral, and found it hard work.
- 22nd. Nancy and Betty rode to meeting; I walked; felt hurt at being the drudge; friend Collins preached; Mrs. Deford was not suffered to stay in meeting.
- August 6th. I was much oppressed with Woolhand's stock, and must kill some of them, if no alteration takes place, to secure them from trespassing.
- 9th. It rained a light rain, and I was at home, reading the Rebellion in Spain. (British Influence.)
- 13th. Worked in the garden, I believe, and I felt very poorly by the sting of a bumble bee.
- 20th. This morning I whipt John, for many past offences, and for night-walking.

## RIDDLE.

Unless your quick imagination halts,  
Tell me, my friend, what beast shall give you salts?

## ANSWER.

A beast that on its prey doth pounce  
With sudden spring—the parded ounce.

## ON MADE WINES.

It seems that all things will produce,  
With sugar and water, vinous juice,  
Currants, or carrots—birch or spruce:  
Indeed my aunt's receipt-book tells  
How to make wine from oyster-shells;  
Of oyster-shells!—then I shall crack  
A bottle of your best *bar sack*; (bas sac)  
Or deem your punch-bowl may be fed  
With *lime-juice from an oyster-bed*.

On the note of a friend who lives by the sea-side,  
The seal was, rose, thistle and shamrock entwined,  
The flowers might be proper, but quite misapplied  
Was the *shamrock*,—since he might have sealed in his pride,  
With a *rock* that was *real*, if that way inclined.

## TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH SONG

IN NO. X., ATTRIBUTED TO HENRY IV.

*Letter to the Editor of the North Devon Magazine.*

DEAR DESCONNU,

AT page 111, No. X. of the North Devon Magazine, you dropped a card of invite for a Translation of the French song there attributed to Henri Quatri: I enclose you *three* English versions—is that enough? By the bye I suspect ‘CE DIABLE A QUATRE’ was not the author of the song; but keep that doubt to yourself, as I have no wish to raise another controversy on *Ode-ownership*;—perhaps one of Henry’s marshalls wrote it—perhaps one of his wolves. At all events the song itself is not (like the Burial Ode upon Sir John Moore\*) worth much, being a mere string of amatory common places. Yet it has one particular merit worthy our Modern Odist’s imitation: it is really lyrical—it suggests music—you cannot read it properly without getting into a tune, and that is the principal merit, or rather the essence of an Ode. There are many *poetical things* called so, but, without the foregoing quality, (begging their author’s pardon,) they are no more Odes, than Epigrams are Epics: my compliments to Gray, Mason, Collins, and Company! There are a number of passages in Greek, Latin, and English poetry, in which, for the life of me, I can discover no *characteristic* metre; wrap them up in an oration of Demosthenes, or Cicero, or a scene from Shakespear, and their *lyrical* relationship would never be discovered. You may think this property I allude to a minor merit; but just turn to the first song you have at hand, and see if half the musical accents do not fall upon wrong words, such as ‘and,’ ‘for,’ ‘to,’ ‘the,’ and such plebian particles of speech: so difficult is it to write and compose a good song. Now I am upon the subject, I beg leave to recommend a little song, composed, I believe, by Whitaker, for the beautiful harp-song at the 18th stanza of the 5th canto of Rokeby; the air

\* A Dr. Marshall, and a Rev. Mr. Wolf, dispute the honor accruing from the celebrated Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore.

of it is very correct in its accentuation, or emphasis, though it has otherwise little elevation of character above being a pretty song, and must depend for proper pathos upon the feeling of the singer. However, to sink theory and come to practice, look at my picked samples of translation; the first is by a friend, and its intrinsic merits, and my own polished manners, (I being 'the last gentleman in Lundy') give it the place of honor.

With blushing hue,  
Come, Morning, do,  
Like her, the maid that's dearest;  
I prithee fly  
Me not, for I  
Am gay when thou appearest.

Less sweetly blows  
The morning rose,  
When steeped in dewy brightness;  
The ermine, see,  
Less pure than she,  
And milk hath less of whiteness.

With listening ears  
The villagers  
Desert their homes to hear her;  
Her songs restrain  
The shepherd swain,  
Whose reed is piping near her.

Her face is fair  
Without compare,  
Her figure sylph-like slender;  
And then her eyes  
Each pupil vies  
With the morning star in splendor.

Ambrosia, given  
(The best in Heaven)  
By Hebe, did perfect her;  
Her lips I press,  
She breathes it, yes!  
She perfumes me with nectar.

You will agree with me, I think, in deeming the above a very fair specimen of close translation, and yet it has not the *lyrical swing* of the original, and here and there it is not very literal. I think these two points are better preserved in the following :—

Rise Aurora,  
I implore you !  
Glad am I thy blush to see,  
The nymph I love,  
All nymphs above,  
In rosy beauty rivals thee.

Not the rose  
That dew o'erflows  
Held such freshness glories in ;  
The gay ermine  
Is not so fine,  
Whiter far than milk her skin.

But to hear  
Her accents dear  
Every one the cottage quits ;  
And quickly mute  
The shepherd's flute,  
Its rural music intermits.

She is fair  
Beyond compare,  
Slender in the waist is she ;  
With sparkling light  
Her eyes are bright  
As ever morning star can be.

On ambrosian  
Feet well chosen  
Hebe granteth her to live ;  
And her lips,  
When some one sips,  
Him nectarean odours give.

It is not the least thing worthy of remark in these two versions, that the translators, upon so common a subject, have only fallen upon two similar rhimes, 'fair' and 'compare.' The object in *the last* was to preserve the metre of the original, and to be as literal as possible ; I think these objects have been pretty well obtained ; but there are two or three stanzas in *the first* version which possess much more spirit and elegance than any in the last. Allow me, finally, to submit another translation, which is neither strictly literal, nor similarly metrical, but, in my opinion, more *sensible* ; and in which, by generalising the expressions, I have managed to

get rid of those two *rosy old maids*\* **AURORA** and **HEBE**,  
and that beau ideal of liquids, the *nectar* no mortal has ever  
tasted.†

Arise, lovely Morning, to gladden my sight,  
I implore; there is joy in thy first rosy light!  
Soft emblem of Ellen! my dearest of dears,  
Like thee, in the blush of her beauty appears.

Less fresh than my love is the bud of the rose,  
When gemmed by the dew-drops of morning it glows;  
Not so gay in their glory soft ermine or vair,  
Than the fairness of milk her complexion more fair.

She sings—and each cot is deserted to hear  
Those accents so tender, entrancing, and dear;  
And the swain who pours music o'er valley and mead  
Hath silenced the love-song that sighs through his reed.

Unequalled in features,—her waist 's so slight,  
Her eyes like the morning star sparkle so bright;  
Her food is the sweetest of flowers in the grove,  
And like honey to me are the lips of my love!

After this, every thing else I can add must be insipid;  
'the force of nature can no farther go'—and I wish you and  
your old friend **HENRI QUATRE** a pleasant 'sunrise,' if  
such is your fancy; may you be as gay as the lady is fair,  
and forget the moonlight lucubrations of

Yours to command,

**HORACE O'CONSTRUE.**

Lamitor Lodge, Lundy Island,  
Dec. 10th, 1824.

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THE SPIRIT OF

THE NORTH DEVON JOURNALS,

FROM 1586, to 1666.

(Continued from page 155.)

1596, March.—The Earl of Bath ordered for fitting out a  
ship (the *Prudence*) that Barum should pay 100*l*. South-

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\* Doubtful this, at least one of them: what says Virgil, that Classical Scandal-Monger?

*Titboni croceum linquens Aurora cubile!*—Ed.

† More than doubtful too; did our obliging correspondent never taste Bara-staple ale! \* that's your nectar splendid!—(See page 205 of that entertaining Miscellany 'The 5000 Receipt Book,' Edited by that omniscient of Good Things, Colin Mc Kenzie.)—Ed.

molton 40*l*. Torrington 20*l*. and Bideford 20*l*.; to be made up 900*l*. in five months.

May 3rd. A sessions first held here at the Guildhall. In this month salt-petre first made here.

June 4th. Robert Gill, John Gill, and Nicholas Furlong, were disfranchised, for not paying towards the ship, and for other demeanors in speech or otherwise. Wheat 10 to 11*s*., Rye 7*s*., Barley 6 to 8*s*., Oats 2*s*. 4*d*., seed wheat 12*s*. Robert Apsley died, and was buried in his own tomb in the church-yard adjoining the South wall of the church. He was thrice mayor, and was often Burgess in Parliament. He left considerable lands in Barum and Newport. *Barum lands*, the Mayor and Corporation to receive the profits until it amount to 100*l*., to be lent to poor artificers, on good security; after the 100*l*. levied, the lands to remain to the Corporation. *Newport lands*, to be received and divided, by Mayor and Corporation, among poor people in Alms-lane. Wheat 15*s*., Barley 6 to 12*s*.

August 8th. Arrived the Prudence, which brought much pillage from the siege of Calais. Mr. John Trinder, vicar of this place, inveighed in his sermon against the aldermen for not coming to church, 'who,' he said, 'were like two fat oxen, that they would not hear when Christ called unto them, but drew backwards, and drew others from Christ.' The aldermen were present, but unseen. For this abuse he was committed to ward for want of sureties: the Earl of Bath next day discharged him. Thomas Hinson, and Bartholomew Harrys, chosen burgesses in Parliament. Afterwards there was some misliking of the Earl of Bath, of the choice; B. Harrys to join with Mr. Hinson for one of the burgesses of Parliament; a new election was made with consent of all the burgesses, and George Peard of this town was made free, and then elected and returned with Mr. Hinson.

1597, April 8th.—Wheat 18*s*., Barley 13*s*., Rye 15*s*., July, Wheat 20*s*.

1598, April.—Wheat 8*s*., Barley 5*s*., Rye 6*s*., Oats 1*s*. 6*d*.

3rd. The town of Tiverton was adventured with fire—began at the West end, and burnt the most part of the town. It began about one in the afternoon, about five all was burnt! and but a small part of their goods saved. Many men and women burnt, 400 houses, 300 pair of looms, and, it being market-day, much corn, apples, butter, and cheese, and market-horses, with abundance of kersies.



The report goeth that the rich men of the town were unmerciful to the poor, and suffered them to die in the streets for want, and so it might be by *digitis Dei*, (burnt by the visitation of God.)

August 18th. Richard Baple elected Common Councilman in the room of Roger Cade, who was put out so that he dwelled out of this town for more than one year. (See North Devon Magazine, No. XI., page 152, line 15.)

December. The old shambles under the Guildhall, posts and all, were plucked down, and the place paved, and a new bench set by the North wall, and so tis appointed for a walking place.

1599.—Wheat 3s. 4d., Rye 2s. 7d., Barley 1s. 4d.

January 26th. The book of composition, and divers other evidences and records, touching the ancient customs of the borough, were taken to London by Thomas Leigh, and Bartholomew Harrys, to prosecute Pentecost Dodderidge, before the council, for buying and selling, and opening the shop windows, and refusing to pay the rates for the same, he not being a burgess.

February 22nd. Messrs. Leigh and Harrys returned with order that Dodderidge should pay the 20<sup>th</sup> he was set; and to be made a burgess of this town, paying 10<sup>th</sup> as others do.

May. The enterebate, and little house in the Guildhall drawn down; the same hall enlarged, and the window of the same glazed.

June 15th. Lord Bath and other Justices determined on having a House of Correction at Chumleigh, within the North Division.

1600, Monday, May 19th.—The quay upon the Strand, almost in the midst of the other quay, was begun building. An order is town that the master and others of the Common Council should hang out candles and lanterns at their door in dark nights, in the winter time till 9 o'clock.

August 11th. Wm. Collybear who had been twice mayor, dismissed the Common Council, and disfranchised, for dwelling out of the town two years.

November. The loft over the quay-hall repaired, and made a bridewell.

1601, May 3rd.—Sessions—the mayor being absent, no dinner was kept at his house; and the jury, towards their dinner, had sixpence each, and the town-clerk eightpence: the jury added ninepence each, and had good

cheer with wine, &c. &c. Provisions and shipping provided for 450 soldiers for Dublin, and 975 for Waterford, viz. Cornwall 100, Devon 300, Dorset 100, Somerset 230, Wilts 125, Southampton 100 : 775 soldiers in this town at one time.

December 29th. Some of the castle wall blown down and blown into the castle ; it did no harm, only that two ravens were found dead.

1603.—Wheat 8s. 8d., Rye 6s. 4d., Barley 5s., Oats 1s. 10d.

August 9th. Agreed, that the old mayor should be the elder alderman.

1603, June 6th.—The masons began the walls of the new works, and this day the great doors of the gate were set up.

1604, February.—Plague in Baram ! Wheat 6s. 8d., Rye 5s., Barley 3s. 8d.

November. Plague again—few died—many died at Torrington.

1606, May 17th.—William Shapleigh Common Councilman dismissed and disfranchised, for dwelling at Bideford above one year and a day. At this time the street from the square to where the town pump stood was called Southgate street.

October 30th. Three persons were apprehended for counterfeiting, and theft ; one of whom digged a hole in the prison wall, and got out in the church-yard. (Quære: What prison ? or what church-yard ?)

A very great flood, damage 1000*l.*, water came up in the Southgate street above the pump, to the higher end of Thomas Harris's house ; and in Well street, up that way until the widow Taylor's windows. It came to Appley's fore door, and ran out through the house into the garden there, and made a great spoyle ! The water flowed up more than half way up Mardinstreet, and then went into their houses. Also it came up at the lower end of Cross-street, so far as Mr. Tucker's hall-door. The tomb-stone on the quay was covered clean over with water. By report it was higher by five or six feet, than was ever remembered. First—to digress Westward from the quay, it threw down great part of the outer wall of Mr. Collybear's house ; it cast down the greater part of Mr. Dodderidge's cottage upon the quay ; it threw down the whole house wherein James Frost did live, whereby he was slain with fall of the roof ; and two children, lying within bed, were slain with the falling of the walls. All the

walls between that and the castle fell; and the top of the house of the horse mill began to cleave asunder, and would have fallen down, if the spill of the mill had not supported it. It cast down divers walls in Lichdon; and *hurled* all the walls on the quay next the river.

1607.—Wheat 9s. 3d., Rye 7s., Barley 6s. Orders to the mayor to provide for 200 soldiers for Ireland, 100 whereof were Devonshire men, who had their conduct money and apparel, to wit, a Monmouth cap, a coat, a doublet, two shirts, a pair of breeches, a pair of shoes, and five shillings in money.

Last Lent, Mr. Harrys, and Mr. John Delbridge of this town, by order and consent of the town, exhibited a petition before the Lords of Council, containing a complaint of the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, against Mr. H. Ackland, J.P., of divers enormities, injuries, and illdemeanors, by him daily committed against the state and government of the town. Of which complaint the lords, taking due consideration, wrote letters to the judges of assize to bind over Mr. Ackland, to appear before their lordships, or end the controversy: The judges receiving the letters, Mr. Ackland was called before them, and they told those that were present, ‘*that the Council had a great regard for the town of Barnstaple; that it had done divers services, as well to the late Gracious Queen, as to his present most Excellent Majesty, in receiving of soldiers, of ——— sent into Ireland: and therefore their honours were to uphold their rights.*’ Then Sir John Ackland desired that *he* might have the hearing of the causes in difference; which the judges objected to (*of course*) unless the townsmen agreed thereto; but, by the earnest request of Sir John Ackland, Mr. Mayor and his Brethren committed the whole cause into Sir John Ackland’s hands, upon promise that he and his brother would always hereafter bear good affection for the town, and do any thing for their good:—the cause proceeded no further.

October 14th. Upon determination agreed by Mr. Mayor, &c., &c., to remove the *corn-market*, it was proclaimed in the same market-place, Mr. Mayor and most part of the Common Council being present, that the said corn-market should be *translated*, and from henceforth be kept on the North side of High street, beginning at Mr. Downe’s house and so Northward.

1608.—The spire on the quay-hall was finished.

\* \* \* \*

*Fragments of Journals in continuation.*

from 1610, to 1678.

1610.—*A New Charter.*

1619.—Five bells in Barum new cast. CULPEPPER CLAPHAM, and FOULKES DOWN, Churchwardens.

1644.—*Mem.* That the first day of July 1644 be a day never to be forgotten by the inhabitants of Barum, for God's mercy and favor, shewed in the miraculous deliverance of them from that bloody conspiracy of some of our neighbours, in inviting and bringing 5 or 600 horse and foot, being French and Irish, and some English, against the said town, with purpose to have put all therein to the sword, (*or to put the sword into all therein*) and possess themselves of the whole town, but were repulsed and driven away by the small power our townsmen had. Our warning and notice were but two days before!

1644, October.—In the morning Charles Peard, being mayor, absented himself, and would not appear to yield up his office; whereupon he was dismissed from his mayoralty, and fined by the town, and Henry Mason elected, who within three hours surrendered his mayoralty again to Adam Lugg, who was sworn then mayor, presently for the year ensuing. Three mayors in one day!

July 9th. One Stoward, a lieutenant, who was taken prisoner in the fight, was hanged at the High Cross of Barnstaple.

1646.—*The Great Plague.* In Sept. Mr. Ferris was elected mayor, on the marsh on the higher side of Coney-Bridge, by ballot.

1647.—Harris took from the Lichdon Almshouse Chapel, and placed on the Quay-hall. (*Quære*, what did he take—a clock?

1650.—Mr. Hugh Horsham (a misnomer) mayor, could not write his name.

1651.—Thomas Denys was prosecuted by one Daniel Carey, and was ousted of his mayoralty, for being chosen captain of the Trained Bands, the town being then for THE KING, when he was chosen.

1658.—Thomas Davy, a Tallowchandler, made Town-clerk.

1661.—The Corporation was new *moddled*, according to Act of Parliament.

1666.—John Greade mayor.

Greade was many years Sergeant at mace,  
And now the Sergeant sits in the Mayor's place.  
BARNSTAPLE WIT in 1666.

1678.—Mr. Richard Salisbury, mayor, began the building  
of Pilton Bridge.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE CRIMINAL'S EUTHANASIA.

When day-light dies upon the sense,  
And the parting pang is past—  
And the liberated spirit hence  
Goes bounding forth at last—  
I would not those who once were dear  
Should press around my bed,  
And see the form they valued here  
Distorted—cold—and dead.

It is enough to chill the blood  
Death's shrinking lip to see,  
Where oft the ribald jest hath stood,  
And the laugh of mockery :  
To see the set and drying teeth,  
And the fallen eyelids' hue,  
And know the eye that's underneath  
Is glazed, and lifeless too.

And mine hath been a troublous life,  
A life of varied crime ;  
I've caused enough of mortal strife  
And sorrow, in my time ;  
And I would lay me down in peace,  
And breathe my parting moan,  
And the beating of my heart should cease  
Mid strangers, or alone !

On some far land whose iron coast  
The troubled waters lave,  
And where the tempest rages most,  
I'd have my lonely grave :  
No stone to mark my resting place,  
No cross—no turf—no sign,  
That none the crumbling wreck may trace  
Of such a life as mine.

EWEN.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN AT BAGGY POINT.

## I.

Oh! thou tremendous, or by sea or land  
 To be avoided when the wind is high,  
 I would not (though I'm fond of something grand)  
 Thy lofty verge or lowly rocks be nigh  
 In troubled weather; you will understand  
 I love not brief suspense 'twixt wave and sky;  
 When help would be at a most awful distance,  
 And scull to rock be all my vain resistance.

## II.

'Twere difficult to tell, with power to choose,  
 If one had rather be below afloat  
 Among the rocks, and breakers, and sea-mews,  
 With scarce a chance of saving life or boat—  
 Or high upon the cliff, in slippery shoes,  
 To tread the path contrived by sheep or goat?  
 Were Sappho here she'd have no cause to jump,  
 But softly slide, and go to Pluto—plump.

## III.

But courage yet!—come ye who danger court,  
 Ye of the steel nerve, and untrembling joint,  
 I challenge you to an adventurous sport  
 Come walk with me the path round *Baggy Point*,  
 Until we look into the Bay of Morte,  
 And him who sees it first we will anoint  
 Our daring king:—so down I fling my gage,  
 Into my stanza—pluck it from my page!

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## IV.

It is a place to prove eye, nerve, and limb,  
 The path (I measured it) six inches wide;  
 There all your senses have a charming swim,  
 For if you slip, at once to fate you slide;  
 There's not a stone, or twig, however slim,  
 To stay your brief descent into the tide;  
 But sundry feet of steep and slippery ground,  
 Glazed by the sun, and sloping on a round.

## V.

I can assure you, you will feel a sort  
 Of trepidation as you pass the cliff;  
 The knees will tremble, and the breath grow short,  
 Especially should the breeze be blowing stiff;  
 Then whether such amusement be your forte,  
 Or not, your back you may not turn, for if  
 You do, that huddlecap, the wind, perhaps,  
 Will shew you something more of Baggy's traps.

## VI.

Dire Ogress of the fatal promontory!  
 Methinks I see thee sleeping on its brow;  
 That very form from which the heirs of glory,  
 And slaves of commerce, turn aside their prow,  
 Shunning the billowy scene of shipwrecked story:  
 But summer waves they fall thy slumber now,  
 And seal that eye in winter wont to roll  
 Its bark-devouring glance from Baggy Hole.

## VII.

Sleep on! while I, askance, thy beauties own,  
 Much do I thee admire in slumber wrapt;  
 Thy robe, the sail of bark to pieces gone,  
 Thy sash, the cable Sampson billows snapt  
 In their awakening rage; to clasp thy zone,  
 A brace of blocks; and thou art gaily capt—  
 Since men have sailed for gold or glory hunting  
 To twine thy temples with discolored bunting.\*

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\* Bunting is the material of ship's ensigns. "Half a dozen frigates with bits of striped bunting flying at their mast heads."—(Definition of the American Navy by George Canning, Esq.)

## THE BRISTOL CHANNEL IN 1708.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH DEVON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If you and your readers have never read it, I beg leave to recommend for perusal, an old volume entitled

*A Cruising Voyage round the World in 1708;*

BY CAPTAIN WOODES ROGERS.

You will find it rather an amusing book, much more so than many voyages and travels with which we have been favored of late. It is very curious in the view it gives of the low ebb of our naval power at the period above referred to, as contrasted with our present marine supremacy. It appears from an extract I subjoin, that the British lion was bearded in his den, almost up to Bristol quay; which state of things may well astonish those who reflect on our present perfect security in traversing the Bristol Channel. The naval sentiments of 1708, appear to us totally *un-English*, as witness the following voucher from the second and third pages of Captain Rogers's Journal:—

1708, August 2nd.—Yesterday about four in the afternoon we weighed from Kingroad, near Bristol, on board the Duke-Frigot, wherof Captain Woodes Rogers was commander, in consortship with the Dutchess, Captain Stephen Courtney, commander, both private men of war, bound to Cork in Ireland, and thence to the southward a cruising. The Duke, burden about 320 tons, having 30 guns, and 117 men; and the Dutchess, burden about 260 tons by measure, 26 guns, and 108 men; both well furnished with all necessities on board for a distant undertaking.

We had in company the Scipio, Peterborough-Frigot, Prince Eugene, Bristol Galley, Berkley Galley, Beecher Galley, Pompey Galley, Sherstone Galley, and Diamond-sloop. At ten at night, having little wind, we made the signal for the fleet to anchor, between the Holmes and Minchhead. We lay near two hours, and about 12 we fired a gun, and all came to sail, a fine gale at S.E. and E.S.E. We ran by Minchhead at six in the morning, having stemmed the flood from the place we anchored at. We came up with a sloop about ten o'clock; but she could not hold way with the fleet, being all light and clean ships, and good sailors.

August 3rd.—The wind veered to the N.E. and E.N.E. Our ship and the Dutchess, did not sail so well as the major part of the gallies, our masts and rigging being all unfit for the sea, our ships out of trim, and every



thing in disorder,\* being very indifferently manned; notwithstanding our number, we had not 20 sailors in the ship, and it's very little better on board the Dutchess, which is a discouragement, only we hope to get some good sailors at Cork. We saw a sail at five last night, the Dutchess gave chase and came near her; she seemed a large ship, but we lost sight of her at eight o'clock. Being informed at Bristol, that the Jersey, a French man of war, carrying 46 guns, was cruising betwixt England and Ireland, it obliged us to keep our hammocks up, and a clear ship for a fight, all night. About two this morning the rest of the fleet that lay astern of us came up, and we kept an easy sail with a light out all night; but when day came we saw nothing, so that this proved a false alarm, which happened well for us, since, had it been real, we should have made but an indifferent fight, for want of being better manned.

August 7th.—Yesterday, at three in the afternoon, we came to an anchor, with our consort, in the cove (of Cork) wind at N.N.E.

Only think, Mr. Editor, of two vessels of war mounting 30 and 26 guns respectively, with 235 men between them, and 9 other vessels in company, being shy of a *French Forty-six Gunship*! Further commentary is needless, so,

Believe me to be

Your constant reader,

*CRUISER BUTSELDOM.*

West Appledore,  
Nov. 5th, 1824.

### GRAMMATICAL PUZZLES.

Construct an English sentence in which one and the same word shall occur nine times, and three times successively as different parts of speech.

Construct an English sentence which shall consist of three pronouns, and one verb.

### IMPROMPTU

On hearing of the arrival of the Columbus in the river Thames.

You, that were on board, the Giver  
Of such favoring weather thank,—  
The Columbus swims the river,  
Safe and sound in every PLANK.  
You, that deemed the effort frantic  
To bring over such a barge,  
Owa, that she, on the Atlantic,  
Did not prove a DEAL too large.

\* The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Before he reached Minchhead, Captain Rogers was fit for 'any distant undertaking,' but a little experience soon brought him to new bearings.

FRAGMENT OF  
 AN ESSAY  
 ON THE  
 ART OF PUNNING;

Translated from the *Enchiridion*, or Philosophical Pocket-Book

OF  
 EPICTETUS SECUNDUS.

---

The merit of a jest lies in the ear of the receiver.

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CHAP. XXIII.

(ON PUNNING.)

\* \* \* \* \*

I HAVE commonly observed, that people who cannot ride entertain but little admiration of horses; and, that those who are not given to hunting and shooting, take little interest in any conversation relative to the sports of the field. Such persons cannot imagine what heroism is displayed in leaping over hedge and ditch, where the rider's legs are not immediately necessary to the feat; or what laudable ingenuity is exerted by the man who pricks a hare through a certain gateway, on a certain day, and returns on the following to put the timid animal to death, upon a flint or *percussion* principle. To see a pheasant parading through the stubble, or soaring on high above the copse, is a beautiful sight; and his glorious appearance upon the dinner-table is equally so; but the mere act of tumbling him down from his 'pride of place' affords but little satisfaction; and this reasoning holds good regarding the stag-hunt. Be it granted that we must hunt and shoot. No dogs no venison!—no powder no pheasant! But this line of argument tends no way towards accounting for a fox chase. There you have the hardest riding after a *brush*,<sup>c</sup> as it is called, which seems to be your only satisfaction, for who ever thought of tasting a haunch of reynard? And yet people do enjoy fox-hunting: they love the chase for itself: it has 'a pomp and circumstance' they fancy: and their sa-

tisfaction is great in the extreme. *Hunting, fowling, and fishing for ever!* for these cold, and wet, and fatigue are cheerfully encountered, and certainly enjoyed.

And when they return home there is no end of their 'pride of art.' You have dived into your *unsportive* ears a full and particular description of the very spot where they roused the deer, flushed the pheasant, or struck the fish. You may try and turn the conversation towards politics, literature, music, fashion, or scandal, the sweetest of all subjects, but the end of all is *The Sport*. 'Talking of horses,' says one, 'you remember my uncle's grey mare;' 'Talking of dogs,' says another, 'you remember my cousin's Russian pointer;' 'talking of trout-streams,' adds a third, 'were you ever in Derbyshire?' Now if you never hunted, fowled, or fished, or have perhaps only been out now and then, when you could positively do nothing else, how edified you must be in such company! how you would enjoy the conversation, how you would sympathise in the *burst*, and the *flush*, and the *whipping*, *slot*, and *ringwood*, *manton*, and *covey*, *hackle*, and *dub*,—if you only knew what was meant! If again you fall in with a company of sailors, captains, commodores, or cabin-boys, you are equally at a loss. Ask any of them to tell you what he saw, when he went, as he calls it, 'up the Straits, or through the gut?' (which means that he has been in the Mediterranean) ask him what sort of places and people he met with on his voyage to Gibraltar, Naples, Alexandria, or Smyrna? and a landman can give you as good an account of things. The staple of his conversation will consist of 'shipping a sea, getting up a gib-topsail, letting the foresail draw, boat ship! kedge-anchors, royals, and sky-scrappers,' till you are as dizzy with his technicals as a land-lubber at the mast-head. In all such matters you can take no interest, all on account of your ignorance: for to him who can hunt, shoot, fish, or steer, there is ample subject of admiration.

Apply these principles to the *art or sport of punning*, which is neither more nor less than word-hunting, syllable-shooting, and letter-catching, or sailing after similes from foreign parts, and you will understand how disagreeable and out of place a *punster* is in general company. A serious argument is just wound up to its climax of conviction, when up comes a dirty, sneaking, little pun to overturn all its importance. The punster had better have run, head foremost, against the successful disputant, than have let a pun escape against the material body of his reasoning. Those who understand the wit laugh of course; those who do not are *obliged to laugh*, as a

means of keeping upon a level in sense with the rest of the company : and as we do not enjoy, and are adverse to what is forced upon us, every one, who on such an occasion is compelled to be comic, hates the cause of merriment, and wishes the adventurous punster at *Bath* ! for spoiling a pleasant evening. And it cannot well happen otherwise. Words are not game to those who cannot pun ; as the rousing of stags, and flushing of woodcocks, and doubling of capes, are foreign to those who can neither ride, shoot, nor row ; so those who know not how to drag words from their dictionarial retreats, and to follow them through all the coublings and mazes of their meanings, derive no pleasure from the punster's sport.

There is also another dangerous rock on which the punster splits, and goes to wreck. As our self-love and ignorance rise up against the details of the sportsman, whom we perceive on horseback, while, as far as such subjects are concerned, we are trudging upon foot, we dislike his elevation ; and more especially should he ride over us upon the high horse of his temporal superiority : our ignorance of the sport is the ground of our disliking the sportsman, as well as his art. Sportsmen, sailors, and punsters, are, therefore great bores in general company, unless they can sink their respective vocations ; but punsters in particular are unendurable ; for we know, at all events, more of dogs, horses, rods, guns, and gunbrigs, than we do of words, or of the art of twisting them into various meanings.

Punning is, moreover, a cowardly art ; a complete bush-fighting affair ; and professed punsters are, and always have been, merciless in their attacks, from the time of *Hannibal* the Carthaginian, down to our own. It was no light addiction to punning which caused the learned historian *Titus Livius* to draw the severe character, which he has done, of that celebrated General :--- '*Hæc tantas viri virtutes ingentia vitia æquabant, inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plus quam PUNICA.*'\* (The virtues of Annibal were balanced by unspeakable enormities ; he had no more remorse than a wit, and was more perfidious than a punster.) Thus it occurs that where a punster enters the drawing room, general conversation is at a stand, and speedily retires into the silent moods of thought ! not a sentence can venture out, for fear of becoming the mark for a pun ; and so expert in general is the gifted marksman, that the most unsuspected phrase becomes the instantaneous victim of his rifle. And supposing two or three of these

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\* *Livii Rom. Histor. Book XIX. Cap. 3.*

backwoodsmen present, only imagine the state of your last sentence, when it is returned to you riddled through and through, and mangled in every member and particle of speech!

The *Art of Punning* then has its proper time and place, of exit and of entrance. Among wits it gives a relish to the dialogue, but it should be specially avoided in general or mixed company. If any gentleman fancies himself brilliant in such society, let him by all means wear an extinguisher upon his brain, or a padlock upon his lips; for to pun in such society is fatal to your reputation, and to your further drafts upon the bank of pleasure. When the *Lady of the House* next examines her route-list, she sees a mark against your name:—you are ‘*carbone notatus*,’ charcoaled in black for a wit. ‘Oh don’t ask him, we shall be bored to death with his puns,’ which is kindly followed up by ‘and they are all so bad!’ You therefore run a risk of rivalling the social popularity of that young lady, whose fingers when once applied to them, *never quit the keys of the piano*, whose form is wedded, for the evening at least, to the music-stool; who will amuse you with a vengeance, by playing and singing, concerto or rondo, waltz or quadrille, ballad or bravura, *Handel or Bishop*, glee or duett, no matter what; but always with such a special *Da Capo*, that no one else can come near the instrument. Such a damsel is seldom twice asked to a general party, or, if she does come (for there are people in this world whom we *must* ask) it is to hear her execution lost in the shuffling of cards, and her notes drowned in a flood of conversation, but a little louder than a whisper, yet abounding in any thing but the praise of music.

Thus far I have taken the part of the society whom punning interests not; but, it would be unbecoming that sacred thirst for truth, which parches the palate of every true philosopher, if I were entirely to abandon *the art* to the mercy of those who do not comprehend it.

I have heard people say, ‘nay, don’t pun, it is a very low sort of wit; I should not have expected *you* to pun, be above it;’ which, to be sure, is very kind and condescending council, for it means, in other words, ‘we have no comprehension, so come down to our level.’ I appeal to the conscience of any un-pun-able lady or gentleman, if this be not the real ground of the objection? A *Great Wit* may be allowed to say (if it were true, which it is not) that punning is a low sort of wit; but I cannot allow any one else to say so. And I think it inadvisable for any lady or gentleman to

usher up such an opinion about punning in my presence. For, supposing it low, it is, at all events, above no wit at all; and I should begin drawing an inference, that they know not the quality of that whereof they discourse. However, I deny the assumption about its inferiority;—‘*nascitur poeta*’; a punster must be born a punster, a gentleman must be born a gentleman, the nobility of mind is as the nobility of body and manners, you cannot acquire it, though its possession may be improved. Therefore I deny the assumption about the lowliness of punning. The great LOCKIUS has defined wit to be ‘*something which is chiefly conversant in tracing resemblances*.’ Now I would be glad to know whether punning does not perfectly fulfil this definition? as sure as a triangle has three sides, and therefore three angles, so certain is it that there is real wit in a pun. For no branch of wit shows a truer derivation from the parent stem; the principle of association of what is distant, with what is at hand. This point of relationship is at once detected by the mental eye (in my mind’s eye Horatio) of the punster. Take a case of analogy, Dominus Gallicus Denon,\* expatiates in his ‘Egypt’ on the sculptural beauty of the face of the *Sphinx*, (which is indubitable negro in every feature), thus verifying the adage of Euripides, of—

‘Seeing Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt.’

Now you or I, benevolent reader, might pass by the statue in question a thousand times without discovering its applauded beauty;—and, I do not know what you pretend to, but I am not Dominus Denonius, and I do not feel qualified to call that low which I do not understand. There is a branch of wit which, according to the phrase of Comes Londonderrius, ‘I am free to confess,’ is, in my opinion, lower in the scale than punning—I allude to parody. This sort of wit has more pretension, but is not so much a branch as a graft upon the parent stock, being chiefly conversant in tracing differences, or, as the Hibernian Centurian Odoherty† expressed himself, ‘it creates something similar that is very unlike.’ And furthermore, that parody is inferior to punning I prove at the rate of two to one, as thus:—

\* Ancestor of the Great Denon who accompanied Napoleon the Great to the Pyramids of Ghizeh.

† In the original ОДОХЕРТ. Who commanded a troop in the Inniskilling Dragoons of the First Cæsar.

A good parody is a good thing = 1, or good for 1.

But a bad parody is a bad thing = 0, or good for nothing.  
Whereas a good pun is a good thing = 1 } Here are two  
And a bad pun is a good thing = - - - 1 } good things.

That is, PUN : Parody :: 2 : 1.

Hence it often occurs, that a very bad pun is a very good thing, and sometimes the better, the worse it may be : there is more *verbal agony* manifest in a bad pun ; and who does not laugh at a word stretched out upon the rack ? believe me the syllable that is neatly guillotined, although the high blood of wit be shed around, does not produce half such a sensation. Besides, a bad pun is the most trying to the listener ;—it goes wide of his possible apprehension ; the electric chain of thought is so finely linked, that the shock, upon discovery, is absolutely overpowering. People who do not apprehend wit in general, and puns in particular, must have Chinese imaginations : there is no distance, no perspective in their intellects, and thus the greatest, handsomest, and plainest wits are obliged to carry percussion guns, for fear their *prime* things should be damped. Hence also authors print their wit in *italics*, or SMALL CAPITALS,—a sort of Italian, or small compliment to the reader, which every wit would willingly avoid, but ————— ! no more on that head.—I find I am come to the *ne plus ultra* of Essayism, when and where nothing farther upon the subject can be promulgated to the reader, with all due regard to that urbanity and politeness, which ought ever to inhabit the breast of a philosopher.

*Note (by the Translator.)*

Upon the opposite page of his *Enchiridion*, are several Greek and Latin epigrams, which the philosopher selected, apparently with a view to illustrate the art of punning by examples as well as precept ; I have endeavoured to translate one or two of them, of course, transferring the point to words in our own language.

*On hearing a Lady ask very affectedly ' what is an Alabaster Box.'*

Quoth Mrs. Cox to Mr Cox,  
' What is an Alabaster box ?'  
' An Alabaster box, my dear,  
Why, when I box you on the ear—  
(Pardon me, lovely Mrs. Cox,  
My heavy, marble-handed knocks)  
But that's an *à-la-baste-her* box.

## II.

*Rebus, a verb.*

When lovers part their dears they kiss,  
 Though them you should not see buss,  
 And when they meet again they kiss,  
 In other words, they re-buss.

## III.

The rascal that sold it was deep,—  
 In my couch, with its curtains so red,  
 I was cheated. Well how would you sleep,  
 If not *taken in* by a bed?

## IV.

A Gentleman at a dinner party was observed to be carving a duck very clumsily: 'Send me the other duck,' said a person opposite, 'I will teach you how to carve: *disce docendus adhuc!*' (Learn thou who art yet to be taught.) But a punster who was present, being requested to translate the Latin quotation, said it required none: what can be plainer, *disce docendus adhuc*—d'ye see, do send us a duck!

## INSTOW KEY. (QUAY.)

Respectfully inscribed to the Outward Bound.

*Colla bella sua barca!*

## I.

Here's to our party, and here's to our boat,  
 Whatever the tide may allot 'em!  
 And here's to the river that keeps us afloat,  
 May we never go down to the bottom!  
 But all, danger-frank,  
 In a boat never crank,  
 Let us drop down to Instow along the Taw-bank.



## II.

Let us embark on the waters lone,  
 By his Majesty's *House of Custom*;  
*Queen Anne* is curling her dimples of stone,  
 Sweet omens! we'll certainly trust 'em!  
 With our sail, ear, and scull,  
 And a reticule full  
 Of sandwiches built of the flesh of the bull.

## III.

Hand me the tiller, and hoist the sails,  
 Here's to the gale that shall fill them!  
 Here's to the fish we shall catch by their tails,  
 And here's to the gridiron will grill them!  
 Be river and sea  
 Gay and buoyant as we,  
 Till we anchor to dinner off *Instow Quay*. (Key.)

## IV.

Why should we yet our sheets unfurl?  
 There's not a breeze to tear them;  
 There's not a zephyr one ripple to curl,  
 They're idling all in *Barum*;  
 May they soon come down  
 From that elegant town,  
 And leave off their flirting with *Phillis's gown*.

## V.

Hark! I hear their wings approach,  
 As over the waves they bound;  
 And soon we shall scud like the *underscawl Coach*,\*  
 When it runs for a thousand pounds:—  
 Welcome here  
 You breezes dear!  
 Now up with the sail and away we steer.

---

\* The *Supercarriage Coach* once ran from London to Exeter for a bet of 1000*l.* engaging to do it in 21 hours, and did it in 17  $\frac{1}{2}$ ! as I have heard.

## VI.

Whose nerve so weak but must enjoy  
 This beautiful undulation!  
 Who finds not in danger a beautiful toy,  
 Loses half man's exultation!  
 So, *Taw*, beware—  
 Run rough if you dare—  
 But you'll not make a porcupine quill of our hair.

## VII.

A squall has taken our sails aback,  
 But we never will squall out or sham ill;  
 On *Heanton* gathers the drizzly rack,  
 Like a hump on the back of a camel:  
 But we're not to be done  
 Out of our fun,  
 So out with our sweeps and away we run.

## VIII.

Now *Torridge*, dear river, the ladies that ride  
 Or bathe for their beauty beside thy banks  
 May see us cantering over thy tide,  
 Or galloping off on our prancing planks;  
 While it rains, as you see,  
 Most probably we  
 Shall not be beholden for bathing to thee.

## IX.

Pull away! both *Northam* and *Instow* towers  
 Are drenched\* in torrents that souse our bark;  
 But DEVONSHIRE PEOPLE were born for showers,  
 And we're no babes when left in the dark:  
 Though *Landy* for lighthouse  
 Should close up its bright eyes,  
 What is it to us, while we've — —'s to right us?

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\* Spent  
 Till you have drenched our steeples.

K. LEAR, Act III., SCENE 2.

## X.

Blow fresher, light gale, from the northward it breaks,  
 We are leaving *Northside* behind us;  
 Huzza! for the joys of our salt-water freaks,  
 And the edge that it sets on our griaders:  
     A pound to a shilling!  
 Our cook has been killing  
 Some tasty young animal born for our milling.

## XI.

Aye that's the fellow to fetch us along;—  
 Thou best of all Boreal blowers,  
 Come sing in the top-sail that musical song  
 So dear to the drums of faint rowers:  
     Our bourne we near,  
     Then loudly cheer,  
 For dinner is waiting at Instow Pier.

## XII.

Chickens above, and beef below,  
 And rabbits adorning the table;  
 To eat we're sorry we don't know how,  
 But we'll manage as well as we're able;  
     So forks be sticking  
     Particular picking,  
 And — — shall have the white breast of the chicken.

## XIII.

Dinner done, take a glass, then our coffee is ready,  
 The drawing room offers a chair;  
 Or amusement for him that can balance steady  
 And hand round a tea-cup with care;  
     Or else you may frisk it  
     With butter and biscuit  
 And if you have any gentility—risk it!

## XIV.

O! then for a lounge at the window to gaze,  
 (Was there any thing ever so gay)  
 At the *Mars* and the *Bacchus* like dandies in stays,  
 And a dozen fine brigs in the Bay:—  
     O! happy were we  
     Upon shore, or at sea,  
 In the long summer days at dear INSTOW KEY.

Jas. O. N.

Anchor Wood,  
 July 20th, 1924.

## ENIGMA.

THE friend and guide of man, who invented me, and who employs me to assist him against another of his friends, in cases where he finds it becoming his enemy. I am not exclusively an object of regard in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, but share my services, in various degrees, between all four quarters of the world; a large portion of whose inhabitants, nevertheless, have scarcely an opportunity of estimating my undoubted value; while another part, though fully able to appreciate the services I render them, too often grudge the remuneration due to me for delivering them always from danger, and often from the embrace of death. The arid sands, the glassy wave, and the sheeted ice, are alike familiar to my eye. For me the negro labours under a scorching sun, the European under the sea, the Indian under the earth; while upon the surface of the latter, the ingenious mechanic, in all climates, exerts his utmost skill; and the venturous seaman explores distant seas, and risks his life to procure a supply of food for my support: yet after all the pains and trouble taken, and the expense lavished upon me to render me serviceable and attractive, it sometimes happens, that at the moment I am looking to the best advantage, my beauty suddenly disappears, and I am lost to the watchful and admiring spectator.

## FACTS, FANCIES, RECOLLECTIONS,

AND

## OBSERVATIONS,

*En passant regardant.**French Commerce.**Laissez padet.*

COME now, my good company, what would you wish,  
 To drive the blue imps away from us,  
 A plentiful pool of pearly-scaled fish?  
 Speculation? or Loo? or *French Commerce*?  
 But, if you insist  
 Upon soberer Whist,  
 Hold up your cards in your beautiful fist!

Which ever you please—but my lady advises—  
 I mention it with submission—  
*French Commerce*, endowed with three capital prizes,  
 So tumble your silver and fish in!

Some prize you may noose,  
 Or sell if you choose,  
 But I'll see the game out—although I should lose.

Now deal out one pack, keep the other aback,  
 Face and call for each answering card;  
 Ace of hearts! here it is: come do not be slack,  
 For your set I've a special regard:

Will you sell? I can't tell;—  
 Will you buy? no, not I—  
 I'm afraid you have glimpsed at the prizes so sly.\*

What again? must I give up my dearest of hearts?

Yes, *faith!* you must give it to me;  
 What a pleasure this long hand of diamonds imparts!

Nay, boast not events till you see,  
 You may lose all the set,  
 And another may get,  
 Though few are his cards, the advantage as yet.

How much have you lost? how much have you won?

No *dumbee* this time if you please;  
 The last of our fun, the game is done—  
 On the whole of the prizes I seize:

They are mine—they are mine!  
 'Tis a game divine,  
 I shall dream of such luck as in bed I recline.

ACERBUS.

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*So much for Plagiarism.*

At pages 226 and 227 of the octavo edition of NOEL BYRON'S CONVERSATIONS, as reported by Capt. Medwin, is the following passage:—

“ ‘Who would not wish to have been born two or three centuries later?’ said he, putting into my hand an Italian letter. ‘Here is a *savant* of Bologna, who pretends to have discovered the manner of directing balloons by means of a rudder, and tells me he is ready to explain the nature of his

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\* Cheating is the life of a Round Game.

invention to our government. I suppose we shall soon travel by air-vessels; make air instead of sea-voyages; and at length find our way to the moon, in spite of the want of atmosphere.\*

'*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia*,' said I. 'There is not so much folly as you may suppose, and a vast deal of poetry in the idea,' replied Lord Byron."

In the 5th No. of *The Cate* (*Manuscript Edition*) published in June, 1822, the author introduces a dialogue upon the very ode of Horace (liber 1, Ode 3) quoted by Capt. Medwin; and this is the deduction of one of the interlocutors:—

"*The audax Japeti genus ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit, post ignem æthereâ domo subductum*' might give us some idea of a Steam-packet bringing over the plague from the Levant, whence '*macies et nova febrium terris incubuit cohors*.' And the Balloon might be figured in the,

*Expertus vacuum Dædalus ævæ;  
Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia.*

Lo! the Steam-boat already  
Triumphing decides,  
On her course sure and steady,  
O'er—tempest—on tides!  
And the merchant eye long  
Will, on board his BALLOON,  
Strike the balance of trade  
Between us and the Moon.

VIDE NORTH BRITON MAGAZINE, VOL. I, page 75.

### *A Patent Tinder-box.*

There are few evils in this life which have not their attendant consolations. Shakespear says one may find

'Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

A man was complaining that in the night his mouth was parched as dry as a *tinder-box*. 'What a convenience,' said his friend. Convenience? Yes, *you can strike a light with your tongue and teeth*.

### *Sarum and Barum.*

Since with language our ancestors ventured to palter,  
In changing their *SARUM* to *Salisbury*,  
Our billiard and ball-rooms might tempt us to alter,  
In like manner, *BARUM* to *Ballsbury*.

---

\* "Steam-engines will convey him to the moon."—DON JUAN, Can. x. St. 2.  
VOL. II. F F

*Unreadables.*

There are two articles in the *Quarterly Reviews* which I never cut open for perusal, *vis.* 'The Catholic Question,' and 'The Slave Trade.' In the *Monthly Magazines* I never look at 'The List of New Patents,' or 'The Meteorological Report.' What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

*Sir Michael.—A Character.*

Although you should not like *all*,  
Gentlemen me allow  
To introduce Sir Michael,  
In a way—I don't know how.

Sir Michael in his appearance  
Is like an *Old English Letter* ;—  
Though he be one of the queer ones,  
When you *know him* you'll like him the better.

In Sir Michael's house you're parlored,  
Through an old Baronial hall—  
But you must not expect a star-Lord  
To meet you there at all.

Gentlemen, be at home !  
Make yourselves free and easy,  
Sir Michael may turn his back to you—  
But he won't whip round and seize you.

Gentleman, lawyer, farmer,  
United all in one !  
His stubbles and hounds his charm-hour,  
His joy of life, *the gun*.

'The law,' says Mich., 'was made on a plan  
To benefit the state of man !'  
And then because Sir Mich. has said  
'Tis thus, '*'tis thus* as plain's a spade.

In short, such a character you, sir,  
In all your life, never knew, sir.  
So gentlemen strike all  
To honest Sir Michael !

*Lee Bay.*

One would think Horace had spent an Autumn at Lee Bay,

and Warcombe, near Ilfracombe, witness some of the introductory lines of his 16th Epistle, book 1st.

\* \* \* \*

Scribetur tibi forma—et situs agri.  
Continui montes, ni dissocientur opacâ  
Valle, sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiclat sol,  
Lævum discedens curru fugiente vaporet.

———multâ dominum juvet umbrâ,

Fons etiam———

Hæc latebræ dulces, etiam, si credis, amænæ,  
Incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis !

Oh ! had my pen poetic grace  
Dear *Lee* before your eye to place,  
I'd paint the varied charms that meet  
In my Autumnal calm retreat !

Ranges of hills, by shadowy vale  
Disparted—yet the sunbeams pale  
Of morn their western summits hail ;  
And on their eastern peak the day  
Leaves, rich in gold, its parting ray.

At noon dark woods around me close  
A grateful shade ;—whence babbling flows  
A slender brook to join the sea ;  
Such are, my friend, the charms of *Lee*,  
That through the Autumn shelter me,  
In health to welcome Spring and Thee !

#### *Miss-Translation.*

Now and then the French, like other unfounded scholars, guess at the meaning of a Latin passage. A gentleman being desired by a lady near him to translate the motto over the curtain in a theatre,

RIDENDO CASTIGAT MORES,\*

said, '*Le rideau cache les mœurs, Madame,*' as if he had said, in English, '*The curtain hides the morals of the players !*'

#### *Nostradamus the Conjuror.*

Nostradamus a soi-disant prophet and conjuror, gained great credit by the supposed fulfilment of one of his predictions.

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\* By ridicule the stage corrects the manners of men.



Being ordered by Henry the Second of France, to cast the nativity of the young Prince he wrote

Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,  
En champ bellique par singulier duel.

*The young lion will conquer the old one in the field, in single combat.*

It so happened that, the very year ensuing, king Henry did die of a wound he received at a tournament, in single combat. But to make the prophecy good the king ought to have fallen by the hands of the young prince, which was not the case. This did not escape the notice of the French poet Jodelle, and he wrote the following Epigram upon the pretended soothsayer's name :—

*'Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,  
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.'*

In English,

I give my own when lies I give, for lying is my art,  
And when I falsehood pass on you, but with myself I part.

or,

I give my own when lies I give, for lying I am gay,  
And when I falsehood pass on you, I give myself away.

In our last number we gave a specimen of Old English Letter writing, to which we now add specimens still more interesting. Most of our readers are aware that we had once a very wise king called James Ist. The following letters will certify that he was a very great fool—about some things. It is matter of chronology that he sent his son Charles to seek a wife in Spain under the prudent guidance of the prudent Duke of Buckingham. It is believed that Charles fell in love with the princess Henrietta (afterwards his wife) at Paris, on his journey, and that the Spanish business (thenceforward) was mere make-believe. These letters shew that the Prince and Favorite thought more of cutting a dash, than of consulting Dad's pocket;—a vice indifferently well reformed in modern days.

*Mr. Meade to Sir Martin Skuteville, with News from Spain.*

London, Aprill 25th, 1623.

Mr. Killebrew (who about a month ago was sent into Spain) returned hither on Saturday last with assurance of the Prince's welfare; that on our Palm sunday, being their Easter day, he first spake with the Lady Infanta; hoped

shortly to be married, if the Dispensation were once come from Rome (which was daily expected), and hoped to be back here in June or July. Hereupon the tilting horses and provisions thereto belonging were, at Tilbury Hope, disembarked; the rest of the Fleet ordered to be made ready with all speed. Two of the Kings ships are on the coast going to fetch the Lord Marquess back; and other two, hyred, carry the twenty four ambling geldings.

*Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham to King James;  
for more Jewels.*

SIR

I confesse that ye have sent mor jewels then (at my departure) I thought to had use of; but, since my cumming, seeing manie jewels worne heere, and that my braverie can consist of nothing else, besydes that some of them which ye have appointed me to give to the Infanta, in Steenies \* opinion and myne, ar nott fitt to be given to her; therfor I have taken this bouldness to intreate your Majesty to send more for my owen wearing, and for giving to my Mistres: in which I thinke Your Majesty shall not doe amiss to take Carlile's advyce. So humble craving your blessing I rest  
Your Majesty's humble and obedient  
sone and servant

CHARLES.

I your Doge, sayes you have manie jewels neyther fitt for your one, your sones, nor your daughters wering, but verie fitt to bestow of those here who must necessarilie have presents; and this way will be least chargable to your Majesty in my poure opinion.

Madriff the 22 April 1623.

*The Duke of Buckingham to the King upon the same subject.*

DERE DAD, GOSSOPE, AND STEWARD

THOUGH your babie himselfe hath sent word what neede he hath of more jewells, yet will I by this berer, who can make more speede then Carlile, againe acquaint your Majesty therewith, and give my poure and sausie opinion what will be fittest more to send. Hetherto you have bine so spareing that whereas you thought to have sent him sufficiently for his one wareing, to present his Mistris who I ame sure shall shortlie now louse that title, and to lend me, that I to the contrarie have bine forced to lend him. You

\* Steenie, the King's or prince's pet name for his majesty's dog or doge, or Duke of Buckingham.

neede not aske who made me able to do it. Sir, he hath neyther chaine nor hattband; and I beseech you consider first how rich they are in jewells here, then in what a poure equipage he came in, how he hath no other meanes to appere like a Kings sonne, how they are usefullests at such a time as this when they may doe your selfe, your sone, and the nation honor, and lastlie how it will neyther caust nor harsard you anie thinge. These reasons, I hope, since you have ventured allredie your cheefest jewell your Sonne, will serve to perswade you to lett louse thesse more after him: first your best hattband; the Portingall diamond; the rest of the pendant diamonds, to make up a Necles to give his Mistris; and the best rope of perle; with a rich chaine or tow for himself to waire, or els your Doge must want a collar; which is the redie way to put him into it. There are manie other jewells which are of so mean qualitie as they deserve not that name, but will save much in your purs and serve verie well for Presents. They had never so good and greate an occasion to take the aire out of there boxes as at this time. God knowes when they shall have such another: and they had neede some times to get nerer the Sonne to continue them in there perfection. Here give me leave humbly on my knees to give your Majesty thanks for that rich jewell you sent me in a box by my lord Vahan, and give him leave to kiss your hands from me who tooke the paines to draw it. My reward to him is this, he spent his time well, which is the thinge wee should all most desier, and is the glorie I covett most here in your service, which sweet Jesus grant me, and your blessing.

Your Majesty's most humble  
Madrill the 25 of Aprill  
1623. slave and doge

STEENIE.

SIR

FOURE Asses you I have sent. Tow hees and tow shees. Five Cameles, tow hees, tow shees, with a young one; and one Ellefant, which is worth your seeing. Thees I have impudentlie begged for you. There is a Barbarie hors comes with them, I think from Watt Aston. My Lord Bristow sayeth he will send you more Camells. When wee come ourselves wee will bringe you Horses and Asses anoufe. If I may know whether you desier Mules or not, I will bringe them, or Dere of this Cunttrie eyther. And I will lay waite for all the rare coler burds that can be hard of. But if you doe not send your babie jewels enough I'le stope all other presents. Therefore louke to it.

The following are still more amusing, and shew the near approach of kingly majesty to simple humanity. They also excite a personal feeling of interest for the misguided Monarch, who was then, unconsciously, spending his last, perhaps his only, days of innocent and careless happiness.

*Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, inclosing an Account of the Queen's Arrival in London.*

London June 17th, 1625.

THE last night at five o'Clock, there being a very great shower, the King and Queen in the royal Barge with many other barges of honour, and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides these, in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges, and on each side of the shore. Fifty good ships discharging their ordnance, as their Majesties passed along by; as, last of all, the Tower did such a peel, as I believe she never before heard the like. The King and Queen were both in green suits. The barge-windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open: and all the people shouting again. She put out her hand, and shook it unto them. She hath already given some good signs of hope, that she may ere long, by Gods blessing become ours in Religion.

She arrived at Dover Sunday about eight in the Evening, lay there in the Castle that night; whither the King rode on Monday morning from Canterbury, came thither after ten of the clock, and she then being at meat, he stayed in the presence till she had done: which she, advertised of, made short work, rose, went unto him, kneeled down at his feet, took, and kissed his hand. The King took her up in his arms, kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes toward her feet, (she, seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulders) which she soon perceiving discovered, and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect, "Sir, I stand upon mine own feet. I have no helps by art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher than lower." She is nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave Lady, though perhaps a little touched with the green sickness.

One ship, whereupon stood above an hundred people, not being ballanced, nor well tied to the shore, and they standing all upon one side, was overturned and sunk, all that were upon her tumbling into the Thames; yet was not any one lost that I can hear of, but all saved by the help of boats.

The Bells rung till midnight, and all the streets were full of bonfires; and in this one street were above thirty.

*Extract of another Letter of the same date, London June 17th, 1625.*

It were but lost labour to tell you the Queene arrived on Sunday at Dover; that on Monday at ten of the Clock the King came from Canterbury thither to visit her, and though she were unready, so soon as she heard he was come, she hasted down a pair of stairs to meet him, and offering to kneel down and to kiss his hand, he rapt her up in his arms and kissed her with many kisses. The first words she said to him were, "Sire je suis venue en ce pais de vostre Maté pour estre usée et commandée de vous." They retired themselves an hour, and then having made herself ready, they went forth into the Presence, where she recommended all her servants by quality and name in order. At dinner being carved pheasant and venison by his Majestie (who had dined before) she eat heartily of both, notwithstanding her Confessor (who all this while stood by her) had forewarned her that it was the Eve of St. John Baptist, and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill example or a scandal at her first arrival.

The same night having supped at Canterbury her Majesty went to bed; and, some space of time after, his Majesty followed her; but being entred his bedchamber, the first thing he did, he bolted all the doors round about (being seven) with his own hand, letting in but two of the bedchamber to undress him, which being done, he bolted them out also. The next morning he lay till seven of the Clock, and was pleasant with the Lords that he had beguiled them; and hath ever since been very jocund.

Yesterday I saw them coming up from Gravesend, and never beheld the King to look so merrily. In stature her head reached to his shoulder: but she is young enough to grow taller. Those of our nation that know best her dispositions are very hopefull his Majestie will have power to bring her to his own religion. Being asked, not long since, if she could abide an Huguenot! "why not?" said she, "was not my Father one."

Yesterday, 'twixt Gravesend and London, she had the beautiful and stately view of part of our Navy that is to go to sea, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred great shot. So they arrived at Whitehall, where they continue till Mon-

day, when they go to Hampton Court. On Sunday there is a great feast at Whitehall.

Tomorrow His Majesty will be present in the Upper House to begin the Parliament which is thought shall be removed to Oxford. The Term is to be holden but three days at the beginning, and three at the end.

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## FARRAGO LIBELLI.

### NO. III.

*There is an often quoted couplet in that wonderfully beautiful and bad tragedy JANE SHORE.*

Earth has no plague like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

We found an unfollowed up version of a chorus in the Medea of Seneca the other day, while we were looking for something better, (or worse.)

Devouring flame—the whirlwinds might—  
The deadly javelin in its flight—

'Twere easy to controul;  
But what can rein a woman's wrath,  
When jealousy has crossed her path,  
And burning hatred goads her soul?

---

The two last paragraphs in P. Harding's shop bill may be added to old Nares's specimens of confusion in precedency.

*Farriers', and gentlemen's grooms supplied with genuine horse and cattle medicine of every description, on the most liberal terms.*

*Physicians' and surgeons' prescriptions and family recipes dispensed with the greatest attention to accuracy and neatness.*

We always thought the horse the nobler animal of the two, and now we are convinced of it. Mr. Harding, we suppose, is a disciple of Dean Swift. By the bye one would think from the great increase in the number of medical men, and pharmacopolists, that Barnstaple was a very unhealthy town—yet it is not so—it is one of the pleasantest and healthiest towns in England, and improving every day;

the malt liquor is, perhaps, not so famous as it was—more's the pity, for it is a vulgar error to think ale ungenteel—in fact all sensible people drink whatever is good of its kind, and as much of it as they like; indeed we do not believe that any thing ever disagreed with any body, *except in quantity, or super-induction.* Did two pounds of mutton, an ounce of Cheshire, a glass of ale, a pint of Madeira, and a bottle of Port, or a magnum of Claret, ever hurt a MAN for dinner? or the wings and breast of a fowl, two plates of custard pudding, four glasses of Maderia, and four of Port, ever yet hurt a WOMAN? If they *will* cram melted butter upon plum-pudding, and stuff tipsy cake, trifle, clouted cream, and hot mince pies, almonds, raisins, chestnuts, orange peel, ratafia, and hot coffee and muffins, why should they *tell* of having the heart burn?

“What a very handsome copy you have got of Hume's History of England, with Smollett's continuation—binding as good as London, I declare—occupies just a yard of that shelf—almost a pity to read a book so nicely bound.” *Rem acu tetigisti*, it will always look well, for it will never be read; what fools we are about men and books! there is more true history in the North Devon Magazine, than in all Hume's. You cannot consult it for facts—and for style, all the newspapers, as Dr. Johnson observed long ago, are written in a good style now; so the yard of good gilt calf-skin is just good for nothing. The man wrote two volumes of Essays which have merit, but are gone by; his mind was acute, but not deep; and when he had added a little Parisian conceit to his Edinburgh infidelity, he got hold of an argument against miracles; and for the praise of the few who loved impiety, he sacrificed the countenance of all sensible people. Then there's Gibbon's Decline and Fall, I decline reading it, for I always fall asleep. His were the days of ambitious style, and twelve pages are enough of it; but twelve volumes! they fill up eighteen inches, though very smartly. Then come Burke, Johnson, Swift, I say nothing *against* them, mind—only if you *will* take down a volume just keep it shut a moment, aye, so—pinch it hard near the top with your left thumb and forefinger, and brush the dust off (it has been there too long to *blow* off.) Ah! you've got a volume of Swift I see, I lent it to Lady Betty Diaway when it came from binding, and it always opens at the same place. We read such books once, for duty, when we are young, and certainly not more than once again, for plea-

sure, in the course of our lives; but we have now dispatched three yards of good carpenter's work, and got very little reading for our pains: yet these are all amusing works, compared to many. What lives, long industrious lives spent in writing myriads of reams, and who reads them? who, but the Editor of the North Devon Magazine, in all Barnstaple, ever read a page of Thomas Aquinas, 17 vols. folio? or Hyperius, only 7 vols. folio? or Concina, only 12 vols. 4to? or Cæsar Boulai, (*not* Julius Cæsar,) or Bonaventure, or Bluteau, or Arriaga? The test of merit is repeated perusal. Who has read Waverly only once? or Roderick Random? or the Lay of the Last Minstrel? I would go so far as to make it a rule for all ages and times—it will not impeach the merit even of the eternal romances of Scudery, &c. for, in the first place they *had* no other in those days, and in the next, as ladies then read, *one* romance was enough for a life time: allowing for a little slowness in spelling and putting together, from the want of Mayor's spelling book, and Cobbett's English Grammar, and taking into calculation the numerous calls upon a lady's time a hundred and fifty years ago, for the purposes of pickling and preserving, suckling children, and raising pastry, making wholesome waters, and chronicling small beer, a folio page pretty closely printed must have lasted a week, and making further allowance for dropping the thread of the story and going back again to find it, a novel of the olden time must have taken a country gentlewoman twenty years in perusal, which would land her on the shores of uncertain chronology, when the duties of devotion supersede the charms of romance.

IN Locke's preface to his Essay on the Human Understanding, (a work too little read, and of which the metaphysical phraseology may be behind the present day, but of which the original power, and manly logic are still *en avant* of the world) he notices the fact of all disputes being about *words*, and the little real difference there would be in opinions if verbal definitions were more attended to. The years elapsed since Locke's day, have flowed in vain:—we still wrangle and dispute; and verbal subtlety, and verbal evasion are at the bottom of our discussions. This opinion is a very favorite one with me, and I ride my hobby at every thing, as we say at Melton. I love to sit over my wine at a dinner party, and crack my nuts quietly, and listen to the hurricane about me—all the while the original disputants, the principals in the duel, as well as the occasional partisans and voltigeurs



that hang upon the skirts of the question, and keep up a dropping flank fire, are, in fact, very nearly of the same opinion.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
 E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem :  
 Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,  
 Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

It is delightful, (as Charles says) to hear the transition of address from "My dear Baker—Smith, my good fellow—well, but Baker—but I say Smith," "to surely my dear sir—nay, my good sir—sir do you mean to say—sir you do—and sir you don't:" if it ends in pistol bullets next morning, it is enough to shake the sides of old Heraclitus. What are all our disputes in political economy, (or even in politics) but verbal questions? you may disguise it by calling it Bullion question, if you please; it is but a verbal one, all about "a guinea or a one pound note." In this view of the subject, I have no doubt but it is a wise provision in our nature, a wholesome necessity in our constitution, lest we should lose the use of our tongues; for, (the ladies always excepted,) coincidence of opinion concludes conversation, and we should smoke tobacco—a filthy alternative. It would strike at the root of our excellent Constitution and Government, and destroy the liberties of Englishmen; for what would become of our House of Commons? Depend upon it I was wrong when I began this subject, and Locke was wronger when he would substitute logical precision, for verbal inaccuracy.

I never knew a father, how crooked and deformed soever his son were, that would either altogether cast him off, or not acknowledge him for his own; and yet, (unless he be merely besotted or blinded in his affection,) it cannot but be said that he perceives his defects—that he has a feeling of his imperfections. So it is in my own proper self. I see better than any one else, that what I have indited since the typographical existence of the *Cato* in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, is nought but the fond imaginations of him, who, in his youth, had tasted nothing but the paring, and seen but the superficies of true learning, of which he has retained but a general and shapeless form—a smack of every thing in general, but nothing to the purpose in particular, *à la mode de France*. I know that there are physics and metaphysics, courses of law, and branches of

mathematics, and I am not altogether ignorant what their scope is. But to wade further, or that I ever tired myself with plodding upon Aristotle, or obstinately continued in the search of any one science—I confess I never did it. All which, notwithstanding, I suffer my inventions to run abroad as weak and faint as I have produced them, often without bungling and botching to patch up the faults that my mother wit, dull as it be, can discover in them.

### ENIGMA.

In all that is great, and in all that is good,  
I am always most sure to be found,  
And though in the earth I never have stood,  
Yet I always am seen in the ground.

Without me no king in his kingdom could reign,  
Yet 'tis not more strange than 'tis true,  
That though unacquainted with want or with pain,  
With a beggar I've still more to do.

I'm not found in heaven, I dwell not in love,  
Yet still nothing good would e'er be  
With angels who dwell in the regions above,  
Had they not some assistance from me.

I am in each grotto, I am in each grave,  
But not in a church-yard or bower;  
Though always in courage, I join not the brave,  
Nor the warrior surrounded with power.

With judgment that's righteous I always have place,  
Religion I aid it is true;  
But, though I am sure to be found in each grace,  
With mercy I've nothing to do.

With the eagle I soar when he takes his high flight,  
With the grasshopper skip o'er the ground,  
The giant's indebted to me for his might,  
Yet without me no pigmy is found.

In the garden of Eden I surely was known,  
In the gulph of St. Lawrence I'm seen,  
In the mines of Golconda my presence you'll own,  
And I'm found in the Emerald's green.

## THE NORTH DEVON

Though all in the world without me could live,  
 Yet I help every man to a leg;  
 To those who are wanting I'm useful to give,  
 And as equally useful to beg.

In the cottage I'm seen with the peasant resigned,  
 In the gaol with the rogue I am placed;  
 To all that is mighty and great I'm inclined,  
 Through roads that are rugged I'm traced.

Though ne'er seen in day, I am always with light,  
 For in darkness I never could dwell,  
 And yet I am present in every night,  
 And with gloom am acquainted quite well.

I'm found in each sigh, and I'm found with each groan,  
 I'm a constant attendant on grief,  
 Yet sorrow ne'er has me—in laughing I'm known,  
 And in giggling I stand head-and-chief.

Now whatever I am, I freely declare,  
 The reader may always find one,  
 To which, if united, that moment I swear  
 He will find I for ever am gone.

V.

## CHARADE.

My first is very useful reckon'd,  
 And oft accommodates my second;  
 My second does for knowledge thirst,  
 And can alone complete my first:  
 My whole (pray reader find it out)  
 Doth help to guide my first about,  
 On business, or to ball, or rout.

V.

## FRENCH SONG.

L'encens des fleurs embaume cet asile,  
 La nuit descend à pas silencieux,  
 Le lac est pur, l'air est frais et tranquille,  
 La paix du soir se repand dans ces lieux.  
     O ma patrie,  
     O mon bonheur,  
 Toujours chérie,  
     Tu rempliras mon cœur.  
 Venez jouir o mes jeunes compagnes,  
 Du plus beau soir après le plus beau jour,

Faisons redire aux echos des montagnes,  
Ces traits si purs de tendresse et d'amour.  
O ma, &c. &c.

Phœbe perçant à travers le feuillage,  
De mon ami m'annonce le retour,  
Déjà j'entends au lointain du rivage,  
Sa douce voix répéter à son tour,  
O ma, &c. &c.

## TRANSLATION.

What fragrance is breathed o'er this flowery retreat,  
And see, with hushed tread are the night shades descending,  
And pure is the lake, and the breath of heaven sweet,  
And around me the still breeze of even is blending.  
Dear native land, tho' lingering here,  
I joy to call thee mine,  
For ever, and for ever, dear,  
My full, full heart is thine.

Oh come, my companions, and share the delight  
Of this eve, all as sweet as the day that's gone by,  
While to echo responsive on every height,  
In strains of affection and love we reply ;—  
Dear native, &c. &c.

Thro' foliage glancing, the sun's fading ray  
Announces the coming of one who is dear ;  
Even now, tho' tis heard from the shore far away,  
I rejoice in the song as it floats on my ear—  
Dear native, &c. &c.

## RECEIPT

FOR A LIBRARY MINCE PIE.

*By an Experienced Book-keeper.*

Of ' Byron's and Shelley's Poems,' freed from scepticism, libels, and indecency, take about 6 volumes. (The refuse will do for a pic-nic.)

Add about 36 vols. of Scotch Novels, well selected from Weave-a-lie's, Galt's, Hogg's and Cunningham's ;—but Weave-a-lie's are best, and Hogg's are rather strong-flavored.

Choose a handsome bound 'Lord of the Isles,' for the ladies, and a 'Lady of the Lake,' ditto, for the gentlemen, and a 'Bridal of Triermain,' for both.

Select the softer parts of a 'Crabbe's Borough,' and a 'Captain Hall's Journal.'

One volume of Landor's *Savage Conversations*, and of 'Irving's Orations,' a fierce ounce.

A sprinkling of Quarterly Reviews, and Monthly Magazines, Whig, Tory, and Radical,—carefully weighing one against another.

To these add a *skimming* of Pam-*plet*-eers, a little *Clarified* 'Village Minstrel,' a *grill* of Cobbett's Registers:

Pour over the last two *bowls* of 'Sonnets,' and a kiss dissolved in *Madeira*.

Then add a *quart o'* 'Wordsworth's Excursion,' 'Tales of a Traveller,' a few 'Con-way Papers,' a vol. of the 'Pioneers,' and some 'Highways and Byeways.' An 'India Register,' an 'Oriental Herald,' a Sir Marmaduke McSwell.

'The Cricketers,' a novel; Miss Batty's 'Italy,' a few *Batavian Anthologies*.

'Walton's Angler,'—'Eclia's Essays,' Cox's 'Marlborough,' Crow-lie's last Comedy, Bail-lie's last Tragedy, 'Sayings and Doings,' and some *lie-though-graphic* illustrations.

'Medwin's Conversations,' (not his own, but Byron's) well-strained through a *cullender*.

Which should be hastily followed by a 'Curse of Kehama,' a 'Ritter Ban,' a 'Vision of Judgement,' a peppery letter or two 'on the Satanic School of Poetry,' and a Peter Schlemihl.

Then introduce an 'Almanach des Dames,' Maturin's 'Woman,' *Every* number of *The Mirror*, the thinnest volume of *Veil-erius*, Lady Maggan's *Salvator Rosa*! and Hogg's *Bonny Kill-many*.

'Chronicles of London Bridge,' Bowring's *translations* of 'Span-ish Ballads.'

A 'Wandering Jew,' 'D'Israell's Anecdotes,' Mrs. Opie's last 'Simple Tale,' some 'Essays by the Opium Eater.' 'The History of the Crusaders,' well *milled*—'The Lancet,' 'Knight's Quarterly.'

A handfull of 'Percy Anecdotes,' a 'Forget me not,' a 'Pleasures of Memory,' but very little of 'Human Life.'

A 'Lounger's Common Place Book,' an 'Ackerman's

*Repose-itory,* a '*Lay-sermon*' by Coleridge, would improve this mixture.

Now put in a Barum '*Miscellany,*' a '*Gossip,*' a '*Medley,*' a '*Lucubator,*' a '*Western Luminary,*' a '*LUNDY REVIEW,*' a *suppressed* '*Beacon,*' a Keat's '*Endim-yon.*'

A '*Blackwoud,*' a '*John Bull,*' a '*Bullock's Mexico,*' and an '*Oxlie's New-South-Whales,*' two or three '*Pole-r Voyages,*' by a *Post-Captain,*—a *Lancaster School-book,* '*The Terrific Register,*' two or three numbers of the last will be sufficient.

Be particularly careful that no '*Cates,*' or '*Captain Rock's Memoirs,*' get into your melange, all such being abominable books.

If you have any difficulty in *mincing,* send and borrow an old *reviewer,* and you will soon have the whole mess cut up as small as you like.

N.B. Half the quantity is enough, unless you are Book-keeper to a *very* Literary Family.

☞ Have taste, relish, and candour ready, and apply some of each to every volume when read.

*The History of Ancient and Modern Wines. London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row. 1824.\**

BRAVO, Alick Henderson! a very pretty book indeed, and more than pretty:—it is really amusing and elegant. The information about Vineyards and their produce, is accurate and interesting; and the judgments passed upon the qualities of wines, are the results of a delicate and correct *taste*. That *TASTE*, in the days of yore, was somewhat fastidious, as we remember, and every fresh bottle brought fresh remonstrances, and the testy cries of *garçon!* and waiter! were heard oftener from *our* box, than any other in the coffee-room. Well, every thing is for the best; and while we were making good our inheritance of three parts of a bottle of excellent Claret, which the more scrupulous Doctor quarrelled with for not being Chateau Margaux, he was cultivating a taste for *tasting* wine, which has eventually led to the production of this capital quarto. We really mean to speak of it in

\* The reader will, perhaps, think the author a man predestinated to write about liquor, when he bears his name and designation. Dr. Alexander Henderson is a Scottish gentleman, and his patrimonial estate is CASKIRGAN, in Aberdeenshire.

terms of high commendation to our readers, and shall now give pretty free extracts from the notices of Sherry and Port Wines.

“OF THE WINES OF SPAIN.”

“**EMULATING** France in some of her richest growths, and in the abundant produce of her vineyards, Spain has long occupied a prominent place among the wine-countries of Europe. The range of mountains that overlook the extensive coasts, and bound the principal rivers of the peninsula, present the happiest exposures, and every variety of soil best calculated for the cultivation of the vine; and the warmth of the climate ensures to its fruit an early and perfect maturity. Hence, in all those districts where a good system of management prevails, the vintages are distinguished by their high flavour and aroma; as well as by their uncommon strength and durability: in others, these natural advantages are lost by adherence to erroneous modes of treatment. The red wines, in particular, are often spoiled in the fermentation, and, generally speaking, are dull and heavy on the palate. In that class, the Spaniards can boast of none which will bear comparison with the more delicate growths of France; but in the preparation of dry white wines, and certain species of sweet wines, they stand nearly unrivalled: and the trade in them, which they carry on with all parts of the world, is a constant stimulus to industry, and a never-failing source of wealth to the more populous provinces of the kingdom.

“In estimating the general character of the wines of any country, considerable allowance must be made for the prevailing tastes and habits of the natives, as well as the disadvantages in respect of internal commerce under which they may labour. The Spaniard, when he drinks wine as an article of luxury, gives the preference to such as is rich and sweet. Hence he is disposed to rate the growths of Malaga, Alicante, and Fuencaral, more highly than those of Xeres, which, however, are the most perfect, and most generally esteemed by other nations. The great abundance, too, in which wine is everywhere produced, makes him careless of obtaining a particular supply; or, if he were inclined to take any pains about it, the difficulties of conveyance, and want of proper conveniences for keeping it, would, in general, prevent him from indulging his wish. Hence, when not supplied from his own vineyards, he commonly remains dependent on the next tavern for what may be required for family use, and must be content with such new and indifferent wine as the vintner may choose to send him. It is also worthy of

remark, that, throughout the greater part of Spain, the peasantry store the produce of their vintages in skins, which are smeared with pitch; from which the wine is apt to contract a peculiar disagreeable taste, called the *olor de bota*, and to become muddy and nauseous. Bottles and casks are rarely met with; and, except in the monasteries and great commercial towns, subterraneous wine-cellars are nearly unknown. Under such management, we cannot be surprised that the common Spanish wines should fall so far short of the excellence that might be anticipated from the favourable circumstances in which they are grown; or that the traveller, in the midst of the most luxuriant vineyards, should often find the manufactured produce wholly unfit for use. "The mountains round Granada," observes Mr. JACOB, "are well calculated for vines, but so little attention is paid to the cultivation of them, that the wine produced is very bad: at the posada where we reside, there is only one kind of inferior sweet white wine, which is not drinkable; but we had the best proof that good wine is made here in some which a gentleman sent us from his cellar: it was equal to any Burgundy I have ever tasted, and of the same colour, without any flavour of the skin; in fact, he had sent bottles to a vineyard about three leagues distant, celebrated for its excellent wine, in order to have it free from that taste which all the wines here acquire from being brought from the vineyards in sheep-skins with tarred seams. It is rather a curious fact, that, in a country where cork-trees abound, the trifling operation of cutting them is so ill done, that, to have his wine in good order, this gentleman thought it necessary to send to Malaga for English corks, as well as English bottles \*."

"In the province of Andalusia the best wines are grown, particularly at Xerez de la Frontera, near Cadiz, and the adjoining territories. Many of the principal vineyards are in the hands of British and French settlers; and to this circumstance it may not, perhaps, be unfair to ascribe the improvement which has, of late years, taken place in Sherry wines."

"For making the Sherry wines, red and white grapes are used indiscriminately. They are gathered as they become ripe, and are spread on mats to dry. At the expiration of two or three days, they are freed from the stalks, and picked; those that are unripe or rotten being rejected. They are then introduced into vats, with a layer of burnt gypsum on

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\* Travels in the South of Spain in the Year 1809, p. 303.



the surface, and are trodden by peasants with wooden shoes. The juice that flows from them is collected in casks; and these, as they are filled, are lodged in the stores, where the fermentation is allowed to take its course,—continuing generally from the month of October till the beginning or middle of December. When it has ceased, the wines are racked from the lees, and those intended for exportation receive whatever addition of brandy they may be thought to require, which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt. The wine thus prepared has, when new, a harsh and fiery taste, but is mellowed by being allowed to remain four or five years, or longer, in the wood; though it only attains its full flavour and perfection after having been kept fifteen or twenty years. Sometimes bitter almonds are infused in it, to give that nutty flavour which is so highly prized in this wine. The driest species of Sherry is the *Amontillado*, made in imitation of the wine of Montilla, near Cordova. As the quantity manufactured is very limited, it sells much higher than the other kinds."

"OF THE WINES OF PORTUGAL."

"SINCE the commencement of the last century, the political relations of England and Portugal have rendered us extremely familiar with the wines of the latter country, and obtained for them a degree of favour and importance, which, under other circumstances, they could hardly have acquired; for their intrinsic merits would entitle them, at most, to be placed on a level with the better sorts of Spanish wines, and the secondary growths of France. In many of the provinces the vine is planted indiscriminately on hill and plain, on indifferent soils, and allowed to shoot up to a great height; a great mixture of species, also, is observable in the vineyards; but in the vicinity of Lisbon, and along the course of the Douro, the culture of the plant is better understood; and it is accordingly from these territories that the supply which comes to this country, under the denomination of Lisbon and Oporto wines, is derived.

"The wine country or district of the Cima do Douro, or Upper Douro, commences about fifty miles from the harbour of Oporto, and presents a succession of hills on both sides of the river, which afford the choicest exposures, and such loose and crumbling soils, as have been shown to be most propitious to the culture of the vine: but the best wines are procured from those that overlie beds of schist (*lousa*), and consist chiefly of the decomposed rock, as in the territory of the

Axarquia, mixed in some places with mica. The whole of this district is placed under the superintendence of a chartered company, called the General Company for the Cultivation of the Vineyards of the Alto Douro, which had formerly the power of fixing not only the prices of the different qualities of the wines, but even the limits within which they were to be produced. Accordingly the vintages have been usually divided into two principal classes; namely, Factory wines (*vinhos da Feitoria*), and secondary wines (*vinhos de ramo*), the purchase and sale of which was for a long time confined to the company. The Factory wines are again subdivided into *vinhos de embarque*, or export-wines, destined for the English market; and *vinhos separados*, or assorted wines, for exportation to the Portuguese colonies and other foreign countries, or for home consumption. The *vinhos de ramo* are used partly for distillation, and partly for the supply of the taverns in Oporto, &c. The company has also the monopoly of all the brandy used in Oporto and the surrounding country; and, until very lately, had the sole right of supplying the taverns."

"As soon as the grapes begin to shrivel, they are gathered and introduced into broad and shallow vats, where they are trodden along with the stalks; and this operation is repeated several times during the fermentation, which, in the case of the superior wines, continues about seventy-two hours. When the liquor has ceased to ferment, it is removed into large tuns, containing from eight to twenty pipes each. After the fair of the Douro, which commonly takes place in the beginning of February, the wine is racked into pipes, for the purpose of being conveyed down the river into the cellars of the Factory, or of the wine merchants of Oporto, who make their purchases at this period. To that which is reserved for exportation a quantity of brandy is added, when it is deposited in the *armazens*, or stores; and a second portion is thrown in before it is shipped, which is generally about twelve months after the vintage. When it arrives in this country, it is of a dark purple or inky colour, a full rough body, with an astringent bitter-sweet taste, and a strong flavour and odour of brandy. After it has remained some years longer in the wood, the sweetness, roughness, and astringency of the flavour abate; but it is only after it has been kept ten or fifteen years in bottle, that the odour of the brandy is completely subdued, and the genuine aroma of the wine is developed. During the process of melioration, a considerable portion of the extractive and colouring matter is precipitated

on the sides of the vessels in the form of crust; and when this takes place in a great degree, the wine becomes tawny, and is found to have lost its flavour and aroma. In some wines this change occurs much earlier than in others, especially in those which have been manufactured from white grapes, and coloured with elderberries, or other heterogeneous materials, as is frequently the practice of the wine-makers when there is a deficiency of black grapes; and it is always hastened by a large admixture of brandy.

"Whether this last-mentioned ingredient in the composition of Oporto wines was originally introduced with the view of enabling them to bear sea carriage, or merely in order to please the English palate, it is of little importance to determine. In this country, however, it has become an article of belief, not only that the quality of these wines is much improved by the admixture, but that they will not even keep any length of time without a certain portion of brandy."

"Towards the middle of the last century, it appears, that the adulterations which were practised in the manufacture of Port wines had become so glaring and universal, as to cause a very great diminution in the demand for those wines, and consequently in the prices and the quantity exported: and the distress resulting from this stagnation of trade was still farther increased by several failures that happened about the same time, among the farmers and wine merchants. Certain individuals of Oporto, in conjunction with the proprietors of the vineyards, availing themselves of the discontent and clamour which had been excited by these occurrences, succeeded in persuading the Portuguese government to sanction the formation of a joint-stock company for the protection of the commerce of the wines of the district. The professed objects of these gentlemen, as stated in their petition to the king, were, "to encourage the culture of the vineyards; to secure the reputation of the wines, and the support of both the one and the other by fixed prices; to promote, in consequence, inland and foreign commerce; and, finally, to insure the preservation of the health of his majesty's subjects\*." By the *alvara*, or royal patent, which was issued to them on the 10th of September, 1756, they were accordingly authorized to form a company, with a capital of one million eight hundred thousand crowns, in shares of four hundred each; and the powers conferred upon them were, as has been al-

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\* Review of the Discussions relating to the Oporto Wine Company, Lond. 1814. P. 7.

ready stated, very ample. Among other articles, it was enacted,—

“ 1. That the district calculated for the growth of the export-wines should be marked out, and the mixture of these wines with others from without the boundary prohibited.

“ 2. That no one should be permitted to cover the vines with litter; as this operation, though it considerably augmented the produce, tended to deteriorate the quality of the wine.

“ 3. That, in the manufacture of the wine, no one should use elder-berries, which not only gave it a false and evanescent colour, but also changed its natural flavour (the planting of the elder being at the same time forbidden within the line of demarcation, and orders given to extirpate the plants that already existed).

“ 4. That, after each vintage, a list should be made out of the number of pipes in every cellar within the district; and that the wine-tasters of the company, and others to be nominated by the farmers, should prove them, and arrange them in classes, distinguishing such as were fit for exportation, and delivering to the proprietors a corresponding ticket.

“ 5. That the market should be opened on a certain day, and should be free to all English merchants, to such Portuguese as were qualified as legitimate exporters, and to the company itself.”

“ Into the history of this monopoly it is not my intention to enter minutely, as the principles on which it was founded are now universally abandoned.”

“ When the late revolution in the government of Portugal took place, hopes were entertained, that the privileges which had been so rashly conferred, and so greatly abused, would be entirely done away; or, at least, that such a change might be effected in the constitution of the company, as would deprive it of its objectionable character. Soon after the installation of the Cortes, the policy of the original patent and subsequent enactments was brought under review, in various memorials presented to that body by the corporations of certain towns, and by some of the landed proprietors in the Alto Douro. These papers were printed by order of the Cortes; and a spirited analysis of their contents, drawn up by one of the deputies, in which the mischiefs of all restrictions on commerce and agriculture were forcibly exposed, seemed to warrant the expectation, that the evils complained of were about to be effectually redressed. In the mean time the company was not inactive. The merchants of Oporto

had proposed a plan of reform, which tended to abrogate all its privileges, and to reduce it to a simple mercantile association. The farmers of the Douro, on the other hand, little understanding their own interests, were easily persuaded to give in a counter-petition, praying not only for the continuance of the company, but even for the concession of greater powers than it already possessed; while the directors submitted a project of their own, in which, although they abandoned several of their former claims, such as the right of pre-emption with respect to the wines of the Douro, &c., they took care to reserve one of the most lucrative branches of the company's trade,—namely, the monopoly of all the brandy used in Oporto and the vicinity. In the beginning of last year, these different proposals were referred to a committee, which reported in favour of the company's plan, with some slight alterations: and, accordingly, the said plan of reform was embodied in the shape of a decree, which passed the Cortes on the 11th of May, and received the royal sanction on the 17th of the same month. Of the articles which it comprises, the following are among the most important:—

“1. The General Company for the Superintendence and Encouragement of the Vineyards of the Alto Douro shall continue in existence, in as far as the production of wines in that district shall exceed the quantity exported and used for home consumption.”

“5. The existing divisions of *Feitoria* and *Ramo* shall cease: but the exterior line of demarcation shall be retained, comprehending all those lands which are now planted, or may afterwards be planted with low vines, within the said boundary.

“6. The directors of the company shall continue, as heretofore, to take an account of the quantity and qualities of wine produced, and regulate the tonnage upon it.”

“9. The government, on receiving the report of the directors, shall determine, according to circumstances, both the day for the opening of the fair of the Douro, and the time of its duration; provided always, that the opening be not deferred beyond the second day of February.

“10. The preferences which the law had accorded to the company, and the legitimate export-merchants (*negociantes legitimos exportadores*), are declared to be abolished.

“11. Every citizen shall be at liberty to purchase wines in the Alto Douro, and to sell them in the town of Oporto, or wherever else he may find expedient, as well as to distil any wines, whether of his own manufacture, or bought by him.

"12. The company shall be obliged to purchase at the price fixed by the law of the 21st September, 1802, all the wine remaining unsold after the fair of Regos, that shall be offered to it by the farmers, until the end of March.

"13. The wine mentioned in the preceding article, in case it be not exported, may be applied to the same purposes as the inferior wines, or used for distillation."

"18. Only the directors of the company shall have the right to sell and import brandy for preparing and mixing with wines, within the barriers of Oporto, Villa Nova de Gaya, and the line of demarcation of the Alto Douro."

"30. The present decree shall continue in force for the space of five years, or until the whole or any of the articles contained in it shall be revised or altered in such manner as may be judged fit."

"Whether these enactments will produce any great improvement in the manufacture and quality of the wines of the Douro, appears very doubtful. Though many of the more obnoxious privileges of the company are now abolished; yet others remain which must always have a prejudicial tendency. Its fiscal powers, the monopoly of brandy, and the right which it possesses, in conjunction with the government, to fix the prices at which the superabundant wine, and all the brandy of the district, shall be purchased, must hamper commerce, and place the cultivator, in a great measure, at its mercy. But, that a body possessing such extensive influence should relinquish its authority, without a struggle more or less successful in the issue, was, perhaps, too much to expect. When errors in legislation have been confirmed by long usage, the return to true principles becomes proportionably difficult: so many persons are interested in upholding the present state of things,—so many plausible arguments are adduced to prove the danger of innovation,—that even those individuals who are most firmly convinced of the necessity of a thorough reform, and of the insufficiency of partial remedies, often partake of the alarm, and, in opposition to their better judgment, are led to acquiesce in the more timid and fallacious counsels of the adverse party.

"On the whole, then, I apprehend, that if we survey the history and operations of the General Company, from its first establishment to the present time, we shall be justified in pronouncing it to have totally failed in securing any one of the professed objects for which its charter was given; but, on the contrary, to have been productive of much injury to

the interests of the district over which it was appointed to preside."

"Since the Methuen treaty has in a manner compelled us to drink Port wine, we may justly complain, that, in consequence of the interference of this body, we have not only had to purchase it at increased prices, but have not even been allowed to procure it in its most perfect state."

From the above extracts, and an article in our tenth Number on the duties on wines, it really appears that Great Britain is, to all intents and purposes, the victim of *humbug* (to borrow an elegancy from JOHN BULL) in the affair of drinking. Real and warrantable good wine cannot easily be had, and *never* for purposes of retail: of course three-fourths of our wine drinkers, probably seven-eighths, not impossibly fifteen-sixteenths of them swallow a villanous compound. What was the composition of Southampton port? or of Lynn port? certainly something better than the common mixture we see so often: we believe it was no worse than an admixture of low smuggled claret, accomplished, we know not how, at Guernsey. There was neither head-ach nor any other ach in it; and we shall be glad if the fashion come in again: unless, indeed, as we said before, the womb of time be pregnant with a great wine Minister. That confounded gout of George Canning's may stand in the way, else we would venture a small bet upon the chance of a change. We solemnly protest against another Methuen treaty, and threaten most positively to turn Roman Catholics, Radicals, or White Boys, if we may not have claret cheaper.

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## THE LUCUBRATOR.

### A PERIODICAL EPISODE.

ONE wet afternoon of this present December, 1824, we were sitting, according to custom, in deep reflection over the declining embers of our wood fire, when, between the knocker and the agitation of a friend's hand, our lodging door was violently assaulted.

*News!* said we to ourself:—a Literary friend:—so popping our meditations into a bye-drawer, we drew out another chair, and cleared our throat (as well as we could) for welcoming his intrusion—and very welcome it was. We were at a sad loss for a bran new *article*; and, he had no sooner

taken his seat, than the compliments of the day, were followed by his announcement of a new PERIODICAL.

Welcome, most welcome! cousin German, what, another Barnstaple Miscellany?!

Show our eyes, and grieve our heart,

Come like shadows—so depart!

Why do you show me this?

‘What! will the line’ of Barum periodicals ‘stretch out to the crack of doom?’

No; the muse of Barnstaple is dead,—and She of Bideford hath seized the lyre, and unrolled the typograph of essayism.

Well;—you surprise me;—It’s name?

THE LUCUBRATOR.

Ha! a candle-light beauty. Well no bad thing that in a long winter’s evening: many may smile at my taste; but in this life there is no need of being too much awake the next morning. But who is it by? who is the Editor?

One Moro.

Moro! then ‘The Cigar’ would have been a better title for his pamphlet, for the only Moro I ever knew was at the Havannah. Do you take, eh?

Thank ye good sir, I owe you one; but, with this budget of wit in my hand, you must be paid in the coin of others—so listen:—

“THE LUCUBRATOR, Dec. 1st, 1824; No. 1. containing Dedication, Introduction, Elton, Tibetan Letters, My First Travels, Happiness, Bideford and Barnstaple, Bideford, a Poem, &c. &c.

Published by Harrington, Bideford, price 6d.—Contributions received (of course.) Printed by R. Wilson, Bideford.

—Bideford, as you see, to the back bone; and you may observe, he added, how Bideford and Barnstaple follow Travels and Happiness. Some wild up-country family, looking for rest, and finding none, settle down on the banks of the Taw, or the Torridge. He then read over the dedication, which is spirited enough; but ‘chivalric’ is an inelegant word. Then came a dedication lamenting the failure of all other Devonshire periodicals.

Granted, they have failed; but, what does the Editor of the Lucubator mean by his having hoped in vain, that ‘in course of time, they (the preceding periodicals) would have manifested some degree of intellect worthy comparison with other provinces?’ What other province, but North Devon, has any periodical at all? Of course Moro did not suppose



that London, or Edinburgh was a province. Exeter being a county in itself, might have some pretensions; but then Exeter has only five or six newspapers as yet. We wish the Moro would open a fresh embrasure to a little day-light upon this point.

My visitor then began: *Ellen, by A. B.*

— It was on a beautiful evening towards the close of the summer of 447, that the young and high-spirited Henry Blenheim —

rode into Bideford, of course. No bad nag that evening; — out of Nox, by Sundown. But, my dear fellow peruser, you may skip the rest of that article, we know all the story from the first line, as well as if you read it quite through. So he passed on to *'A Translation of a Letter from MS., in the Tibetan Tongue.'* An amusing *jeu d'esprit*, and very well done, though we say it, who are but indifferent judges. We have not tasted a better *tongue* for some time. Musing on the Emperor Ha-king, who is introduced at the end of the article, We inadvertently, or promiscuously, rang the bell for tea. Then across, or over the slop-bason, We made our 'First' voyage to 'Ostend,' and soon after found ourselves snug at 'The Horace's Head,' for the article *'Sunt quos curriculo'* has no other; and thence We crossed the sea, (or tea) again to 'Bideford and Barnstaple;' momentous themes! but as we abjure all politics, 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' and love to see pretty towns peaceably situated upon the banks of pleasant rivers, and sincerely hope with Moro (mind it is Moro's original wish, not ours) that 'intellect may there extend its empire.' We trust all war will cease between, what Moro designates as, the *Rome* and *Carthage*, or *Antwerp* and *Amsterdam* of North Devon. (N.B. Which is the Carthage, and which is the Rome, Moro has not defined; but, when mathematicians cannot get a result by a positive supposition, they conjecture from a negative; so, as I could not find a Car in Bideford,\* Bideford must be the Rome. Q. E. D. and Barum is at the lower end of the plank, *'Delenda est Carthago.'*)

Next came *'Bideford by Moro.'* But, no sooner had our friend announced it as a poem, than we abstracted the pamphlet from his grasp, never being able to comprehend poesy unless we read it out for ourself, Which We flatter ourself We accomplish with great pathos and effect. As we ventured upon the first stanza, we discovered that 'Bideford by Moro,' was, in what Southey would call a Donjuanesque stile of

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\* A fact, when I one day wished to travel by vehicular gestation.

composition, though by no means of the Satanic school. And as we read on we could not but perceive our visitor turning up the corners of his mouth at the vociferation of the 'lofty rhyme,' which we had no sooner finished, than he exclaimed, 'What a capital *parody* that would make !

Parody ! we rejoined, with our accustomed elevation of eye-brow. What ! parody this earliest effort of the muse of *Renton-by-the-Ford*,\* and thus a-bridge her flight ? no, wait awhile—let Moro in '*The Lucubralor*,' complete his year, and then for as many jokes as you like ; but for the present,

How would he look to see his work so noble,  
Vilely bound up ? †

Let me tell you sir, said my fiery visitor, (expanding his poetical wings for a decided flight,) let me tell you Mr. *North Devon*, that parody is the greatest compliment that can be paid to any serious and popular piece of poetry. All the Great Genii have been parodied. Tragedy, ode, elegy, and melody are all in for it ;—that is, those that were worth any thing in themselves. Homer, Virgil, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Gray's Elegy, Rokeby, Moore's Legacy, and last, though not least, the Ode on Sir John Moore's Burial, have all been duly honored by the muse of Traxestie. Then, why not Bideford by Moro ? The Miscellany mixed, the Gossip tatted, the Medley mingled, and the Cave hollowed ;, but, one and all, they were never parodied, who ever dreamt of such a thing ? No, rely upon it, that the poet who is once parodied sinks to rest upon his pillow, with the halo of glory for his night-cap :—so, lend me *THE LUCUBRATOR* ! and taking it out of my hand, my facetious *improvisatore* read, alternately, the following stanzas :—

### BIDEFORD,

(IN A CALM—BY MORO.)

I HAVE looked down upon thee at an hour  
When I did deem thee beautiful ; for why,  
I scarcely knew, beholding thee ; but o'er  
Thy bill there seemed a halo for mine eye,  
A pleasure of that soft enchanting power,  
That wops the spirit to thee ; like the sigh  
Heaved by a woman, who has done thee wrong,  
That heals the smarting woundings of her tongue.

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\* The name of Bideford before she was a village to Bideford.  
† Perdita in the Winter's Tale.—Act 4, Sc. 3.

## BIDEFORD,

(IN A STORM—BY RONO.)

1.

I have looked up unto thee, at an hour  
 When I did deem thee *comfortless*; for why?  
 I fully knew, beholding thee,—for o'er  
 Thy hill there seemed a hail-storm to mine eye,—  
 A peppering of that palatable shower,  
 That breaks the sky-lights in thee,—like the cry  
 Shrieked by a woman who hath done one wronge,  
 And heals the wound with poker, and with tongue.

2.

It is not that thy spires are shooting high;  
 It is not for thy palaces more proud,  
 Nor for thy citadel that mocks the sky;  
 For these were phantoms of an evening cloud,  
 Or fancy wandering from thee—nor that nigh  
 The land of thousand temples, or the crowd  
 Of gossip's votaries I stand; along  
 A land so hallowed, 'tis a vulgar throng.

3.

It was not that thy squires were shooting high,—  
 It was not that thy dandizettes were proud,—  
 Nor for their azure robes that mocked the sky,  
 For these were dripping from autumnal cloud,—  
 Or rain-spurt flying o'er thee; nor that nigh  
 The dropping church-leads, or the umbrellaed crowd  
 Of market votaries, I stepped along  
 A street so kennelled,—thro' a vulgar throng.

3.

But I have looked upon thee from a rock  
 That chafes thy downward tide; what time the moon  
 Rolled through her blue vault; and no earthly shock  
 Broke on the evening stillness;—she looked down,  
 Flinging, with fairy arm, her shadowy cloak  
 Over the face of nature, and anon—  
 Baring to brightness all their merry charms,  
 That, like coy maidens, veil them from alarms.

## III.

But I have looked upon thee from a boat, .....  
 That stemmed thy downward tide, what time the sun,  
 Rolled up, tho' not a beam by 12 o'clock,  
 Broke thro' the morning shadows: he looked down,  
 Flinging, with chilly arm, his Devonshire cloak \*  
 Over the face of nature,—and, anon,  
 Sipping his water-gruel from the *Torridge*,  
 That, like gay maiden, wished he'd farther forage!

## 4.

In darkness, that a lovely cheek may throw  
 Over a lovelier neck, that shuts the light,  
 'Tis so the lights and shadows sink and glow  
 Making a landscape of themselves most bright;  
 But there are beauties in the scene, I trow,  
 And beauties that have never tired my sight,  
 Though I have gazed upon the young waves' gleam  
 So often, that I might have counted them.

## IV.

In Cornwall, that her puce pelisse might show,  
 Over a lovelier form that laces tight;  
 'Twas thus the market beauties bent the brow,  
 Making sad figure in the storm's despite;  
 But there *were* beauties in the scene, I trow,  
 And beauties that had almost lost me sight,—  
 The hail-stones fell around our stern and stem,  
 So thickly, that in vain I counted them.

## 6.

A glorious sentiment, &c. &c.  
 .....

It lives wherein yon azure waters shine  
 The gay stars laughing to each other; murr  
 And hate are not among the loving stars,  
 Saturn is playing with the ruby Mars.

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\* It may, at first sight, appear strange to call the sun the proprietor of the showers that fertilize and enliven our country; but, if we consider that he is the COLLECTOR of them, he certainly has most claim to the gallery of clouds.

## VI.

A glorious sentiment—

.....  
 It lives where in yon azure waters shine;  
 The gay brigs hailing one another; mirth  
 And joke are oft among the jolly tars,  
*Bacchus* is sailing with the ruby *Mars*.

## 7.

At that romantic hour thou'rt loveliest,  
 With thine own starlets 'mid thy gardens shining;  
 Thou seemest peace and concord's halcyon nest,  
 Built on the waters, round thy bosom twining;  
 While all seems joy and dalliance in thy breast,  
 Each ray of peace to make one beam combining;  
 But, in that little scope, a thousand hearts  
 Are rent and riven in as many parts.

## VII.

At that romantic hour thou'rt loveliest,  
 With thy wet roses in thy gardens slushing;  
 Thou seemest damp and dirt's Pleiadean nest,  
 Soaked in the waters down thy *trivia* rushing;  
 While all seems rain, and rainy in the west,  
 No bit of blue to make our trowsers *Prussian*;  
 Yet, in thy market-place a hundred livers  
 Are dry, under fowls' wings, or stuck on *skivers*.

## VIII.

There is a spiritual part of man,  
 And that part lives on beauty and on love;  
 It bounds beyond this measurable span,  
 Feasts on Ambrosia with the powers above,  
 Explores the mighty universe's plan,  
 Grasps wisdom, and the thunderbolts of Jove;  
 It has loved all, and marked how worlds are planned,  
 Yet Beauty shows as elegant a hand.

## OR,

*It has loved all, and marked how planets twist,  
 Yet woman has as elegant a fist.*

## VIII.

There is a very useful dress of man,  
 A dress, I mean, no tailor can improve,

It bounds entire his measurable span,  
 Folds o'er the bosom, collars throat above,  
 Pockets a parcel, or a silk *bandan*;  
 A kerchief, and the bugle-horn we love;  
 It has cloaked all,—as plain or worked with *twist*,  
 Yet *Beauty* in a GREAT COAT may be mist.

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AN EXERCISE FOR THE INGENIOUS IN PARALLELISMS.

At the end of his last letter, my friend added, "Excuse haste, as the stout stick will not ounce," meaning, of course, 'the post won't weight. (wait.)'—

Upon the same principle of interpretation it is required to expound the following enigmatical sentence:—

"Go into the father frown, and fetch me a lightly word-ing, that I may advise with it looking back a corridor in lance-vibrator, wherein he writes of 'the feather's root on a disconsolate hog?'"

PUNDIT, PUN-DITTO.

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LNNEOPY, LIATT, LIARE, LIAME, LIAETME,  
 LIAVQ: LIARIT, LIAETABC, LIADCDIR, AGAËKC.

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THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF THE CELEBRATED

MR. DANDY, B. N. P.

When I was a pup, and a very little pup,  
 Sucking mother's milk as sweet as sugar candy O;  
 A certain Lady fair took me under her care,  
 And very soon she christened me her Dandy O.

My merits were not seen, till with mistress I had been  
 A month, or thereabouts, as near as can be O;  
 Then in my lady's lap, allowed to take my nap,  
 While her lilly hand caressed her little Dandy O.

I very soon began, to think myself a man,  
 And to strut about the town like any grandée O;  
 When *Miss* dogs past me by, I've heard them slily cry,  
 That's Mrs. M\*\*\*\*\*'s pug,—O what a *Dandy* O.

While I was out one day, to a Fair Pug I did say,  
 As I took her round the waist so very handy O;  
 Oh! will you be my wife, said she I will my life,  
 So very soon I made her Mrs. Dandy O.

And then to make me dad, she sons and daughters had,  
 In colour like their daddy, somewhat sandy O;  
 There's Nemo, Myrtle, Beau, and many more you know,  
 The progeny of gallant Mr. Dandy O.

And now in chair so fit, at table I do sit,  
While the folks are sipping hollands rum and brandy O,  
I there nice biscuits craunch, till I fill my jolly paunch,  
O what a grand bashaw is dainty Dandy O.

And now to end my song, which I fear is rather long,  
Though tis all about a pug as good as can be O ;  
If my rhyming should be found, to meet approbation  
round,  
Let us fill and drink good night to happy Dandy O.

*We owe an apology to our readers for BORROWING the following stanzas ; but the truth is they made us laugh, and we wish to make our readers laugh ; at the same time we wish to remove the lines from the perishable predicament of a newspaper existence, to the more permanent vitality of our own pages.*

A DOLEFUL NEW BALLAD, ON A LATE TRIAL AT BAR.

How often a female Foot will slip !  
How oft in its path will a spark lie !  
The Foote that I sing made a terrible Trip,  
For she tripped against Colonel Berkeley.  
This Foote trod the stage at Cheltenham one night,  
Where the Colonel began his wooing--  
He acted, that night, for her Benefit,  
But after for her undoing.  
For this gay deceiver formed full soon--  
(How I wish such connections were fewer !)  
With our Foote what some call a Liaison,  
And some an Affaire du Cœur.  
I don't know how a Colonel he came to be ;  
But all people did compute,  
That no colonel was he of cavalry,  
Since he took a command of Foote.  
Now some gallant colonels that I have known,  
From Spain and from Waterloo,  
Have returned with much glory on one foot alone,  
Having set out with two ;  
But a different career our colonel ran,  
And wondrous it was to see,  
For he with only one Foote began,  
But in time was blessed with three.  
So then the first Foote, when the other two came,  
Gave the colonel to understand,  
That the least he could do, in return for the same,  
Was to offer her his hand.

But the colonel's objection seemed to be,  
 In so doing he saw very well,  
 That in taking a Foote that ends with T E,  
 He might chance to end with an L.

Now just at this time came a second lover,  
 With a little more money than brain,  
 Which fact our Foote did right soon discover,  
 And the gentleman's name was Hayne.

He had lost at Newmarket sums so large,  
 That at length he grew angry, and swore  
 He could live with one Foote at a lesser charge  
 Than he'd done with the Legs before.

So his ways he determined at once to mend,  
 And, to lay the axe to the root,  
 He sold all his horses, resolved to spend  
 The rest of his money on Foote.

Now the colonel seemed to consider it meet  
 To call our Foote over the coals,  
 And he walked away with his two little feet,  
 For the good, as he said, of their soles.

How things were going, he pretty well guessed,  
 And, not approving the same,  
 He thought the shortest follies were best,  
 So our Foote a left Foote became.

Then boldly our Hayne did proffer his suit,  
 And he matrimonially put it,  
 How kind 'twas to heal the colonel's Foote,  
 When he saw that the colonel had cut it!

He was very liberal-minded, and saw  
 To the past no kind of objection,  
 For he knew the best Foote might make a FAUX PAS,  
 And therefore scorned retrospection.

But falsehood, alas! thy name is Hayne!  
 At sight of human ties, he  
 Flew suddenly off; to recall him was vain,  
 And the style of his letters grew icy.

He said he was locked up three stories high,  
 And though his love was strong,  
 A lover could not well out of window fly,  
 That had run on Foote so long.

At the same time, he argued stoutly by letter,  
 How clear the difference stood  
 Twixt not wishing to part with one's roots altogether,  
 And being tied by it for good.

Now this last proposition some little dispute  
 Between the parties bred,  
 And he found to his cost more brains in his roots  
 Than ever he had in his head.

For full soon by his letters 'twas made to appear,  
 That wedlock he did devise once,



And very silly those letters were—  
 The colonel's were not very wise ones.  
 And now our ~~foots~~ kicked more and more,  
 And sought for satisfaction  
 By costs at law, for though wounded sore,  
 It by no means hurt her ~~action~~.  
 So in the King's Bench she urged her suit,  
 And in evidence showed very clearly,  
 That although he had been pretty sure of ~~foots~~;  
 He of late had become foot-weary.  
 And Mr. Hayne he defended the same,  
 All like an unblushing varlet,  
 And he showed no sign of grace or shame,  
 Although his counsel was Scarlett,  
 Who in this wise pleaded his cause—"My Lord,  
 "And Gentlemen of the Jury,  
 "The ~~Foot~~ that is plaintiff in this record,  
 "Is a ~~clever~~ foot, Lassure ye;  
 "And, since past and gone is Michaelmas day,  
 "All the world would surely cry 'Fie on't!'  
 "If with this ~~Foot~~ together your heads you should lay,  
 "To dish such a goose as my client."  
 But the jury were very hard to persuade,  
 Since defendant seemed of fair age,  
 Though it was a sad job, the Chief-justice said,  
 To be bound by a promise of marriage.  
 So a verdict they for the plaintiff found;  
 And, to shorten a tedious tale,  
 Out of court walked our ~~Foot~~ with three thousand pound  
 Duly paid down on the Nail.  
 Then may we this moral hold in view,  
 In all such loose transactions,  
 To keep our hands from BILLETS-DOUX,  
 And our Feet from Civil Actions.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the extraordinary delay in the appearance of the 12th No., the Editor could give sufficient reasons; and make ample apologies, if he thought any body cared about it. The Supplement to this half year's volume shall appear forthwith, and will contain the performance of several small promises, with ample indices, and list of Errata.

#### ERRATUM.

Page 210, line 10, for "to surely my dear sir,"—read, to "surely my dear sir."

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Scarlett, Printer, Barnstaple.

THE SPIRIT OF  
THE NORTH DEVON JOURNALS.

How I became acquainted with this representative of the by-gone time, must be buried in oblivion; like Junius, 'I am the depository of my own secret.' . . . . I colloquize with some thin and sheeted manuscript that has arisen from the deep grave of my portfolio, or the innermost recesses of my cabinet.

PHILIP WYATT, Town Clerk of Barum, vade in pacem.

Come all you Barum constables, come lawyers clerk and  
gowned clerk!

I've got a little song to sing about a gentle Town-clerk;  
And if the name of PHILIP WYATT mingle in my story,  
'Tis all with due submission to that old quill-barber's glory.

I'll tell you *why* at him I point the finger of the muses—  
That's just nine fingers—as adown the stream of time he  
cruises,

It is that he hath record left, how Barum town arrayed a  
Battalion brave of doughty men to fight *the Don's armada*,

We may be proud of Barum built when first the Cornish  
Britons ran,

In courage vainly *pitted* against the royal *Athelstan*;  
No fable that, but yet, I deem, we have more cause for priding  
Ourselves, that Barum helped the *Dons* to *leathering* and  
*hiding*.

That I have seen the ghost of Barum town-clerk it is true, sirs,  
And that which he revealed to me I will reveal to you, sirs;  
It was not at the midnight hour, that he appeared to me, sirs,  
But on the eve of summer's day, as fine as you shall see, sirs.

'Twas sitting in my lodging study deep in pensive mood,  
In contemplation of a boat that came by *Anchor-wood*;  
That boat went down to *Grecson* at morn with motion steady,  
But now the *sternest* of her crew were got a little *heady*.

Now, whether 'twas the *widdy-waddy* motion of the boat  
That little water had imbibed—my fancy set afloat,

But like her crew's a dizziness came o'er my waking eyes,  
And I saw dimly what awakened much of my surprise,

Just where the evening shadows fell within a book-recess,  
Upstart **PHILIP WYATT**, in his old and clerkly dress;  
Black was his coat, around his throat there was a ruff and  
band,

A goose-quill stuck behind his ear—a **Journal** in his hand.

Three strides he made into the room in front of my tea-table,  
And I rose up to set a chair—as well as I was able;  
Of this he took no notice, but in a tone commanding,  
Said “take your pen and follow me!” then read his journal  
standing.

I could have said with *Denmark's Prince* ‘no farther would  
I go,’\*

But I saw a cloud of inky hue upon his parchment brow;  
I could have asked the *clerkly* spirit, ‘whither wouldst thou  
lead me?’

But I saw him pull his pen-knife out, and I thought he meant  
to bleed me!

Bright was its point and keen its edge—my fears 'twere vain  
to tell ye,

My hand it shook just like a moulded hand of good *rum jelly* ;†  
And so, perforce, I took my pen, and wrote as he dictated,  
And these the deeds of ancient days his **Journal Book** related.

1586.†.

“The beginning of my journal, by the date, I seem to fix  
About the fifteenth-hundredth year, increased by eighty-six;  
When, first, there was a muster made before my Lord of Bath,  
Of able men prepared to march in glory's fatal path.  
Nor scarcity of men alone the evil of the year,  
For wheat was at eight shillings, and all other corn as dear;  
A Chichester and Basset died, and people would repent all,  
So divers men and women rode to fast at Pilton trental.  
But soon all fasting over, Dick Greynfield brought a ship in,  
Deep laden with materials for merry Christmas keeping;

\* Whither wouldst thou lead me? stay, I'll go no farther. **HAMLET.**

† Distilled almost to jelly with the effect of fear. **HAMLET.**

‡ See the North Devon Magazine, Vol. II, Pages 153—4—5.

'Twas on the seas he met with her, and closely did he hug her,  
Until her DONNA-ship gave up her ginger and her sugar.

## 1587.

My Lord and Lady Bath they dined with Barum Corporation,  
And she the only lady there, a cause of great vexation;  
The Corporation volunteered with all their best to treat her,  
But not a lady in the town was ever asked to meet her,  
So while from the Guildhall went forth a sound of dishes clattering,  
Thro' Barum Streets was heard a clang of angry women chattering;  
To this, however, scarce a man of all their husbands listened:  
Wheat was cheaper; and the BABY BATH was Bobby christened.

## 1588.

Wheat was cheaper still; but fears of cruel Don's invasion,  
And vessels were prepared to serve Sir Francis Drake's occasion;  
And when they sailed brave wishes went with them across the bar,  
While soldiers on the Castle-green were viewed for coming war.  
Great Barum bridge from wood to stone exchanged its northern pier,  
At six-and-twenty pounds expense—in those times rather dear:  
Another thing occurred of note, at Easter (plainly clerk it!)  
More than a hundred oxen fat were brought to Friday's market.

## 1589.

In this year Robert Apsley, senior, gave the Town great charity;  
Lord Bath, too, who had dined here, deeming food no rarity,  
Gave orders for a lot of wheat, of butter, and of cheese,  
To set the great Sir Francis Drake's bold stomach at its ease.

## 1590.

The plague was raging—and assize was held in the Quay-hall,  
On Castle-green, too, there was built a gibbet grim and tall;  
Sir Robert Anderson, the judge, his jury well harangued,  
And eighteen prisoners, at once, for murder were up-hanged.  
Yet slight on men was the effect of such severe example,  
On mercy, or severity, will villains always trample;  
One Edward Chichester, ere long, in some dispute, or swagger,  
Was cruelly and foully slain by Captain Gamon's dagger.  
This year was most eventful as of any I shall tell,  
Eight ships were sent across the bar to fight at far Rochelle;

And one across the bar came in, the *Prudence* she was named,  
 And well her owner might avow her title never shamed.  
 She HAD THE PRUDENCE to pick up a prize on Guinea's coast,  
 Oh! never such a prize before could Barum's harbour boast!  
 The list of all she won and wore—I may not stay to give it,  
 But her hold was full of chests of gold, her sails perfumed with civet!

## 1591.

Once more the worth of *Prudence* learn, across the bar she hounds,  
 And soon brings home another prize, worth just 10,000 pounds:  
 The price of cider hoghead now at market thrice a shilling,  
 And watchmen were employed to keep the plague from people killing.

## 1592.—1593.

The first of these two years the town with plague was little tainted,  
 And then they bought a set of chimes, and had the church new-painted!  
 And in the summer of the last occurred so long a drought,  
 That Rawleigh mills by Hartland folk for grinding much were sought.

## 1594.—1595.

And as it happens oft in life, that fast on ill will rush ill,  
 Wheat rose in these two years from five to shillings nine per bushel;  
 The price of rabbits too was raised by Braunton Burrows warblers,  
 And the two Aldermen became the first of Barum Coroners.  
 Next came the Earl of Bath in state, the men at arms he ranged,  
 And all their clumsy English bills for piercing pikes he changed;  
 Loud fired the calivers and muskets, broke were bows and arrows,  
 As useless weapons, only fit for shooting rooks and sparrows.  
 And then before the year was out Jack Norrys brought from London  
 A bran new charter for the town—read out, when it was undone,  
 Before the mayor and common-council, ere they went to dinner,  
 Whereon the market-clerk elect was Mr. Thomas Skinner.\*

Much more he had to tell, but when thus far he had proceeded,  
*Phil. Wyatt* in his journal paused, nor farther more aroed:  
 The cause was plain—altho' he could not scent the morning  
 airs,\*

A savoury smell of roasting duck came floating up the stairs.

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\* But soft, methinks I scent the morning air. HAMLET.

'In my ~~Book~~, he said, 'unless your brains are made of batter,  
You'll find, most noble copyist, a fund of stirring matter ;  
I had much more to read to you, but now 'tis getting late,  
And pity 'twere, on my ~~account~~, your Barum friends should  
wait.

For, by my nostrils, I perceive my visitation here  
May interrupt expected friends who share your evening cheer ;  
And it shall ne'er be said *my spirit* threw a damp on cup, or  
Abridged the pleasure to be won from singsong after supper :

So 'fare thee well, and if for ever, comrade, fare thee well,'  
The voice that calls me to my vault is tongued by evening bell ;  
But deem not that in idleness within the grave I rust,  
My fingers keep a journal still, my annals writ in dust.

Stern are the characters I trace, but by the Holy Rood !  
A 'blazon that may never be to eyes of flesh and blood ;'  
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu ! I hear the click-wheel of thy jack !'  
Then he flung his journal at my head, and vanished in a crack.

My books they shook upon their shelves, my tea-things on  
their tray,  
As the clerkly ghost of Philip Wyatt passed in air away ;  
My senses shook, but up I took his journal from the floor,  
Then took a turn on the North-walk to get my panic o'er.

So now you have at your command a key unto the mystery  
By which I learned, from other days, the pith of Barum  
history ;  
Much may it profit Barum sage, and tutor Barum youth,  
That around the poet's fiction there should lie such air of truth !

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### THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Some Irish actors, on the Dublin stage,  
Commenced their rant with real tragic rage ;  
But soon, their insignificance to feel,  
Were pelted off the boards with *Orange Peel*.  
O. P. ROW.

*The Lundy Metier.*

NO. LIX.

*Quinte Curce, de la vie, et des actions D'Alexandre le Grand, de la traduction de Mons. de Vaugelas. Avec la Latin à côté. A Paris, chez Louis Billuine au Palais. M. DC. LXXXVII. Avec privilege du roi. Deux Volumes, pp. 1038.\**

WE trust the unclassical reader will not be alarmed at the subject of our present review, as it is our intention to say little or nothing about the book itself, further than so far as it may furnish us with a few amusing remarks, upon the strange title which the French nation affix to it, the singular life of the author to whom it may most probably be attributed, its dedication to the French Academy, and the flourish of French horns in the dedicator's preface.

Those of our readers who have benefited by a cursory acquaintance with the Latin language, may have met with one *Quintus Curtius*, an historian of no little celebrity, and, in the occurrences of his own life, an eventful man, (of which more anon) but few of them will recognise him as *Quinte Curcé*; and yet he is the very same person, *a la mode de Paris*, 1692. Verily, as the portrait-painters aver, there is a great deal in costume; and our Gallic neighbours have made the quondam Proconsul of Africa look ridiculous enough.

Yet we must not forget, that we, English, had a very narrow escape of thus adorning him. When the Conqueror imposed his victorious yoke upon the neck† of all Devonshire 'volks' between Exon and Barum, when the Gallic eagle (*monsieur le chanticlere*) flew alike triumphant over the acclivities of Haldon, and the heath of Cotton-hill, and our dear little Island of Lundy afforded the only refuge to those who preferred independence and their Saxon crust, to submission and the long manorial French-rolls of the Norman, he, the said Norman, vehemently endeavored to silence the Saxon tongue; to subdue the language as well as the people

\* The Life of Alexander the Great, by Quintus Curtius. Translated from the Latin, by Mons. de Vaugelas. 2 Vols. 1038 pages.

† We are indebted to Caligula for this neck-or-nothing phrase. Had he been a magistrate in our own days the tavern in Lad-lane must have remained for ever unlicensed.

of these realms; and thus we ourselves very narrowly avoided the sin of clipping the republican Greek, and abolishing the Cæsars' Latin—the stile, title, and superscription of a thousand classical heroes.

That we are some what indebted to the Saxon ladies for this effectual resistance of the vernacular idiom cannot be denied; yet it is not too much to assume, that had it not been for the ultra-marine position of Lundy and Wales, we English might, at this day, be denominating the subject of our present review *Quinte Curce* instead of *QUINTUS CURTIUS*.

We know not upon what principle our polite neighbours defend their confusion of names, antique and modern; and we thus enter our decided protest against the terrible inroad upon the proper names of antiquity, committed by the French nation in general, and their scavaus in particular. If they should affirm, that they have only adapted the names and residences of the ancients to the genius of their own language, as every other nation has done, we can only say, heaven help their language! for it is not yet the language of any dignified genius. For example, there is, or was, an historian of some respectability and narrative importance, and him they have degraded into a tom-TIT--LIV-ing in a hedge; again, one of the Roman Emperors, Marcus Aurelius, is only known in France as Mark o' Rail, an abusive Irishman: and who does not perceive, that by such radical adaption of the antique to the modern, the spirit of antiquity is lost, and we no more recognize the various heroes and authors, under their new denomination, than we should comprehend, at first, what book a man referred to, who talked of *Ovid's meat for horses*.

We fear, that in these matters, the French language is not so much in fault as the ambition of the people. It seems the one and indivisible resolution to make every thing French; to cover with glory—the glory of the Grande Nation, all that is ancient or modern: and this is sometimes effected clumsily enough. Thus, when a successful suitor dashed off at Paris, the Parisian papers were full of particulars respecting the *superbe et magnifique Velesli Poel Teal Naye Longi Poel-Long Poel, Tealnaye, Velesli*, which may be very good Hungarian or Turkish, but is scarcely civilized, or European.

Leaving, however *Quinte Curce* to sink in the profound sea of Gallic denomination, we hasten to the assistance of *Quintus Curtius*. And the best apology we can make for causing our luminary to revolve towards such an antique production of the pen of man, as his *History of Alexander*, is the fact that his book has never been reviewed. Neither



are we certain that we shall at present quote him : but we to-day advert to the translation of his inimitable work by his illustrious translator *Monsieur de Vaugelas* : so that our readers may lay aside all fear of being dosed with Latin ; or of our becoming priggish and pedantic, in other words incomprehensible, in *Lundy*.

*The History of Alexander, by Quintus Curtius*, (according to the volumes now lying before us) is neither more nor less than a Macedonian novel, of which the Grandison is Alexander the Great. It was written originally in the Romantic tongue, and, after thirty years of continued application, translated into French (for the benefit of the Parisian Blue-belles of the year 1692) by Mons. de Vaugelas, (one of the Messieurs de L'Academie François) and published, after his death, by his devoted friend *Monsieur A. Courbé*.

Our own copy, for which we really disbursed the sum of one shilling and eight pence sterling, of the Imperial coin of Great Britain and Ireland, is in two volumes, duodecimo, very neatly and classically bound : but the *lettering* is enough to make a man swear, as the binder has ingeniously substituted an S for a C, turning the Curce into a Curse : this by the way for the future edification of classical book-binders. The volumes are printed in double column, with the French and Latin lying amicably beside each other, like hostile videttes during truce-time, on either side of a slender rivulet, which divides the field of their military operations. We would here sanction if possible, by our undoubted approbation, this honest plan of printing *translated works* ; it betokens courage in the translator, and respect for the reader, who, if he understand the nature of both coins, can examine the exact value of the change that is tendered him ; whereas, by the modern plan, we enjoy no such advantage, but are put off with Any-body's notes, and un-assayable silver.

We have already premised that the work is a *novel*, for the establishment of which fact we shall only proffer a few heads of chapters, which read as *Tom. Jonesish* as any book we are acquainted with. This quotative plan will also present a tolerable fac-simile of the volume, the hue of whose pages possesses, however, a more beautiful brunette complexion than our own can pretend to rival.

*Sommaire du premiere Livre.*

<p>1 <i>Alexandri origo omina quæ ipsius ortum præcesserunt, quæve tempore ortus ebenerunt.</i></p>	<p>1 Extraction d'Alexandre presages qui precederent sa naissance, &amp; qui arriverent en mesme temps qu'il nasquit.</p>
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2 *Ejusdem educatio. Juv-  
entia exercitia, totiusque corpo-  
ris habitudo.*

3 *In scientias inclinatio. A-  
ristotelis ipsius præceptoris au-  
claritas.*

4. *Quanti fecerit idem A-  
lexander Homerum, voluptates  
contra quam parvi. Quæ in  
domanda Bucephalo ejus fuerit  
solertia.*

2. Son éducation. Les ex-  
ercices de sa jeunesse. La  
disposition de tout son corps.

3. Son inclination pour les  
sciences. Crédit d'Aristote,  
qui avoit été son Précepteur.

4. L'estime qu'Alexandre  
faisoit d'Homère. Le mépris  
qu'il avoit pour les voluptés.  
Son adresse, qui parut prin-  
cipalement à dompter le che-  
val Bucephale.

CHAP. 1st.

*Our hero's genealogy. How all that the Cyprians told his  
mother came to pass when he was born.*

CHAP. 2nd.

*His bringing up. The boy's tricks he played: and how he  
continued them till he got stout.*

CHAP. 3rd.

*His scientific genius: and how he liked his private tutor.*

CHAP. 4th.

*How he was enraptured with books about battles: his con-  
tempt for cheese-cakes and marbles: how gummy-kneed he was,  
which enabled him to stick tight to the back of his father's great  
coach-horse.*

So much for a specimen of the volumes in question; let  
us now revert to the author of them, who was as remarkable  
a man, in his own way of life, as the hero of whose victories  
he treated.

Quintus Curtius was, like many other historians, possessed  
with a romantic turn of mind, and so dedicated his pen to  
the solemnization of rational fiction. To this propensity,  
the ready reception and acknowledgment of the marvellous,  
he owed no little of his own success in life. Indeed if he  
had not composed his *Alexandrine Stories* in the wonderful  
style which has been so universally admired, we should en-  
tertain a doubt as to which Curtius he was? namely, whether  
he was the Q. Curtius Rufus who adorned the Court of  
Trajan, or the Q. C. Rufus who took office under the Em-  
peror Claudius? No rational doubt can now exist as to his  
being the latter of the two; for coupling the romantic turn  
of his 'Alexander,' and the similar charm that influenced his  
own life, there is no room for hesitating, but what the histo-  
rian of Philip's son, and the Proconsul of Africa, were one  
and the same man. Let our readers judge for themselves,  
while we rehearse the amusing particulars of his life.

Quintus Curtius Rufus, the reputed offspring of a Moorish Gladiator,\* started in life as the companion of a Roman Quæstor, whose name is now unknown, but who was sent into Africa to superintend the payment of the imperial army in that quarter, the division of their campaigning booty, and the regulation and collection of the taxes due to the empire.

The particular capacity in which Curtius was employed under him is now unknown; and it seems probable that he merely accompanied the Quæstor as the friend and companion of his youth; for the Quæstorship was the earliest office to which a Roman could aspire, being under-takeable at twenty-five years of age. Passing events demanded the Quæstor's and his young friend's presence at Adrumetum, an African sea-port upon the coast of the Mediterranean, built by the Phœnicians, and while residing there, one day, about the hour of noon, as he was walking under the piazzas of the town-square, (probably the Covent Garden of Adrumetum) Curtius was startled by the sudden apparition of a gigantic female, who accosted him in these oracular terms, "Thou Rufus art a man decreed by fate hereafter to visit this province with Proconsular authority." It seems also, from the accounts of various authors, that the Gypsy added something more, importing, in an obscure manner, that his death would occur during his predicted Proconsulship. Be that however as it may have been, he at once resigned himself to the agreeable tenor of the prediction: and, inspired by the intoxication of so exalting a presage, he returned immediately to Rome, where, by the alacrity of his own spirit, and the exertions of his friends, he soon gained a Quæstorship. Thus encouraged to proceed he stood boldly for the office of Prætor, in opposition to the claims of several nobler candidates; and succeeded in his object, partly through the interest of the Emperor Tiberus, who was accustomed to throw a veil over the obscure descent of his protégée, saying, in his own imperial style, and peculiar vein of diction, "to me, Curtius Rufus seems to be descended—from—himself." After this, the young aspirant had, it seems, for life, the ball before his toe; and, like too many in a similar situation, distinguished for his servility to those above, and his arrogance to those below him, he lived to a great age; arrived at Consular power; and, dying Proconsul in the African Province, fulfilled the destiny allotted him by his oracular Friend of the Piazza. We have ever looked upon the preceding as a very inter-

\* Tacitus seems horribly afraid of committing a libel upon this point. See his ANNALS, Book XI.

esting anecdote of ancient history; and may almost venture to recommend it to the talented author of *Valerius*,\* as a good ground-work for a Roman Guy Mannering, and an African Meg Merrilies: in fact, we should absolutely prefer meeting with Quintius Curtius as a Van, Beest, Brown, than in the abominable hybrid costume of Quinte Curce.

Having now, as we hope satisfactorily, disposed of the original author of this novel, we proceed to contemplate the French translator, Mons. de Vaugelas, whose merits as an author are so forcibly set forth by his friend Mons. A. Courbè, the publisher or editor of his works. On turning over the title-page of the first volume we are presented with the following Dedication; in which, it will be confessed that *L'Academie Française* are very oleagiously buttered, and it would be a pity to fritter away a single expression by any plain version of our own.

A MESSIEURS DE L'ACADEMIE FRANÇOISE  
**MESSIEURS,**

*Je ne sçay si la liberté que je prens de mettre vòtre nom à la tête de cèt Ouvrage ne vous sera point desagréable; mais au moins suis-je bien assuré que l' Ouvrage ne vous déplaira pas. C'est le Chef-d'œuvre d'un homme illustre, dont les moindres productions ont meritè vos louanges, & qui préféreroit vòtre approbation à l'estime de tout le monde. En effet, MESSIEURS, vous estes les premiers, & les plus illustres dispensateurs de la gloire; & chacun demeure d'accord qu'il n'y en a point de mieux acquise que celle que vous distribuez. Ainsi, je puis me persuader que vous recevrez de bon cœil le Present que j'ose vous faire; & que la memoire de Monsieur de Vaugelas, vous estant si precieuse, vous le regarderez comme vivant & immortel dans une piece si excellente. Il avoit l'honneur d'estre de vostre celebre Compagnie, & l'on peut dire qu'il y rentrera apres sa mort par le bon accueil que vous ferez à son Livre. Pour moy, j'ay crû, & ce me semble avec raison, que comme cet Ouvrage est un enfant qui n'a plus de Pere dont il puisse estre protegé, il falloit que je suppliasse les veritables amis de son Pere d'en prendre la protection. Je vous supplie donc de l'accorder à son meritè & à mes prieres, & de croire que je suis avec toute sorte de respect,*

**MESSIEURS,**  
Vostre tres-humble & tres-obeïssant seroitteur,  
**A. COURBÈ.**

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\* VALERIUS, a Roman Story in 3 Vols.

We reprint the whole of the Dedication, because, as we are, by report, to have a British Imperial Academy, and our writers may be at a loss for a form of dedication sufficiently pithy and prostrative, they may have recourse to Mons. Courbè as their great exemplar. For those also who, in this age of quadrilles, may, by any wonderful chance, be ignorant of the French language, we shall venture to *do* the Dedication *into plain English*; in which task, as the reader may observe, while the elegance has, possibly, escaped us, we have faithfully retained the spirit.

“Gentlemen Academicians of the Quill,

I know not whether my impudence, in putting your name to the back-front of this work, may not be disagreeable, but, nevertheless, Gentlemen, I am as sure as a gun that the book itself will not grieve you.

“Gentlemen, the author of this volume values your kicks before the half-pence of all the world. In fact, Gentlemen, your applauses are diamonds of the first water in the coronet of renown: and every one unites in acknowledging that there is no pittance on earth better deserving mortal acquisition, than that which you are doling out.

“I therefore argue myself into an opinion, that you will receive, with a pleasant wink, the literary parcel which I have the honor of indorsing to you.

“Gentlemen, I believe for my part, and I think with reason, that this book is as a child in a basket, without a father who can protect it; and I am therefore under the necessity of soliciting you, as friends of the family, to nurse it into admiration. Pardon then, Gentlemen, the way in which I bore you for the permission of a Dedication, due alike to the merits of my book, and the servility of its parent: and lengthily to extend your credit for the fact, that

I am,

Gentlemen of the Quill,

In every shade and colour of respect,

Your very obedient Lickshoe

X. Y. Z.

Such, in plain English, would be the dedication of Mons. Courbè, as the reader may advise himself by comparing it with its French precedent; admitting, of course, the case of an author dedicating for himself instead of his dead friend.

We come now to the *Preface*, in its own way, a no less curious piece of writing; distancing by many octaves, both in base and treble, any *prefatory instrument* of the present age. In the dedication we had a soft-entrancing viol to soothe

the ear of the Academy, but when the French public is to be addressed, nothing can equal the free and disdainful flourish of the first *prefatory trumpet*.

“Voicy le celebre Quinte-Curce, qui vient paroître en sa pompe, & avec tous ses avantages, sur le Theatre de la France. Il eust merité qu’Alexandre qui souhaloit un Homere pour bien décrire ses actions, l’eust souhaité pour historien; & neanmoins sa gloire eust esté comme imparfaite, si Monsieur de Vaugelas n’eust enterpris de le traduire. En effet. on ne peut douter que cette Traduction nesoit le Chef-d’œuvre d’un excellent Ouvrier. Tout y est digne de Quinte-Curce; & pour aller plus avant sans aller au delà de la verité, tout y est digne d’Alexandre.”

First we have Quinte Curce in all his pomp, then, of course le Theatre de la France, (nothing without that) then Alexandre and Homere, who introduce Mons. de Vaugelas between them: after that we must agree with our dedicatory, ‘tout y est digne de Quinte Curce, tout y est digne D’Alexandre,’ to which may be added tout y est digne de Monsieur Courbé, tout y est digne de M. de Vaugelas! This tone of triumph is kept up throughout the preface; which, nevertheless, includes a statement that might have staggered the vanity of any one but a Frenchman. “Those,” he continues, “who are aware how much any thing beautiful generally costs, and that one can never give up too much time to the production of a perfect work, will not wonder at hearing, that Mons. de Vaugelas labored hard for more than *thirty years* (on this translation of Quintus Curtius); and there is no man of talent but would believe, that he had well employed his whole life, however long it might be, in accomplishing so finished a performance! any man, in fact, would have done quite enough during his existence, who had completed a work that renders his memory immortal!” Now here is a perfect specimen of ‘great cry and little wool.’ The book, or books, lying before us are in two volumes, duodecimo, printed in double columns of parallel French and Latin, the Latin being rather the thinner column of the two, so that we may fairly allow Mons. de Vaugelas the honor of having produced *one thickish little duodecimo of 500 pages*, in the course of thirty years, with the material drawback, of this masterpiece being not an original but a translated work. In other words, the learned Industrious was employed, for thirty long years, in spinning Roman cobwebs into French silks; very pretty silk we admit, and the pattern good, (as we shall presently show)

but only consider the thirty years! What would *Roamy Conner* say to such a production?!!

The Author, moreover informs us, by a solemn memorandum in his *packet-book*, from which M. Courbé has obligingly extractd it, (happy days, when there were no Chancery Injunctions! and men were allowed to look at authors as freely as can look at kings) that his great work was written, rewritten, altered, corrected, revised, (but not reviewed) and amended.

Je m'en vais revoir! &c., &c., &c. Quatrieme (livre) est plus longue, et plus difficile que le troisieme; mais espere que Dieu me fera grace de l'achever."

A fortunate wish, since, a little month after, we find also the following conclusive entry; "Dieu m'a fait le grace de reformer le troisieme, et quatrieme livre."

On which his friend Courbé significantly remarks, "One may see, as I have before asserted, that in his last correction or revision, he had totally altered his style of writing," (supposing then he had lived longer, further alterations and more perfect perfection might have been attained) "and that his work had arrived at that point of perfection at which he reckoned it fit for the public eye." What happy times those must have been for authors! (especially if we consider the case of us periodical hacks) when the writer was allowed to polish and prune out for thirty years at least, and his whole life longer, should he be so inclined, until the happy moment when his *immortal work* arrived at the precise beau ideal of a book, and a solicitous public might be safely indulged with a perusal. Oh fortunate Quinte-Curce! thrice fortunate De Vaugelas! and sevenfold indulged Academy and Public!

But we have now brought *our own* lucubrations to the pitch at which the reader may be delighted—the end of our review; and shall take our leave of this thirty-years labour of the illustrious Vaugelas, by quoting his description of the youthful Alexander: let our Lady-readers decide, whether any passage in the next new novel comes up to the following heroic portrait?

"Il étoit beau & agreable, & méprisoit tous les ornemens qui peuvent ajouter au corps de la grace & de la beauté. Il disoit que le trop grand soin de se parer appartenoit aux femmes, qui ne pouvoient se faire estimer par de plus grands avantages: Qu'il auroit assez de beauté s'il pouvoit avoir de la vertu. Il avoit les membres fort bien proportionnez, & le corps robuste & ramassé; & comme il estoit d'une taille mediocre, il estoit plus fort & plus vigoureux en effet qu'en apparence. Il avoit la charnure blanche, excepté que ses jouës & son sein estoient colorés d'une agreable rougeur.

Il avoit les cheveux dorez & entortillez en anneaux, il avoit le nez aquilin & les yeux de couleurs diverses; car on dit que le gauche estoit bleu, & que le droit estoit noir. Mais au reste il avoit je ne sçay quelle vertu secrette qui produisoit par tout cét effet, qu'on ne pouvoit le regarder sans veneration & sans crainte.

“ Il avoit une merveilleuse legereté de corps, qu'il ne negligea pas d'entretenir par l'exercice, & comme une chose necessaire dans une infinité d'occasions; & quelquefois il disputoit le prix de la course, avec les plus legers & les plus vistes d'entre les siens. Il supportoit le travail avec une patience si admirable qu'elle surpasse la croyance; & souvent par cette vertu il s'est conserve avec ses armées dans les plus grandes extremitez. Il se purgea de telle sorte par de frequens exercices, & par son temperament qui estoit naturellement chaud de toutes ces mauvaises humeurs qui s'engendrent d'ordinaire entre cuir & chair, qu'il sortoit une agreable odeur de sa bouche & de tout son corps, qui parfumoit mesme ses habits; c'est pourquoy quelques-uns ont crû qu'il estoit si sujet au vin & à la colere.”

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### THE DYING SOLDIER.

Oh God! 'tis the last of my fields—and stern death  
Is now dealing hardly with me;  
The mist in my eye, and the thickening breath,  
And that heart-pang, bespeak the decree.

In the tumult of conquest the squadrons have past,  
And the war-cry grows faint on mine ear:  
At this hour, that too surely I know for my last,  
No earthly consoler is near.

How oft, in the pride of the fierce battle hour,  
My thoughts may have wandered from Thee;  
Yet, God of all battles, all might, and all power!  
Thou hast not been unmindful of me.

The land of my fathers—the love of my youth—  
The friends of my manhood—they fade;  
My memory darkens—but brighter one truth  
To my sickening soul brings its aid.

Deserted by man, and alone with my God,  
The thought that consoles me must be,  
While my own blood is poured on the hoof-torn clod,  
That my Saviour's was once shed for me!



## A LYRICAL APOLOGY

FOR

## THE GOOSE-CLUB.

(From the 1st Vol. of the Transactions of that Society, page 16.)

## I.

To parry the way of the world and its rubs  
 Mankind have invented a number of Clubs,—  
 But I challenge the length of their list to produce  
 So social a compact as ours of THE GOOSE!

## II.

There are some of your clubbers meet only to dine,  
 Some only for cards, and some only for wine,  
 Some Whig and some Tory, and some I call Rad—  
 And some that for Music run *madrigal* mad.

## III.

There are some have such rules, regulations, and laws,  
 Such fining and black-balling, cause—or no cause;  
 But their maxims are bad, and their morals are loose,  
 Compared to the lay-it-down code of THE GOOSE.

## IV.

Oh it is not for music, tho' now and then sweet,  
 And it is not for eating or drinking we meet;  
 Nor yet for oration of Rad, Whig, or Tory.  
 The Goose-Club assembles to-day in its glory.

## V.

It is that, in meeting, each Goose-Clubber tries  
 To brush off the dirt of the world as it dries:  
 Then flow forth our ballad, our *gabble*, our wine,  
 Our symbol, the Bird, by prescription, divine!

## VI.

Then long life to the Goose-Club ! be gentle their breeding,  
 Who with us to-day all in *common* are feeding ;  
 Long life to the Absent, they'd find, were they here,  
 Short commons have nothing to do with our cheer.

## VII.

'Twas one of Napoleon's soundest reflections,  
 ' Nobility's proof is in grand recollections,'  
 And where, in the world, is the bird can produce  
 Such a plumage historic as feathers the Goose ?

## VIII.

You may brain us for Geese, but remember the time  
 When *Brennus* the Capitol ventured to climb—  
 When the dogs and the centinels slumbered at home,  
 And the Goose was the real-born Eagle of Rome !

## IX.

There might then be a club under Hercules' name,  
 Like the club of that hero of knock-me-down fame,  
 But let valour and doggedness brave out the rub,  
 That the city was saved by her trusty Goose-Club.

## X.

Allow then no longer the stigma remains,  
 Of the scull of the Goose wanting organs or brains ;  
 Our answer (anser) is ready—no jesting appals,  
 Here's to ' Goose Craniology'—death to the Gall's !

## XI.

Let force and dominion, first cousins be still,  
 Huzza ! for the dynasty founded by QUILL !  
 Let the sabre go hide in its scabbard agen—  
 I give you ' The world over-run by the Pen !

## XII.

Though bent on thy grace be all eyes in the land,  
 Vail, plume on the helmet, to pen in the hand ;  
 Reign diademed victors—but bow to your betters,  
 I give you again ' THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS !'

## SING-SONG.

AN ESSAY ET.

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DON PEDRO. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTHAZAR. O, good my lord, tar not so bad a voice  
To slander music any more than once.

MUCH ADU ABOUT NOTHING. ACT 2<sup>nd</sup>, SCENE 3<sup>rd</sup>.

---

PEOPLE may fancy, with our modest friend BALTHAZAR, that the first qualification for singing a song well is a good voice—yet *it is not*. People are apt to say, 'he, or she, has no voice,' and I know *any* notes, but I have no voice, I cannot attempt it, and before company too it is out of the question; so when we are at Tomkins's I beg you will not ask me to sing, for really I have no voice.'

Those who abandon themselves, or their friend, to this line of argument will infallibly lie under a little mistake, as to the absolute qualification for a pleasant song; they forget that the voice is merely an instrument, and that a good or bad instrument may be well or ill played upon: the art lies in the singer, not in the voice.

Neither does it follow that you can sing a song, as it ought to be sung, because you have practised at it for a month, and can follow, or vocally describe, the notes that are set before you. No poet writes down to the reader, it is the peruser's business to read up to the poet. And thus it is in music. The song may be a very good one, but it is the singer's business to *bring it out*; and this cannot be done by the voice alone, whether we sing at sight, from study, or by memory. Hence it is, that very able performers in other departments of the art in question, are often thrown out in following up a little ballad, or duett; they can execute the notes, but they do not comprehend the *point* of the composition, consequently they cannot express it, and their performance is a failure. The works of Shakespear and Byron may be recited as you would read an Act of Parliament; with emphasis or not. You may intonate the several syllables, and keep even pace with the metre, and so far reflect the volume as it is actually printed; and yet there is not, in your recitation, any resem-

blance of the author's intended image or ideas. Again, it is by his vivid and characteristic expression of the text, that a provincial actor often makes only one step, of honour and profit, from the barn-floor of a country theatre to the lofty platform of the London stage, and becomes the wonder of the town, the admired of all admirers, and the observed of all observers : he touches the highest point of his art, a point, common to every art whatsoever, namely the *expression*—

His charms crack not ; his spirits obey ; and time  
Goes up-right with his carriage.

We may not, perhaps, call this stage-effect in singing ; but yet it is really the same thing : for a song, when sung, is good, or bad, exactly in proportion as it vocally dramatises the intended and original character that came from the composer's pen.

Hence it follows, that although where the finest expression and the finest voice are united *there* will be the best singing, yet a good expression with a tolerable voice, is more pleasing, and therefore more effective, than a good voice without proper expression : for, without the last requisite, no song is worth a moment's attention ; it ceases to be an *air* ; and, in fact, is no song at all, any more than *verse* of itself is *poetry*.

These principles will apply to music in general, but they are more visible in song-singing ; not only because it is the most pleasing, but because it is the most prominent portion of the art. The rattle of keys, or twang of cat-gut and wire, may pass muster in a crowded and a whispering room, and the defective expression of the voice may be carried off, in a flourishing accompaniment beyond our detection of any thing very incorrect in the performance ; but this is all matter of sheer accomplishment—music by name, and not by nature—harmony of fingers but not of throat. Let the songster front the company with nothing to rely upon but his intuitive knowledge of the song, and his acquired knowledge of its notes, and then we may tell you what he is made of in the musical way. Then it is, that if he *can* and will throw *himself* away in *music*, we shall have something worth hearing—a real song—without a wrong note, a feeble tone, a false ornament, or a senseless trill ! nothing vulgar or affected, but a sublime and beautiful proof of *what is the finest musical instrument in all the world*.

Of course there are many gradations of this combined excellence, and different proportions of voice and expression ; but without a considerable share of the latter a fine voice is thrown away. As they who are in earnest speak eloquently,

so he, who for the moment resigns himself to the vehemence or pathos of the ballad, sings it as it should be sung, with more or less vocal execution, but always in a good, because a *taking*, style : no man, in short, sings well

‘ Who hath not music in himself,’

whether he prints it or not he must be a mental composer.

But men, and women, whatever may be their natural or instructed capability in the art of sing-song, are not always in the *mood* for accomplishing a due effect. They are in and out of voice, and in and out of practice, and, sometimes, in and out of temper. The organs may be plastic when the will is not *up*, and the nerve pusillanimous. And so it happens that there is a great inequality in the efforts of the finest singers. How frequent is the remark, ‘ That was very well—but I have heard you sing better;’ or ‘ It is, certainly, a pretty song, a fine song—but I don’t think so much of it on a second hearing; I suppose we were all more *up* to it the other evening.’ There are the same notes, and the same words, and the same person’s voice, and yet the song is not the same thing—because it has not the same expression.

It is by no means however meant to be insinuated, by your Essayist, that the expression, or intuitive knowledge of a song’s character, will give you *power* to execute it perfectly; but merely, that in any song which you *can* reach, and *have practised well*, the due expression is required at last to make it pleasing; and that your perception of, or taste for, this point, will, if duly entertained, enable you to encrease, to a considerable amount, even the force of your execution, however apparently limited by nature, and the already passed progress of your musical studies.

It is the principle of taste only which often gives the uninitiated in music an advantage over the most industrious pupil, whose time and labour are thrown away for want of attention to one simple point of instruction, the most difficult, we must own, for a master to confer; since it is more difficult to teach one song up to its own particular point of perfection, than to put the pupil indifferently through a dozen. The whole secret lies in adopting the character of the song. One person does this better than another; and the same person will, at various times, sing (if we may so express it) above or below himself.

Moreover the besetting sin of many excellent voices is a vulgarity of intonation in the notes, or of pronunciation of the words. They ‘ mouth it,’ or roar, ‘ to split the ears of

the groundlings,' and we are inclined to ask, with the poet of 'The Tempest,'

What's the matter?  
Even now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,  
Like bulls, or rather lions.—  
It struck mine ear most terribly.—  
O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear:  
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

Heard you this Gonzalo?  
Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming.

Really Gentlemen who give themselves up to the perpetration of *hunting choruses* should be furnished, now and then, with Munchausen's winter-bugle; and our *Cease-rude-Bo-reases*, be requested not to violate their own gentle admonitions with so equinoctial a melody as their 'List ye landsmen all to me.' Then again a little orthoëpy would not be ill bestowed upon those who murder a beautiful song with '*They hanchor's weighed, hor hi would tell ur moore:*' not to forget the young lady who enchants us by the information, that my

'Mur-ur-ur-urther bidz mey boind my air  
With ba-andz of roseye hu.'

It is not, however, the purpose of this essay to expatiate upon bad singing, or murdered melodies; but to point out, in a few words, the vital essences of sing-song, for the cherishment of the vocal practitioner; to exhibit a rule of sound, by which a person may sing without what is called a voice *par excellence*; and eventually please more than those can who are, nevertheless, in possession of that vaunted qualification: your Essayist being well convinced, that if everybody, with or without a voice, would but *try* to sing, sweet would be the chorus! many throats be awakened into melody that never dreamt of their own natural sweetness; and the art of sing-song more effectually quaver, to the silencing of noisy concertos, and the edification of pleasant company. So let us go to supper!

'Or if thou wilt hold longer argument  
Do it in notes.'

\* My Mother bids me bind my hair  
With bands of rosy hue.

SHAKESPEARE.

† Much ado about nothing. Act 2, Scene 3.

## THE CORRESPONDENT.

## FRANCE.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 We are highly pleased at the idea of your coming over. It should be in the months of May, June, or July, to see and enjoy the immensity of productions thus early showered upon this people: but you must not attempt to come without some one who has been in the country, or your spirits will be tormented beyond endurance: besides, the difference to your finances; as the French charge in proportion to your ignorance of the language, character, and habits of their nation; and every traveller, if candid enough to acknowledge it, would confirm me when I say, that you would come over at a twentieth of the expense if you came with a person possessing the knowledge I allude to. You will be highly amused with the awkward mixture of splendour and barbarism, ignorance and vanity, all tending to the grotesque; so that an eye for caricature is offered a continual feast. A Lady just come said to me this morning, 'To go into their salons makes me laugh, and to go into their kitchens makes my heart-ache.' But you must seriously come, and judge for yourself. The climate is a source of enjoyment worth the journey. There are steam-packets to the Islands, and boats to St. Malo's every day, and coaches direct here; and you could return by Paris, embracing the whole course of the *Loire*. The one thing needful to remember, above every other, is, invariably to strip the sheets off their beds, at the Inns, and sleep in your great coat, in spite of all their assurances about their beds being aired; for they are, generally speaking, not only damp, but dreeping: it injures not the French however, their *phisque* is much more robust than ours. Again English people think, that when they have their passport and money, they are equipped; but that is a mistake. These two things are scarcely available without oceans of flattery, and *coups de chapeau*, not out of particular respect, but for their own comfort: however, write me a month or so before you start, and I will give you ample instructions for your expedition.

The English have now begun to congregate in large towns,

from finding no society among the French. The nations have scarcely two ideas in common. The church in the morning, afterwards making the soup, then the bath, and three hours at the toilette, enables the French to come forth about the same time as bats and owls, to pay a ten-minutes visit, and home to bed. Their singing is wretched, their execution more so; and reading, the fine arts, and the pleasures of the country, are things of which they scarcely know the name.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet the country is in some parts magnificent, though destitute of the cheerful aspect of country seats, all of which are tumbling to the ground. Within a walk of us is a wood of chestnut trees, which would be with us a wonder, covering a large tract of country, and producing an almost inconceivable quantity of fruit; it is intermixed with corn and hay fields. We often take our dinners out and spend the day there, away from the noise and heat of the town. We have lately also made an excursion to *Melleuric*, to see the Brethren of La Trappe. A party of nine, we took a boat, went four leagues up the river Barbin, (a branch from the Loire) and walked about two leagues more, the next day, to the Convent. The scite of it is grand in the extreme. A majestic wood, nearly encircling a lake, one side is broken by fantastic rocks, on the top of which a lofty cross is erected. Ladies are only admitted to take their meals in the visiting parlour, and into the church to hear the singing, the best I have heard in France. The Gentlemen slept at the convent, and saw the whole, and dined (he being there at a confirmation) with the Bishop of the diocese (Nantes.) Two thirds of the Brethren are English and Irish, and a great sensation was produced when the gentlemen of our party announced the death of Byron. Here, a boarder for twelve months, we found the celebrated Northern Traveller, COXE. They are all in hopes he will profess, but he says he does not mean it; he is there for other motives, perhaps economical ones; he said he paid the establishment 200 francs, little enough, but enough considering the diet is vegetable only. They regaled us with English bread, butter, cream, beer, and tea, such as we had none of us tasted since we crossed the channel. In short every thing is a *L'Anglaise*. The Prior is English, and has more the manners of the court than the cloister. The Abbé is French, a very clever man, and held in high esteem by the government of this country. The order is rigid. All who have a voice sing twelve hours out of the four and twenty,



those who have none work the same time in the garden and fields; in all there are about 150 persons; all passes in silence, and by signs.

It is a branch from the establishment of the same order near Alençon, established some time since in Shropshire, and now removed here, the house and lands having been purchased, for that purpose, by an English catholic, about nine years since.

Is Scott's new work yet out? his *Quentin Durward* has been translated these two years, and is called, in French, *La Cour de Louis Onze*, but I have not yet found one French person that has read it.

We all remain well in health, as it is almost impossible not to be in this climate.

I have had the exquisite treat of borrowing, from a Scotch family here, *the novels* down to *Quentin Durward*, and the one since published is already arrived here, and in a few days I hope to obtain it. Readers here, judges or not, say the characters are tamer than ordinary; but what say you? who have, doubtless, also read it. Scott's observations appear to me to increase in strength as he writes on, and, consequently, are not appreciable by those who have made but little way in life, or who have found it of an 'even tenor;' nay, he says himself, that he had not learned to look on two sides of a question till ten years after he left college. He evidently gives his opinions with more freedom on the main points of human existence, these opinions assuming, in his latter works, the form of dissertations; such as his opinions on marriage, and a future state. His argument with Dr. Dryasdust is a pretty fair one; and his observations and facts in the *Introduction* to *QUENTIN DURWARD* are true to the letter, with regard to this country, (France) with one exception; he makes the *Marquis* observe, that they are afraid to ask to see the English at their houses, because *we expect so much*; on the contrary it is they who will not come to us, unless we hang chandeliers in the centre of our rooms, and surround our walls with looking glasses; and even then we must have the *prefix* to our names of *De*, the mark of nobility. Two English families, of the most undoubted respectability, have adopted the required desiderata, that they may go amongst them, and have actually printed cards of Mr. De P——, and Mr. De C——. Such is the ignorance of a nation we have raised to the dignity of supposing themselves our rivals.

The Marquis's Spinach is no caricature, a near relative of Eugene Beauharnois, living here, makes all his own cakes, and talks of the menage as a matter of course. I have no room *pour politique*, and can only add, that I am, &c., &c.

### ACTS AND TRACTS.

At a party given to the Act and Tract families there were present

ACT	The man who kept his word,
Fr—ACT	The man who broke it,
En—ACT	The Lawgiver,
Ex—ACT	The Tax-gatherer,
Comp—ACT	The tight lad,
Trans—ACT	The man of business,
Catar—ACT	The roaring blade.

(The following could not come 'till (T) tea-time, when the party was considerably increased, including)

TRACT	The Pamphleteer,
Abs—TRACT	The Philosopher,
At—TRACT	The Gay Deceiver,
COB—TRACT	The Army Tailor,
De—TRACT	The Back-biter,
Dis—TRACT	The absent man,
Ex—TRACT	The reviewing Dentist,
Pro—TRACT	The Lawyer,
Re—TRACT	The Word-eater,
Sub—TRACT	Squire of the Night's Body—Thief of the Day's Beauty—Waywarden— Highwayman—Gentleman of the shade—Diana's Forester—Minion of the Moon, &c., &c., &c.

The last of the family, to serve his own purposes, kept it up to a late hour.

### MOONSHEE AND PUNDITT.

A man with words who played his tricks,  
Called *Moon-shees* female lunatics,  
That he the title thus might claim  
Of learned *Punned-it* by the same.

on the 1st of June to "LEE-BAY."

### A SKETCH EN PASSANT.

15

Too soon will distance dim the gazer's eye,  
And brief the hour my sketch of LEE to fill :  
Behold, a vale enclosed by uplands high,  
With wood-knolls turretting each azure hill ;  
Sea-ward a rocky beach, where scattered lie  
Some cottages, a lime-kiln, and a mill ;  
And, for the middle distance, add the charm  
Of corn-field, coppice, meadow, orchard, farm.

## I. Introduction

There is of shelter plenty : for the rude  
And wild of scenery, go stroll the strand,  
Or climb the cliff, until thy foot intrude  
Upon the smuggler's cavern contraband :  
Spirits, they say, will people solitude ;  
And here, amid the beautiful and grand,  
His watch the smuggling wizard used to keep,  
Calling *his* ' spirits from the vasty deep.'

### III.

Through silvery mist of morn, or purple glow  
Of evening—in the calm, or in the breeze—  
When woods are waved, or groves are whispering low—  
When scarce a ripple falls, or surging seas  
Upon the rock-reef break—bath LEE to shew  
A charm in every change : and torn from these,  
Due to their beauty printed on his mind,  
The Poet leaves this lingering lay behind.

TO MY SHORTSIGHTED FRIEND.

**How different the ways, yet we play the same part,  
To avoid the allurements of Beauty's slave-shrine,  
You think the *more distant* the safer your heart,  
But, friend, *I look closer* and so rescue mine,**

## SHE-GOATS AND HE-GOATS.

Barbam capellæ cum impetrâssent ab Jove,  
 Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,  
 Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâssent suam  
 "Sinite," inquit, "illas gloriâ vanâ frui,  
 Et usurpare vestri ornatum muneris;  
 Pares dum non sint vestræ fortitudini."  
 Hoc argumentum monet, ut sustineas tibi  
 Habitum esse similes, qui sunt virtute impares.

PHEDR. FAB. IV. 15.

When the *she goats* from Jove obtained  
 Of beards their right of wearing,  
 The *males* of the decree complained,  
 And up their hills ran swearing;  
 But Jove, who saw them edge their clippers,  
 Thus addressed the mountain-skippers:—  
 "Unmanly vanity suppress,  
 Endure your ladies' rage for dress,  
 You have the power, resign the show,  
 Let jealous anger over-blow,  
 And leave your looking-glass regrets  
 To Dandies and to Dandizettes."

Behold the moral of *The Goats*;  
 Be good, and envy no men's coats;  
 At Fashion's freaks no more be railers,  
 For *men* are not cut out by tailors.

## PHILOSOPHY.

"What pretty philosophy yours!  
 With Plato now soaring aloft,  
 Then grovelling in Beauty's false lures,"  
 "Well I own the impeachment so soft,  
 I was never my own honest maxims above,—  
 Philo-Sophy for ever!—fair *Sophy* I love!"

*The Sibyl's Portfolio.*

About eleven, plates were handed round to all the ladies, and a spoon and fork to each; then came large trays with preserves, sweetmeats, and cakes; after that, punch, lemonade, and white wine. It sometimes happens that a splendid sit-down supper is given, but, in these days of economy, it is very rare.

VOL. 2ND. JOURNAL OF RESIDENCE IN COLOMBIA, BY CAPT. C. FROST COCHRANE, R.N.

*The last Revel at the Cave : being the substance of a letter from Tracey Prospect, esq. to his friend Robert Ewen Archer, esq., of London.*

BARNSTAPLE, NORTH DEVON,  
April 6th, 1825.

DEAR ARCHER,

I AM still, as per date, in the land of romance; and am likely to remain so till you give me notice of the *Exhibition's* opening: when I shall positively return to town again, and worship the charms of my dear *Iris*, the goddess of painters—and peacocks.

To your enquiries about the North Devon Magazine I take leave to inform you, that it is going to be given up, if that consummation be not already effected. Should the *Supplement* be out by to-morrow I will enclose your two copies in this packet, but I scarcely think it will. I have just seen and supped with that mysterious person the *Editor*. My introduction to him was founded upon the strength of the *Morte-hoe* Article you had the impudence to send him. I do not, however, now blame your epistolary treason, as it has made me free of the Cavern Club here; with a much pleasanter initiation than Gil Blas enjoyed on his route to Salamanca.

I have, I say, actually seen the mysterious Editor, and supped with the Cavern Club. But it is not granted me by honor to reveal, or by ability to depict, except in general terms, the particulars of my *Cavern entertainment*. It will suffice to tell you that the company was select though numerous; comprehending the CAVERN CLUB,\* the Contributors and many of the Subscribers to *The Cave*, *LUNDY REVIEW*, and *NORTH DEVON MAGAZINE*, besides a few straggling members of the *Goose Club*.

\* See N. D. Magazine, Vol I, page 192.

I was introduced to *Sir Jason Penndragon*; but his daughter *Penelope* was not there, being detained at home by a cold caught in going to see the skeleton of the *Baggy Mammoth*. There were also present *Mr. Jeffrey Benson*, Editor of the *Lundy Review*—*Virginia Benson*, his sister—*Capt. O'Construe*—*Miss Construe*—*Dryden Beauchero*—*The Troubadour*, his nephew—*Mr. Shadowforth Pencil*, a very promising young artist—*Caleb Quotaspell*, the Craniologist—*D. J. Romo, esq.* the Parodist—*Mr. Limeburner*, the Pianist—*Mr. and Mrs. Burrows Rush*—*Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Beaumont*, of the Beaumonde Stratford le Bow—*Mr. De Oye*—*Sir Sanguineo Vampire*—*Logan* the red man from *Miramichi*,\* and a long list whose names I cannot now remember.

You are aware, *Archer*, that this was the very last evening of the Cavern Club's assembling, and I assure you that every thing was arrayed to give such a parting smack of *The Cave* as its visitors should not soon forget. We had such coffee, such tea, such pools' and waves' whist (games peculiar to this part of the land) such quadrilling, and *contre-dancing*—such burning of contributions—such prose, poetry, singing, orations, parodies, and puns!—and, best of all, such a supper—and then, *Archer*, such a paragon of a Sibyl! all that is elegant in mind and manners—beautiful and graceful in form and feature—musically sweet in voice, and tastefully brilliant in apparel. It seems etiquette here for the Hostess not to make her positive appearance till supper-time, for we saw little of her till supper was on the table, when the folding doors were flung open, and the following animated welcome from our hostess preceded our taking our seats. As you were amused with the lines I sent on *Morte*, I venture to transcribe this Sibylline Effusion, as also the answers of some portion of her guests, no less pat to the purpose.

#### *Loquitur* LADY SIBYL.

Yet once more, Oh! my visitors, once more  
I bid you welcome to your Sibyl's Cave,  
And all the graces of our royalty  
On Saunton's honored sands—again thrice welcome!  
Oft, a la fin d'un assez triste jour,  
Je révois seul dans mon asile,—but now  
Be far departed wintry discontent;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our Cave,  
In the deep bosom of the sea be buried.  
'Though this the latest evening we shall meet,  
In musing robes or character assumed,

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\* See N. D. Magazine, Vol I, page 184.

The chartered manquereders of the Press,  
 Be our last meeting blithest;—our decline  
 Glorious and rapid as the tropic sun,  
 Who bears no rival twilight near his throne,—  
 By every glowing attribute of light,  
 Even in his hour of abdication, king!  
 Gentles, the welcome ye have ever found  
 Within the Cave still hovers o'er our board.  
 No unsubstantial pageant of a TRAY  
 Sandwich—tart—syllabub—and jelly slim—  
 Pale ghost of supper, wrapt in damask sheet,  
 The dread of staunch Quadrillers: We preserve  
 The olden-time set out, Whip me away  
 Your syllabub repasts—and slice to wafers  
 Veal, beef, and ham! until I write my friends  
 For wax apologizing—or ennuied  
 Punch wadding for percussion rifle-tubed!  
 Not thus I mete the calibre of guests;  
 Sandwich delights not man—nor woman either.  
 And tart their temper who on tartlets feed.

Our lamps are burning soft—our glass and plate  
 As diamond, and COMB-MARTIN silver bright.  
 But as there is a charm in Beauty's tear,  
 Our glass, tho' it be cut in costliest form,  
 Beams brighter for the purple drop it sheds—  
 Or for the topaz fountain it diffuses—  
 Or for the pale, pure, and mountain dew  
 It scatters on the board.

Then, for our feast  
 Of reason and our flow of soul, on you,  
 Guests of the Cave, your Cavern-Host relies.  
 For him who loves to roll the orb of song  
 At midnight hour—like music of the spheres—  
 Around the circle of assembled friends,  
 The Syren Music tenders her guitar.  
 For him who rather loves, with flowing quill,  
 On virgin page to stay the flying train  
 Of thoughts sublime, within our LIBRARY.  
 Are all materials that his muse demands:  
 Tomes garnered-up of learning from the past,  
 The Periodical that gleams to-day,  
 The volumes that ability hath filled,  
 The folios blank which talent yet may fill.  
 So choose among you; to the body give  
 Thought supperly—or else embody thought.

Sir Jason.	Sage to the sage I with any brains to-night, Be calf's-head, not calf-blinding, my delight.
Dry. Beau.	Supper for me; much as I love sound thinking, Give me the music of our goblet's clinking.
Jeff. Benson.	And I, though given to writing and to reading, Are due my right to well-digested feeding.
Shad. Pencil.	I dread the bile; and there can be no question The superfluous will suffer in digestion.

O'Construe. In study or in stomach free from bile;  
 Yet would I rather sup than write in style.  
 Beau. Descon. Bepaged too oft in books till midnight late,  
 Behind my chair to-night let pages wait.  
 Flet. Beaumont. Away with paper-knives—be carvers brandished:  
 Pinions of rooks against all plumes ink-standished!  
 The Troubadour. Dear are the volumes richly bound and boarded,  
 But bind me, for this evening, to the board-ed:

Such, *Archer*, was the provocative to supper!—and such the ready answer of the *Sibyl's* visitors. You may depend on my copy of the verses, for I had an opportunity of correcting them from the Folio of the two Cavern-Reporters, Messrs. *Hieroglyph* and *There-a-glyph*. From their pages I also borrow the following stanzas, which were very pathetically chanted by my Lady Sibyl. For after Miss Benson, of Lundy, had favored us with that beautiful and favorite canzonet

Now the smoking steam-boats play  
 On the green and glassy sea.

old Dry. Beauclerc was called upon for a song; but apologized, having a horse in his throat that would not canter, and so he most earnestly besought my Lady to be vocal on his behalf—a request she accorded in the following words:—

## SONG.

Now the wearied sea-birds, shrieking,  
 Flutter o'er the silvery main;  
 From their land-excursion seeking  
 Their beloved waves again.  
 Day's bright eye, in flocks, hath seen them  
 Where the plough but lately past,  
 Many a weary mile between them  
 And the home they seek at last.  
 What is grove, or leafy mansion,  
 What are verdant fields to them?  
 They have ocean's green expansion,  
 Park that hedge will never hem!  
 Free are they;—tho' hard their faring  
 On the waters' wild extent;—  
 Shore-worn joys but seldom sharing,  
 In their rock and wave content!  
 Then sink ye waves of spirit swelling!  
 Shall not I my wishes bound  
 To my lonely Cavern-Dwelling,  
 Where the waves are sweet of sound?

The next musical finger-post was pointed at a member of the Goose-Club, who favored us with a canine melody, to the air of, 'Home sweet home.'

'Mid kennels and dog-houses tho' I may roam, &c.'



which afforded our principal vocalist an opportunity of giving us *The exploits of Mr. Dandy, the celebrated Pug. B. N. P.*: whereon Beauclerc remarked that it was an old Sirion Air, enough to make a dog stare, (a tolerable pun for so vicious a punster) and then forgetting he had such a horse in his throat, he ventured a little musical improvisation upon the same subject: but all in praise of his *own Dog*, which was very ungentle, for thus it ran:—

“The muse to her kennel is dogged all day  
For odes to particular puppies, &c., &c.”

So sung the *Beauclerc*: but if I were to follow my inclination in reporting *all the Cavern Melodies*, my packet would be stouter than you would like to pay for: so I shall conclude this with an extract (from the aforesaid *Reporters’ journal*) of and concerning the *Sibyl’s Adieu*, addressed, as you will observe, to the elder members of the CAVE CLUB: after which, it is scarcely necessary to add, that we took the *hint*, and bought a brush;—and thus ended our Cavern festivities.

(To Sir J. Pendragon.) By thy Villa,\* standing snugly  
Under Crida’s grassy mound †  
And thy daughter, ‡ far from ugly,  
Rich in many a golden pound!  
Dear SIR JASON I conjure thee  
From my ‘come and cut ‡ again:’  
Never more to re-assure me  
I have power to entertain.

(To Jeff. Benson.) Faraway my Island visitor,  
My oft *Krebolbing* Light!  
My *books-merit-inquisitor*,  
Keen JEFFREY—a good night.

(To Virginia Benson.) And sweet, my LUNDY MAIDEN,  
(Who hast charmed the fleeting hour  
With a ‘Mermaid’s song’ from Haydn)  
Be thy dream in beauty’s bower.

\* MIDDLEBOROUGH LUNGA, Croyde Bay. There is a vague tradition that Croyde and Putsboro’ derive their names from CRIDA and PUTTA, two Danish chieftains, who were there defeated and killed, by the inhabitants of the coast. The central eminence of Middleboro’ is, probably, the monument of one of those Piraical worthies.

† Miss Penelope Pendragon, who was prevented, by indisposition, from accepting the Lady Sibyl’s Invite.

‡ Beef—or cards—we know not which. XORROX.

(To Trou. Beauclerc.) **TROUBADOUR**, *brulant l'amour* of  
 Twice a thousand blushing *Blues*,  
 Be no more our sands the tour of  
 Many a visit from thy muse :  
 To the curving sands of Swansea,  
 To *thy* Cave in Bracelet-bay,  
 Hence away ! and, free as fancy,  
 Loose the fetters from thy *Lap*.

(To Shad. Pencil.) By the light and shadow mingled  
 On thy plane of Bristol-board,  
 By each object thou hast singled  
 For thy *folio's* varied hoard,  
 By the tender mists that soften,  
 By the golden tints that burn,  
 Never more, tho' summon'd often,  
 To my Cavern-scene return.

(To Hor. O'Construe.) Thee, O'CONSTRUE, closely sailing  
 Near the wind, in *Classic* boat,  
 I adjure, whose charm prevailing,  
 Kept our **MAGAZINE** afloat !  
 Ere each weary watching star go  
 To its birth, below the wave,  
 From translation's long embargo  
 Slip thy moorings at *The Gate*.

(To Dry. Beauclerc.) O ! the want of words, expressing  
 All I feel for *early Friend* !  
 May retirement's bosomed blessing  
 On thy pensive steps attend.  
 Let sweet *Oystermouth* enchain THEE,  
 On her lovely shore to roam ;  
**DRY-DEN BEAU** — to entertain THEE !  
 Never more am I at home.

(To Le Beau Descon.) Good night ! my gallant *Editor*,  
 Of judgment sound and true,  
 Our readers' rich *Proveditor*,  
 My dear **BEAU DESCONNU** !  
 From thy broad *Marino's* shelter,  
 By the water's blazing sheen,  
 On our critics, helter skelter,  
 Fling no more our Magazine !

With each and all go gladness  
 That your *Sibyl* may not share !

Now returns her hour of sadness,  
 When her charms dissolve in air :  
 Night, and all its wild creation,  
 Fade from the approaching sun ;—  
 Gone my hour of inspiration,  
 And my ' occupation 's done !

---

#### MY PERIODICAL FRIEND,

It is with a feeling of diffidence, almost amounting to despondency, that I venture to address to you a few remarks that occurred to me on a recent journey to the East and South of this large county : of diffidence, for, having so recently recovered from the nervous apprehensions incident to a first, a distant, and a dangerous journey, wherein the terrors of the land were outdone by the perils of the sea, how can I but feel a relapse of doubts and fears in submitting my sentiments to your arch-critical acumen ?—of something almost desponding when I consider, that, after positive rejection by Mr. Syle and Mr. Avery, the only encouragement I could get from Mr. Searle, after he, too, declined being concerned with me in quarto and lithography, was, that the matter might be cut down into an article for your supplement.—*I* who so fondly anticipated my existence as a noun substantive of literature must be content with an article !—*I* who dreamt of the blaze of Bulmer and Davidson to wake to the quakerism of *your* blue whity-brown !

It is not unknown to you, Mr. Editor, that my extensive knowledge of the world had been, till within these few weeks, like Parnell's Hermit's, from books and travelled Swains, like yourself. This knowledge was, both in possession and use, as satisfactory to myself and others as if I had searched out the source of the Nile and the course of the Niger, as well as of the Ex and the Taw—as if I had measured Cleopatra's Needle and the Pyramids with my own proper hands, as well as the Popple Ridge and Coddon Hill. But there is something in having *propria persona* and *proprio Marte* encountered and overcome the many perils of the way-faring man, even if it should not end in a Buckingham quarto or a Waddington duodecimo. Therefore did I gird myself for the road, and resisting the blandishments of a loving wife and six weeping children, with a heart full of high resolve, I went to Exeter by Mr. Aldred's coach.

And soon by severe experience did I learn that he alone  
can be safe who lives at home, and contentedly

*Odium et oppidi  
Laudat rura sui,*

Not a mile of the road, after passing the windy crows-nest sort of a place called Southmolton, was safe from the dangers of coach-wreck, and that, in most places, from their unfinished attempts at mending their ways, both in construction and direction. Nor do I refuse to the well-meaning natives the meed of meritoriously endeavoring to profit by the example we have set them on so large a scale. In pursuance of Mr. Searle's unmerciful plan of cutting down the substantive part of my narrative to form an article for you, my expiring Editor, I must pass over all my reflections and observations on the road to Exeter, with the exception of one overwhelming consideration, and that is, the endless gratitude which our gallant army owes to that great Captain His Grace the Duke of Wellington, for the perfection to which he brought the Commissariat department in the latter campaigns in the Peninsula. I wish it would please his Majesty King George the Fourth (whom God preserve many years to be teased by a discontented and grumbling people) to quarter the said Duke at the Black Dog. Being too tender-hearted to eat much breakfast in the presence of mournful friends and relations I waxed hungry; and not having attended to the arithmetical succession of parting glasses, which the kindness of friends suggested on the eve of my journey, I also waxed drowsy: albeit, to the discouragement of future travellers I must report it, there was nothing to eat but loaf bread, of bad wheat, vile making, and worse baking;—nothing to drink but beer, sweet, sour, silky, opaque, and hopeless. Stomach-ache and heart-burn are my abhorrence—with the resignation of a customer of Mr. Hobson I arrived at Exeter, faint and flatulent.

I was agreeably surprised by the respectable and improving appearance of Exeter. It is a town of considerable extent, considering the absence of all such considerations as Arts and Sciences, Trade, Manufactures, and so forth. There is, however, recently established a manufacture for the inflation of air balloons; but, as air balloons do not grow in Exeter, nor, indeed, in the neighbourhood, they have, fortunately, contrived a plan for the home-consumption of the commodity, by burning it in blow-pipes, instead of farthing candles and savealls; the latter article is now at a considerable discount. In this the primitive simplicity of the natives is noticeable, for they buy it unseen, and trust entirely to the integrity of

the manufacturer, who is also the retailer, and sells it by the yard or half-hour, I forget which.

One reason of the great increase of Exeter in buildings is the easy provision of building materials: the soil there being just of the colour and quality to produce large crops of bricks; whereas we are obliged to make them artificially of clay, at a great expense. There is a nice walk enough round the old Castle, but very perilous at this season, from the numbers of rooks engaged in the process of nidification in the fine old elms: the view of the bridewell and county jail, with the incidental hanging wood, is very sublime and moral; especially just after the assizes. I inspected the much talked of vehicle of reform called the Treadmill with much pleasure and approbation. I have no doubt that in a few years it will suppress the obnoxious body of gamekeepers, and make the game laws a dead letter. The pupils of reformation seem employed much in the same way, though with less vivacity and velocity, as a squirrel is in his rotary cage; only he is in the inside of his cylinder and they are on the outside of theirs. I am delighted with the invention, and also with the suggestion of an honorable M. P. that domestic Treadmills, on a small scale, should be introduced into private families. If we consider the subject economically there are many purposes which it might answer; coffee and pepper might be ground by it, and the spit turned; chaff cut and oats ground for the horses, where the stable is handy by; and the butter might be churned where there is a raw dairy maid.

It gratified my patriotic feelings to find, that, for all the essential purposes of life, the shops at Exeter are rather inferior than superior to those of Barum; their market less commodious and not better supplied, as, indeed, was apparent from the general appearance of the Corporation, or Chamber, as they are there called, from the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. There is also an Institution after the plan of the French Institute, with a fine collection in Ornithology, but the birds did not look well, being Lent and the season for moulting.\* Altogether I must admit that Exeter has good claims to be considered the Metropolis of that part of Devonshire.

On the way from Exeter to Plymouth there is a fine view of a hill top on Dartmoor which changes every five minutes: at one time it looked like a Giant and a Dwarf, then like a Rector and his Curate, then a Lion and a Kid, then a Coal Woman and her Donkey, a Mastiff and a Pug dog, a Cat and

---

\* I advise the German to take another look at 'em to Barnstaple Fair. See Vol I, page 222.

her Kitten, and when it was out of sight it looked like nothing at all; but that occurred not for many long miles—*fortunately*—there being nothing else to look at. I must, however, admit that the power of observation was almost frightened out of me by the precarious predicament of crossing an old bridge at Totness; I think they called the place, but the names in the South have an unpleasant foreign quality about them, that escapes the memory of one used to our northern unsophisticated, and, indeed, more domestic appellations; as for instance, Barn-stable, By-the-ford Town, Ill-ford Combe, Pill Town, Taw Town, &c.; &c.; who, for instance, could undertake to remember such places as *Crocker-in-well*, *Hottons Clyst*, (an abbreviation I suppose) *Sequers-bridge*, *Ycalmpton*, *Brixton*, *Plymstock*, *Adder-water*, *Pig's Lee*, *Abbots-curse-well*, *Kings-swear*, *Tuck-in-hay*, (a half-way house) *Gulmpton*, &c.; &c., &c.: but even these are melodious to the cacophonies of Cornwall.

As I neared Plymouth what especially struck me was my not being especially stricken with any *aqua tinta* or *aqua marine* impressions. The Catwater (so called because cats can cross at low water without wetting their feet) is a very poor concern indeed. But I must, once for all, state, that it is the fashion, in the North of Devon, to hold up the South Hams and Plymouth and its appurtenances as something too sublime and beautiful to admit comparison: they who have seen them, wishing to support their dignity as travellers and maintain their superiority over those who stay at home, do so by the traveller's readiest resource; and the unsophisticated spirits who stay at home are too willing to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, every cuckoo for a singing bird: I, who hold all these motives at a distance, tell things as they really are. The Sound may be a fine thing in a storm, when full of sound and fury, but in a calm it signifies nothing. There is a stone fence in it, made after the fashion that hedges grow in the North of Scotland, and some parts of Worcestershire and Derbyshire too; in Scotland it is called a steen-dyke, and is meant to keep cattle from breaking out of grass parks, or into corn-fields; at Plymouth they call it a Breakwater, in the same way as fashionable people call a very large scrambling dinner-party a forky breakfast, not by any means implying that the people don't eat anything till four o'clock in the afternoon, but that it is right sometimes to call things by wrong names. In the storm last year it no more broke water than it broke wind, and, in fact, the water broke it nearly all to pieces; which, indeed, might lead one to surmise that it

is called a *breakwater* as *Luctus a non lucendo*, or as we call the sun's rays *light* because they are not *heavy*.

I imagine that we were in great bodily danger during our voyage to and from the Breakwater; I frequently observed the mast of our boat to deviate materially from the perpendicular, and one of the seamen declared that he saw a *gunnel* also, which seldom is the case but in storms: on finding that *gunnel* is a corruption of *gun whale* I regretted that I had not seen one too, for I never may have an opportunity of seeing so large a fish again: but I had, unfortunately, just then slipped from the bench on the floor of the boat. I was above shewing any personal appearances of apprehension, though not entirely easy in my mind; and the tender thoughts of being dashed in pieces against breakwaters like a ship of Tarshish, or swallowed, like Jonah, by a gun whale would now and then occur. They do not bear the cold here so well as we do in the north, for the sailors said the wind was very cold indeed, yet I was in a gentle perspiration all the time. We sailed up the Hamoaze, a place between Mount Edgecumbe and the Dock yard, where the tide flows and ships anchor, not unlike the pool at Appledore, except that the ships are larger and the surrounding views not so good. Here we saw a very magnificent sight indeed, that very first rate vessel the *Britannia*, so called from Mr. James Thompson's celebrated national melody lately published with many variations without words, by *Mr. Chalkburner*, the German music master in London. We also saw some ships built with circular ends, like a mahogany dining table, called *Round Sterns*; they were first projected by Lord St. Vincent, during the Grenville administration: report speaks loudly of their superiority. We also saw the process of building ships in the Dock yard, which is very curious. They first build a large house, of the shape of Coddon-hill, only with sky-lights in it; they then bring a variety of pieces of timber which they build into the shape of a ship, as a mason builds a stone wall, only they use no lime or mortar; they then let it stand three years to season, and then fasten the pieces together with wooden bolts and copper pegs. We had no opportunity of seeing how they got the ship out of the house. In walking from Dock (which by a misnomer they call Devonport) to Plymouth I saw two very genteel looking gentlemen, and, to my great pleasure found they came from Barnstaple. We had some very satisfactory conversation upon things in general, and the North of Devon in particular, to which, having been once before in Plymouth, they were exceedingly anxious to

return. They candidly agreed with me that there was no vessel in the Barnstaple trade at all to compare with the Britannia, either for size or model; yet we have two excellent Dock yards, and one of them has produced a Gentleman's Pleasure Boat, excelling in beauty and velocity all other boats as much as the moon exceeds the smaller lights in beauty, or, in phrase more german to the matter, as her own coxswain exceeds all others in skill and urbanity. Travellers may safely assert, that human beauty is more predominant in the North than in the South of Devon; for this, though always fond of arithmetic, I cannot account; a friend of mine who is more fanciful than deep, thinks it may be owing to the neighbourhood of Cornwall, which is partly peopled by deserters from the Phenician and Carthaginian navy: every body knows the treaty between Hannibal and King Arthur, by which the Carthaginians, on terms of the utmost favored nation, were allowed to import elephant's teeth and gold dust in return for Cornish diamonds and tin sauce-pans. Be that as it may, of four enchanting young ladies in Exeter two had a very extraordinary tinge of blue in the complexion, and the other two (one especially) had an organic affection of the brain, termed, in modern nosology, developpments.

*(We are obliged to break off abruptly for want of room.)*

---

### ODE.

O happy my life, while content with my lot,  
 Again I live o'er my past years,  
 Implore my Creator my vices to blot,  
 And accept of sincerity's tears :  
 For the pleasures I have ever grateful, that He  
 Hath lent from His treasures of goodness to me.

I'll thank Him that He hath instilled in my soul  
 A passion for virtue;—tis this  
 Which alone hath replenished my o'er-flowing bowl,  
 And filled up my measure of bliss :  
 Tis the staff of religion that helps me through life,  
 Redoubles my joy, and suppresses my strife.



For the rich and the gay no envy shall rise,  
 The proud shall my pity employ ;  
 Gay or wealthy the man he no happiness buys,  
 And pride will her servants destroy.  
 Tis ambition increases the troubles of man,  
 And mars our Creator's benevolent plan.

As I am ever blessed—my wants all my care,  
 With voluptuousness nothing to do—  
 The poor and the needy my blessings shall share,  
 Relieving the objects of woe :  
 Compassion hath claims on the mercies of God,  
 For that purpose alone were its blessings bestowed.

And thus, O my God ! when my days shall be full,  
 With calmness and pleasure of mind,  
 To Thee may I tranquilly yield up my soul,  
 O take it—for ever tis thine :  
 The friends that surround me by this I shall cheer,  
 That thus I have finished my earthly career !

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To our London Contributor we owe two apologies; one for the typographical errors in "The Burning Key"—but let us say that his hand, though neat and beautiful, is, nevertheless, one which would incur Cobbett's censure—another, for that we did not sooner know his opinion of "Ipomydon," which else had been concluded, but we feared, in our modesty, that the article was becoming a Bores. That article, however, and the Southern journey, abruptly broken off in this Supplement, shall, with all other promises, be continued and performed when the Magazine shall be resumed. In the mean time health and prosperity to all who have favored us, better humour and better taste to all who have allowed us the shadowy side of their countenance.

The plate adjoined is but of humble pretensions, yet it may serve to give a local habitation to ideas suggested by names not familiar to our most distant, and, we sorrow to say, our most numerous class of readers.

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